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## MRS. MUNSON, PROMOTER

*By Alice Woods Ullman*

"**M**OORE,' here we are, Kate. 'Edward Moore,'—stupid name!" Mrs. Munson tucked her lorgnette in the front of her blouse, gently kicked her long, gray velvet skirt into line, silenced the tinkling of her many gold and turquoise chains with a gray-gloved hand and laughed. "This lion-hunting does drag one into the jungle! Ring, Kate,—if there is a bell." Kate Carey knocked. Something between a yawn and a sigh came drifting over the transom. "Good sign," whispered the lady gleefully. "I know all the doleful symptoms."

A young man opened the door, then stood staring and passing his hand over his disordered hair and tie.

"Is Mr. Moore in?"

"I'm Moore."

"I am Mrs. Dick Munson and this is my cousin, Miss Carey. Jimmy Munson has written me from Rome, enclosing a card to you. Of course, I forgot to bring it with me. You two used to study something together somewhere, did you not?" She was charmingly, amazingly vague.

"Of course; clever fellow, Munson. Do come in. I'm awfully glad." Moore's cordiality came in jets like water out of long-empty pipes. "The place is a sight," he confessed.

"I don't mind a bit," smiled Mrs. Munson, sweetly trailing through the dust.

"I'm used to it since I've married Jimmy's brother. Kate is quite green, though. Perch on that stool, dearie, and tuck yourself out of harm's way," she laughed. "I adore a mess, myself." She turned attentively to a canvas, a summery bit of sea and sky; she lingered over it, flatteringly silent. "That is perfectly charming," she breathed at last.

"You really like it?" he implored hungrily.

She wheeled about and regarded his eager face. "What babies you painters all are! I wonder you ever succeed."

"I don't," smiled Moore.

"But you do; you *must*." She raised her hands in protest. "Why, don't you know," and her eyes gleamed into his in dead earnest, "that if one as much as whispers a confession of defeat the thing is upon one! Besides," she relaxed, "success is simply doing that which one likes best to do. You paint, do you not?" Her shoulders swayed conclusively.

"Not whenever I want to," he persisted, doggedly. "Paint costs money."

Mrs. Munson swept the big dusty room with a glance, finely ignoring Kate Carey, whose permitted presence was understood to be its own reward. "I know," she said gently, "it's a tough pull. That's why one keeps at it; why one cares so much. My brother-in-law Jimmy," she paused deliberately, holding Moore's eyes, "does

so hope that you'll be in Paris this winter. It would do you no end of good." She was deliciously cool and unkind.

Moore's face twitched. "No such luck for me. I'm—a—man of family," he blurted out, folding his arms tight to ward off derisive pricks.

"Married?" Her gasp was faintly, justly ironical.

"Heavens, no, not that!" Moore laughed. "Like other men I have a mother, and, by grace, a sister. I'm glad of it," he added stubbornly.

"Why, so am I," agreed the lady wide-eyed. "I confess I'm glad you aren't married. Clever men all marry foolishly. I understand it perfectly." Her gesture was vivid. "It's the accepted idea of rest after toil. I married myself!" she laughed and dared Kate Carey with a glance. "But a millstone drags a man so. Men are so hopelessly fair!" she sighed comically.

"My dear!" Kate shyly wedged a protest, "Dick *would* be pleased to hear you talk so!"

"Oh, no doubt," smiled Mrs. Dick. "Dick is always pleased. Now," and she contemplated Moore, "I fancy that absurd scruples have often kept you from taking advantage of influence and that sort of thing? When will you children learn that influence is simply opportunity? I,"—she hesitated, as if but caught with a new idea, then impulsively bent toward him,—"I've half a mind to take you in hand! Your studio is simply bristling with possibilities." She moved gracefully about the big place, eyes searching, mind doing a sum of the lion, the jungle, the trap. Suddenly, she veered full at him. "Mr.—Edward Moore,—have you a middle name?"

"A what?" Moore plunged rudely.

She started away from him in mimic alarm, then, with eyes dancing and voice very patient, she repeated, "A middle name. Now, my dear friend, be reasonable. I ask you, who, in the name of com-

mon sense, *could* succeed with plain 'Edward Moore'?"

Moore grinned and shook his head. He was beginning to enjoy himself.

She sighed and considered. "Had you—a grandparent?"

"Four of 'em," boasted Moore.

"Riches!" she sympathized breathlessly. "Their names? Quick!"

"Martha Moore, Nora Miller, John Moore, Edward Miller," he recited solemnly.

Mrs. Munson groaned sincerely. "My lost friend, we'll have to give teas instead!" Even Kate Carey was included in the burst of laughing. "I can send over tea things, and the ballroom piano, and a man to scrub. Kate and I'll attend to everything else. You see, if one has a 'day' one is protected against the too-inquisitive. The few who understand and like the real thing may always be asked to drop in. They don't really matter for they never buy anything."

"No, bless 'em, they don't," and Moore, bewildered, dropped into a chair.

"Tell me," and she turned adroitly back to the sympathetic starting-point, "what do you ask for that picture?"

"Anything I can get," Moore responded promptly.

"It's mine," she triumphed. "I'll send a check. It must stay on the walls till after the tea. We must decide upon a day, of course. Thursdays are—respectable, somehow," she ruminated. "And your mother and sister will come and help us about tea and things. Mothers are respectable, too," she laughed. "And you must dine with us one night, meantime, to talk things over. When are you free?"

"Just ask me!" laughed the dazed young man.

## II

While Edward Moore was hurrying home early to tell his mother and sister of Mrs. Munson's visit, Mrs. Moore was

scrubbing up the flat and Nora was standing in the back doorway looking out. Women who work with their hands relish a brisk draft of spring air; it speeds the blood and the cleaning. The flat was one of a row that had been added to the top of an already tall city building, and there they floated on the big tin roof like ambitious house-boats heavenward bound. Nora liked the wet clothes flapping smartly on the lines, rickety chairs tipped against doors, kitchen utensils and flower pots. It was all human and neighborly. And now that the spring was on again a delicious aroma was stealing upward from the uncorked tips of the trees, and tipsy blusterings swooped upon her from the mimic storms strutting across the face of the great serious sky.

Moore left the elevator and ran up the extra flight two steps at a time. The place had suddenly become too shabby: he must do better by Nora and his mother as soon as he prospered a little. To surprise them he flung open the door without knocking. The draft plunged at him, caught at his hat and set him shivering. Both women started. "You are early," smiled Nora.

"Mother," and Moore frowned, "why are you doing that sort of work? Nora is younger and stronger!"

"You let Nora be," laughed Mrs. Moore, splashing warm suds out of a big pail. "She's got to keep her hands nice for Charlie. They like 'em that way,—at first, anyway."

"For Charlie?" Moore glanced from one to the other. He had dreaded something of the sort; but to-day, of all days!

"Now, Eddie," and Mrs. Moore rested on her heels, one damp hand putting aside a stray wisp of hair, "Charlie Hopkins is a good young man; he's got a steady-payin' job; he's been up here speakin' to me 'bout Nora this afternoon; and if he and Nora's happy I'm sure I am!" Again the suds flew.

Nora Moore seldom laughed but her

smiles were legion, and it was with one of woman-wisdom she advanced upon her brother. "Eddie Moore, something has been happening to you *too*. I can tell!"

"Never mind about me," he smiled back half-unwillingly. "My news can wait. But, Nora, you needn't be in a hurry about getting married. Charles is a good fellow, but he's not as—clever as you, now, is he?" He tried to clothe the words in a glaze of banter. "You must have a look at the world before you settle down."

Nora moved back to the open door, smiled at her brother over her shoulder, then scanned the city roofs eloquently. "I am twenty-six, Eddie, and I've seen about enough of the world from up here."

"But, Nora, the world hasn't seen you. You must play fair. Mother," he turned insistently, "stop work a while and come to your rocker. I've something to tell you." Someway Mrs. Munson loomed as difficult to picture to these two simple women. "It's chilly with the door open, Nora." He hung up his hat and coat and put coal on the low fire. Nora came in and closed the door, but she took up her place at the west window. She wanted the big skies to hide her eyes away. She knew that Charles Hopkins was not what her brother and his friends called clever. She was afraid of the gap the word dug between them; she hated it almost more than she dreaded it. Mrs. Moore dried her hands and came to her chair. Moore opened the stove-door, then sat where he could watch the fire-light. All about and upon Nora and her fresh blue gingham rested the twilight. The fire-light and the twilight crept stealthily toward each other till they became as the two shores of some difficult river, and the brother and sister watched each other across the mystery. "I've sold a picture," said Moore at last.

"I'm so glad," sighed Nora.

"What did you get for it?" asked Mrs. Moore, sitting straight and thinking of a thousand little things Nora would want for her wedding.

"I don't know yet, but it'll be all right," he laughed. Then he told them of the appreciative kindness of Jimmy Munson's handsome sister-in-law, of Miss Carey and of the tea. "Of course you are both to come and help receive. Nora'd better have a new dress."

Nora shook her head. "I'll need just one new dress and that'll be my wedding dress, Eddie. You'll invite Charlie?" Her hands unconsciously supplicated but her eyes stood firm.

Moore hesitated. He saw Charles Hopkins squirming beneath Mrs. Munson's penetrating gaze, pinned like a bug for chloroform, and he smiled. It occurred to him that perhaps Nora would see too. "Of course," he answered easily.

"Then I'll come if I must. But they won't care for me—those people."

### III

"There is a sort of fool than which woman can be nothing wiser."

"Granted, dear Gwendolin; but Mrs. Munson is no sort of fool at all. She is fearfully clever. To render a clever woman harmless make her happy. She is lovely to-day, is she not? Poor Moore!"

"Isn't she happy?" Miss Harter let her fingers stray over the piano-keys.

"Heavens!" smiled Elbert Streater, turning over the music of his next song. "Poor Moore!" he repeated.

Nora Moore, in passing the piano brought from Mrs. Munson's ballroom for her brother's first tea, overheard the talk and paused, dazed. A sudden hush by the door drew her eyes, then her thoughts, momentarily away. Charles Hopkins had arrived. He was resplendent as to clothes, bursting with health, curious and pleased. Edward Moore was doing his best to absorb the-truth-about-art from an over-dressed old lady and did not notice. Two young women in large white hats and velvets stopped talking,

stared and laughed artlessly. White of face Nora stood forth to greet her chosen lord and master. "Charles!" she smiled gently. "I thought you'd forgotten to come."

"Gee, Nora," gasped Charles, gazing about. "Swell outfit, I must say. You look pale. Ain't feeling up to the mark?"

"Let's go over there in the corner and listen to the music," she answered.

They were no more than seated when Mrs. Munson, clothed in a subdued splendor of gray tulle and spangles, her fine shoulders flushing the cool color to a marvel of delicate life, glided up and smiled upon them. With her heart in her throat Nora presented Charles. "Mr. Moore has been telling me of Mr. Hopkins, and I've promised to see that he has a good time. You get him his tea, dearie, and I'll amuse him till you come back."

"Never drink it, thanks," and Charles blushed furiously. "Honestly, now, it's not much of a drink for strong men, is it? Tea!" And he bent a tight arm to place the strong man. "Sit down," he urged effusively, getting to his restless feet.

Mrs. Munson opened her gray eyes and bit her red lip, adroitly hiding both acts—and her thoughts—in the shadow of her black hair. Moore's family was proving rather more difficult than she had dreaded. She made up her mind to keep this young elephant under her eye. He must by no means get himself introduced. She'd never hear the last of it.

"I want to speak with mother a moment," Nora smiled and moved away.

"So long," murmured Charles, absorbing the beauty. He had never thought much of gray till now. "Do you know," he confessed, "I never was at a 'tea' before!"

"Really?" she smiled incredulously. "When are you and Miss Nora to be married?"

"Did she tell you?" he blushed. "Great girl, Nora. Not much of a swell but she's all right. It'll be in June," he finished,



falling for a moment into fatuous anticipation.

Mrs. Moore, in her best black dress and bonnet, had been stationed, against her will, in an armchair by Kate Carey's side. That young woman was officiating at the tea-table. "Mother," whispered Nora, "I hate all this so. Can't I slip out and go home?"

"I ain't enjoyin' it any too much myself, Nora, but I guess as long as we've come we'd better stay it out."

Just then Miss Gwendolin Harter touched the keys with a silencing chord and Mr. Elbert Streator stepped forward to sing, smiling here and there intimately. The applause was soft-gloved and soft-eyed. A young man and a young woman approached the table and stood talking and laughing over their tea. "Oh, well," the young woman shrugged her shoulders, "it never matters what a man does if he just knows better. Ah, Gwen dear," she turned easily to Miss Harter, who had left the piano for tea, "we were just talking of you and your music, and how much it must mean to you!"

Charles had come to Nora's side and they all had listened. Mrs. Moore put her hand over her mouth, Charles laughed and Nora's eyes filled. "Brace up," whispered Charles. "It's a great show and free seats." He tried to get hold of her hand behind her mother's chair. "I say, that Mrs. Munson's a corker. She sent me to bring you back. Here she comes now!"

"Oh," sighed Nora, "can't I get away?"

Mrs. Munson brought Mr. Streator and introduced him to Nora, taking possession of Charles herself. Nora listened vaguely to Mr. Streator's pleasant banalities, then suddenly turned her eyes full upon him. "Will you come over there and talk with me a few moments?" she smiled curiously. "There is something I want to ask you about." She indicated the corner she had lately deserted.

"Charmed, I'm sure," and with a gleam

of eyes for Mrs. Munson, Streator led the way. Patiently he waited for Nora to begin. By the tensivity of her profile she seemed to have forgotten him. Women he knew were exchanging amused smiles. "Is there something I may do for you, Miss Moore?" he asked.

"You may,—" she hesitated. "Will you be quite honest with me for a few moments?"

"My dear Miss Moore," and Streator raised his brows, "let us remember where we are. We must be *too* absurd!"

Nora's mouth trembled but she persisted. "When I was passing the piano a little while ago I overheard you talking with Miss Harter. You spoke of Mrs. Munson and my brother. Was what you implied true?"

Streator studied the design of a pillow for a silent moment. "I— 'honestly' don't know," he answered slowly. "Does your brother know this sort of world?"

"Look at him!" she sighed pitifully. "He knows you just as I do. He has seen you drive by; he has looked down upon the tops of your heads at the theaters. You know us even less. You never look out, or up!" Desperation was driving the girl to eloquence.

Again Streator considered. "Miss Moore, I shall be as honest as you like. Two years ago I stood on the curb and looked up; I sat in the top of the house and looked down. Then Mrs. Munson took me up! Ten years ago Mrs. Munson was a stenographer in a Chicago law firm. She saw Munson and took him up. Munson and I have both succeeded. It is your brother's turn."

"But," Nora bent to him earnestly, "does it really help? She'll make his home seem shabby to him, make him discontented."

"Forgive a bit of bluntness," and the ballad singer's voice dropped its training, "but I suspect that home *is* shabby, and if your brother has one bit of talent he *is* discontented. And believe me, if Mrs.

Munson thinks him worth the trouble she'll play her part in spite of you—or me!" and his laugh confessed and suggested. "He is my successor. Can't you, his sister, be as generous as I?"

"Oh," she sighed, "life is so cruel!"

"Yes, it is," agreed Streator simply. "But there is one way to annihilate

cruelty—accept it. You'll have learned that one day."

"No doubt," and, not disloyally, she saw herself married to Charles Hopkins. "Then," she smiled, "what comes next?" Her eyes were as wide as a child's at a fairy tale.

"God knows, Miss Moore."

## THE LITERATURE OF BUSINESS

*By Francis Bellamy*

**T**HERE isn't any literature of business," said my friend the critic when I remarked at his dinner that this was a new literary subject on which something might be said.

"No," he went on with the regnant authority which critics are not shy of admitting after burgundy, "literature has one *metier*, and business has another *metier*: there can be no common ground between them. Anything that is literature must exist for its own sake,—that's the essential. But business writing, however clever, exists only to sell something, to coax people to spend money. The cleverer it is the more it reeks with this commercial aim. I think it's an outrage to make such a jumble of contradictions as your 'literature business.'"

That is the language of a cult. It is the attitude of exclusiveness which belongs to every guild, profession, art, religion,—the denial and reprobation of the new-comer which new exigencies call into the field. The naval engineer staff are not real naval officers; Methodist bishops are not real bishops; illustrators are not real artists; homeopathists are not real physicians: all those things have been said.

But old fences are moved by new con-

ditions. Once, the only form of literature was poetry, and prose was a questioned intruder. Once, the novel had to fight to be regarded as real literature, quite as hard as republics to be regarded by kings as recognizable states.

But there is really no inherent reason why business writings may not have a place in literature, any more than political speeches or sermons. Both political speeches and sermons have a purpose outside themselves; they do not exist for their own sake. They are intended to bring things to pass, and to do it immediately. There is hardly need to recall instances; Demosthenes' habitual wind-up, "Wherefore, O Athenians, let us march against Philip"; Cicero's "Wherefore, O conscript fathers, let Cataline be gone;" the speech of Anthony over Cesar's dead body as a consummate instance of persuasion; the sermons of Bossuet, of Jonathan Edwards, of Channing. Nobody questions that these, and thousands of others, are literature; yet they were conceived and shaped for a definite effect outside their own existence.

To-day the paramount human interest is no longer in the two great topics for which these political and religious dis-

courses were written; it is in business. Little by little the operations of business have assumed the primacy in our considerations, and the appeals of business are, with most men, of the most engrossing moment.

Why then should not its operations and its appeals supply the material for genuine literature? Why may not some of its writings, its circulars, its advertisements, rise to the dignity of the literary recognition which has long since been given to the highest specimens of political and religious discourse whose immediate purpose was to persuade somebody to do something? I can find no serious reason why not.

"Shoe-lacings, for instance," suggested the critic derisively, when I had got to this point in our discussion. "No reason, I suppose why advertisements to bullyrag people into buying Smith's incomparable, anti-fade, never-untie shoe-strings shouldn't rise to the dignity of recognizable literature."

Even that may be admitted, if "bullyrag" means legitimate and genuine persuasiveness. Shoe-strings are a human necessity, humble but not ignoble; they may be accordingly an adequate literary material if the writer himself is discerning enough to know how to regard a lowly object with respect and with sincerity. In such hands a commendation of shoe-lacings, if really commendable, may have a true literary quality.

Here, for example, is a paragraph in a strictly commercial circular. It occurs in a description of a certain Course in Drawing printed by a firm of school-book publishers. Observe the sincerity, the sense of word values, the grace of phrase, the elevation, together with the human interest, in this advertising paragraph by some unknown enthusiast:

"It aims to present drawing as a valuable and beautiful method of expression. It sets out to teach the child to perceive form and to recognize beauty, to teach his hand

to reproduce on paper the simpler forms which his mind creates and the lines of beauty which his eye apprehends. To reveal form and beauty to the imagination, and to make the fingers dextrous to obey the eye,—these are its objects."

This writer convinced, at least, himself, for when he comes to a summing of What it Accomplishes, he puts it thus:

"It does not pretend to make artists out of all or most, any more than a music course can make great singers or a rhetoric can make distinguished writers. But in the merely average child, it does succeed in training the eye to see, the mind to imagine, and the hand to reproduce certain elementals of form and grace; and in the child of exceptional capacity it does lay the essential foundation for future discipline in art."

This extract, which might be equalled in twenty circulars now before me, is a persuasion to buy, yet by any fair canons of literary art it shows distinct quality; it is not to be described as clever, it is more fibrous than that; if its purpose were not avowed it might be recognized as having in itself a sufficient reason for existing.

It is the very observable tendency of our intense modern business life to produce a literature of its own and to put a good degree of quality into it.

The business of earlier times did not require much printed publicity. When the wants of men and women were comparatively few, they made it their own labor to find out where to buy what they wanted. That is, the buyer had to seek the seller,—unless the seller was a peddler,—whether it was for garments, or for jewels, or for food, or for books, or for horses, or for furniture, or for transportation; and it took usually a good deal of enquiry and hunting to discover the right place to patronize.

All the conditions of life, up to a hundred years ago, made this hunting for the

seller by the buyer inevitable; the purchasers were too few and too scattered, and the means of transportation were too difficult for the seller to attempt to inform all possible customers how well he could satisfy their wants. For the same reason the number of sellers was few; and their competition with one another was in proportion to the possible number of buyers who could come to them.

Consequently, the advertisements in the papers, as late as fifty years ago, were barren notices. There was no reason for carefulness of phrase; any blunt, crude, unstudied announcement would do. Here, for example, is the solitary dry-goods advertisement which appeared in the New York Herald of Monday, October 4, 1847:

**TO THE LADIES RESIDENT AND VISITERS IN NEW YORK**—Wm. Scott & Co. No. 377 Broadway respectfully invite attention to their stock of Lace Capes, Veils, real and imitation trimming Laces, Muslin Trimmings, Bands, Infant's Waists, Robes, & Frocks, Needlework, Collars, Chemisettes, Handkerchiefs, Cuffs &c. Tarlatan, Swiss, & Organdie, Muslins, Embroidered Muslin Dresses, Lace Dresses, Berthes, &c. &c. which are offered at very low prices, and will be found equal in extent and variety to any in the city. A large stock of Dress Caps at one dollar each.

N. B. No deviation in prices.

This, I repeat, was the sole dry-goods advertisement in that issue of the Herald. Of other advertisements there were about thirty columns—steamboats, packets, railroads, stock companies, real-estate, schools, auctions, runaways, personal wants, political meetings, besides four or five columns of patent cure-alls including elixirs of love. But of retail trade there was a minimum of notice. This insignificance, typified by the dry-goods trade for example, was surely not because ladies lacked interest in the dry-goods stores;

New York in 1847 was then as now the metropolis of fashion. It must have been that there was comparatively small competition. There were few staple articles of dress, and merchants had not yet learned the tricks of inventing new wants every day, nor the lure of bargain counters, nor the courage of superlatives. When we call to mind the diminutive traveling trunks of those days, still found in ancient attics, we realize how really few were the articles of woman's raiment, and we can understand how the customers knew the contents of the stores without costly campaigns of education by the merchants.

Business circulars were similarly indifferent; commercial pamphlets were practically unknown. Postage was too high, for one thing, to permit such publications to be profitable, consequently, almost all the buying and selling was strictly local. Village folk had only a slender idea of other varieties of goods beyond what the country store offered, and their visits to the city were like the opening of the heavens because of the undreamed-of novelties of the great shops.

But with our new business conditions of later years, printed publicity has come to be of absolutely foremost importance. Cheap postage and facile transportation have multiplied competition to its last limits; and these three things, cheap communication, easy transportation, and enormous rivalry, have reversed the old current of commerce. Now the seller must seek the buyer. Now it is the seller's business to persuade the buyer, who sits still in his chair, to choose his particular article instead of that of his rival.

Further, it is now necessary for the seller to create a want where there was no want before, to originate the imagination of a desire in the buyer who thought he was contented with what he had. Not only new foods, soaps, corsets, machines, chairs, books, boats, have to be presented in type to the man who sits at home, but routes



of travel, methods of insurance, schemes for investment, in short, every enterprise whatsoever which depends on drawing out the money of the public. New patrons must be made *en bloc*, or else the business must surrender to its competitors. As the wealth of the people increases, the necessity grows of catching their attention and of getting their money for new merchandise.

The only means for thus reaching and persuading people in masses to put out their money is by printed words; both by the elaborate display advertisements, and by the highly finished pamphlets which get to us by mail.

As it was competition that evolved this vast output of commercial printing, so it is also competition that is steadily improving its quality. As each advertisement, circular or pamphlet seeks to gain the lead in effectuality, naturally the literary substance and style of the composition strike higher degrees.

We have seen it growing better year by year. As for display advertising, first it bloomed into gayeties of color and fantasticalities of design. Then out of the grotesque and the confused we have observed the evolution of finer standards of taste. Not that we have escaped the sight of the foolish and ineffective advertisement; such deformities will stay with us as long as advertisers economize at the fatal point of hiring cheap amateurs to prepare their advertisements.

These smart boys of advertising are conspicuous every day with their epigrams, with their excessively off-hand dialect of the barker, and with their men-of-straw set up simply to be knocked down. The fuss they make certainly commends them to the inexperienced man who hires them, but they do not sell his commodity; and their uproarious advertisements are soon discontinued because they do not pay. The fallacy of all advertisements which are topsy-turvy, or which are too smart, or which try to adapt the successful

phrases of others, is as tragic as the mistake of the stupid, over-crowded and confused advertisement; it means that the advertiser has been too derisive of the skill which comes with real literary training. He may be perfectly familiar with the statistics of the various mediums and may have planned his outlay accordingly with exactness; yet he never knew that simplicity and directness and a correct mental image of the reader are more necessary than all else put together. And those characteristics differentiate the man of high literary skill from the word-monger.

But amid the many vulgar and fantastic follies of advertising which miss the point, we have begun to see the wondrously expert productions which tell their whole story at a single glance, which charm our fancy, and which make us want to buy. These display advertisements which have artistic and literary degree I only mention in passing; for I do not think they are yet numerous enough to cite as my proof that there has begun to be a genuine literature of business. Yet in so far as they are of real literary quality they may prove more than a long circular. For if a man can grab my attention, please my taste, and persuade me to buy in a hundred words, he is more a master of his art than if he lured me to read a thousand-word pamphlet.

But it is in the circulars and pamphlets of business that we are able to observe the most obvious and significant advance.

It would, of course, be impossible to designate any one man as the pioneer in this movement to express business appeals in the language of literature. Yet I have a pretty decided opinion that Daniel S. Ford, the man who made *The Youth's Companion*, was about the first to attempt, definitely and avowedly, to write his commercial announcements according to the strictest literary canons. He was himself the most penetrating critic of expression I ever knew. His sense of the in-



infinitesimal distinctions between words and between the genuine and the affected in style was bewildering to the young editors lucky enough to get on his staff. A style that was impeccable for its sincerity, simplicity, and grace, Mr. Ford demanded for that paper; and he was equally exacting in his business announcements which appeared as advertisements in other papers or which were sent by mail. After days, or even weeks, of experimenting to get the typography of a big announcement chaste and strong enough to suit him, I have seen him tear the costly product to pieces day after day in his exquisite editing of the copy. But after this ruthlessness there was never such flawless style to clothe a business communication.

These literary models of advertising from that Boston office had their influence, I am sure, on the publishing trade. Mr. Bok, with his clear vision, adapted the method in a degree to his more scenic pamphlets. Now, for years, the elaborate announcements of the best publishers have been an interesting literature of themselves.

Other kinds of business, also, have been ambitious to give a literary form to their booklets. Skilled writers have been hired at high cost. It has been seen by the intelligent advertisers that when everybody is accustomed to good reading, the compositions of business, which compete for attention with popular books and short stories, must be equally distinguished for good style; they do not get respectful attention unless they are.

Mines, for instance, have afforded a rich field for excellent pamphlets. Here has been an opportunity for the able writer to popularize technical science. If many of these writers have prostituted their skill to imaginary descriptions and fanciful conclusions which the readers were expected to take as cold facts, there have been others who have shown a higher ability in their clearness and precision and grace, well within the limits of restraint.

I read the other day a singularly delightful little brochure issued by a Trust company, in which the putting-by of savings was made a romance, and the methods used by the company in investing them were made so clear that a young boy could comprehend.

Certain clothing-houses have issued booklets which are remarkable for their perspicuity and persuasiveness as well as for their art and human interest. Perhaps the most distinguished of these have been written by Mr. George L. Dyer, of Philadelphia, whom it is a duty to recognize as a creator of literature in this new movement. A significant trait of his writing is its absence of self-consciousness. His style is so direct and unpretentious that we forget the writer in our interest in what he says about the clothes his firm are selling. There is no mistaking that he has a clear mental image of the individual people he is addressing. To that single intuition he has made obedient every diverting impulse of the brilliant writer. I have heard him quoted as saying, "If a man or woman were to point to one of my statements, and say, 'what clever writing that is', I should hide my head. But if one says, 'I will buy one of those suits', I know I am earning my salary." Has the orator or the preacher any more searching test of permanent literary value—granting always that there are sincerity and dignity in the simple style?

Of similar quality are some of the pamphlets now issued by life insurance companies. For limpid clearness of utterance and for profound sense of human motives, the best of these productions are, I believe, almost unrivaled in any other field of business literature.

The transportation companies have for years been publishing very entertaining booklets illustrative of the charms of travel by their routes. Many an ocean trip and summer vacation by rail have been earned by authors, none too rich, by writing with vivid color of the pleasures

of those lines of travel. In the earlier of these compositions, however, there was required too unrestrained a use of superlatives for the authors to be willing to affix their names. But the wiser of these companies now perceive the greater value which goes with unexaggerated truthfulness. One of the most notable of these more recent productions is a guide-book to the Land of Evangeline, written by Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts, whose poems and stories of that region long ago made him recognized as its happiest interpreter. Perhaps in none of his prose is he more finely the celebrant of that bewitching land than in this guide-book, frankly signed by himself, which is given without charge by a steamboat company.

A leading influence in the new introduction of literature into business has been Mr. Ingalls Kimball, the founder of the Cheltenham Press. Some ten years ago he showed his originality when, just out of Harvard, he helped establish in Boston the book publishing house of Stone & Kimball, which startled the sleepy circle of old publishers with its new method of book-making. Those brilliant ways are now the commonplaces of the publishing business; but later, Mr. Kimball conceived the unique idea which he now carries out in his present establishment. It was simply to utilize the high training of literary workers for advertising purposes. His office is the market for clever stories, descriptive articles, and verses which, by a clever twist, may be turned to practical value for the advertisers who are his clients. He has, also, a numerous staff of authors, whose names in the leading magazines attest their distinction, to whom he assigns the anonymous creation of business booklets for which he has obtained orders. Boats, furniture, whiskies, cereals, hosiery, millinery, nails, automobiles, medicines, trust companies,—there is no department of modern business which is deemed alien to literature in that queer shop. With this universal optimism in

Mr. Kimball's initiative and with his big company of good hack-writers, it is not strange that he has turned out some things that can be measured by the standards of real literature.

The "bureau of publicity" is another scheme and a further development in the alliance of business with literature. This is a subtlety which might have been expected, but I have reason to believe that it is only within two or three years that such a method has been organized with capitalization.

If religious propaganda has been carried on by published stories and by articles sufficiently interesting to be bought by periodicals,—why not the publicity of business? If political propaganda knows how to utilize the best magazines as well as the daily newspapers by selling to them articles, news items, and fiction-stories, which are good enough to command a fair price from the periodicals,—why may not business promotion do the same thing?

It does. It has for quite a period. The sagacious writer of the publicity bureau is assigned to a certain commercial enterprise that wants a publicity which open advertising or frank circulars can not give. He is a trained journalist, and therefore knows how to find the dramatic situations in a routine of business which to the ordinary man would seem sterile. There is scarcely a commercial enterprise which is unproductive to such a man. He may make a profound sociological paper; he may come out with a lightsome view of some social phase; he possibly sees political meanings, or a new matter of economic bearing; may be he runs a gossipy article of interesting personalities; he is glad when he sees a cue for a bright storiette.

When these productions get to the editor, they have been so dexterously done that he is unsuspecting of their origin. Sometimes, perhaps, he is let in also—one never knows all the secret. Then we read the entertainment and become aware of

the facts that the wily bureau desired us to know. The names and habitat of these accomplished and charming marauders on our attention? That would hardly be fair. But, one example illustrates the scheme. Did you read within a year that fascinating little love-story of a trip in Italy on a Napier automobile?

There is still another class of business literature which has significance. It is that which is not addressed to the buyers of commodities, but to the retailers or agents who have to sell to the individual. This form of communication is generally of the nature either of an enlightenment as to better methods of selling, or a spur to more resolute effort. Naturally this is a broader region for the writer; there is scope beyond the single appeal, "you buy this"; there is in its didactic purpose an opportunity for saying some things which might as properly belong to any literature which had no purpose outside itself.

It is fitting to make another reference, in illustration, to Mr. Dyer. I think he is acknowledged, by those capable of judging, as having an unwandering eye for the end in view and an unexceptional style of graceful simplicity, perhaps beyond any other of the professional writers of business publicity. Here is an extract from one of his booklets entitled "Making the Most of an Opportunity"; it is part of a little sermon to retail clothiers, in which he instructs them as to the relation between a man's current ideals and the clothes he buys for himself.

"A man's income is divided according to his tastes and ideals.

"Many a young farmer is content to wear a ten-dollar suit, but drives a two-hundred-dollar horse with a hundred-and-fifty-dollar buggy. He pays more for a lap-robe than for a spring overcoat. Why? Because he is familiar with these things and appreciates their comparative values. His horse ideals are higher than his standards in clothing.

"In any community you can see where

the young men place the emphasis in the spending of their income, and consequently whether or not the clothier is neglecting his opportunity of missionary work among them.

"The only way to cultivate in your trade a discriminating taste in dress is to show clothes that can appeal to it."

In another petite discourse to his flock on the Fallacy of Mere Cheapness, Mr. Dyer remarks:

"The seller has a short memory for goods sold and out of mind. He thinks of the money in his hand. The buyer has a long memory for the goods he bought but forgets the money he paid."

This is direct, unlabored, unaffected. Yet it might be hard to phrase it in words more exact. It has sincerity and proportion and the grace of self-unconsciousness. You can feel in it a slight personal color, and it is not without dignity.

Another sort of literary excellence has appeared in the monthly circulars which Mr. Gage E. Tarbell, vice-president of the Equitable Life Assurance Society, has been sending for over a decade to the agents of his company. This man has too vehement an individuality for the most extreme refinements of style. He has things to say which are of real value to men's souls, and he declares them with a burly impetuosity. But their truthfulness shapes for them a style of their own, over which no critic would haggle. Here are a few extracts, clipped from an extensive collection:

"The difference between a competency and abundance is enthusiasm. Those who are lukewarm in the pursuit of any vocation are those who are 'just getting along,' or are 'doing fairly well.' It is the enthusiasts who do the climbing, making progress every day, and who get to the top. Enthusiasm generates energy as naturally as the sun gives forth heat, and energy again, by its reflex influence, in-

creases enthusiasm. . . . For myself, I can not see how any one can help being enthusiastic over this business of ours. It fulfills all the higher ideals of life; it works for the good of humanity; it helps to reduce pauperism; it educates the youth of the country and supports its old age; it provides for the widow and orphan; it is an aid to the economy and the substantial business progress of the nation."

"My sympathies are all with the man who uses one achievement merely as a stepping-stone to another, and who finds neither the time nor the inclination to sit down and be content with the progress he has already made. Some one has said that 'those who are not quite satisfied are the sole benefactors of the world'; certain it is that he who reaches a satisfied state in his own mind deceives himself as to the rest of the world, and soon finds himself losing the vantage-ground that he has gained, for others are sure to come along and push him aside."

"For my part, I have no use for excuses for not doing a thing—there is no excuse for excuses. They weaken character; they make a person after a while a walking apology instead of a man who has a right to hold his head up and walk fearlessly and have his word count in council. The world has no use for a weakling, with a ready tongue for excuses, but unwilling hands for work. The best word of advice I could give to young men starting in any business is, avoid the necessity for the first excuse. Master the first task that is given you, and master the next and the next—don't let them master you. In this way, and in this way only, will you grow strong, and courageous, and able, to do many things that at first seemed beyond you. But if you be-

gin life with an apology for something not done, you have already entered the path of unsucess and of mediocrity."

"A man need not be a prodigy to be successful, but he must be a man of decision, action, energy; a husbander of his resources and a foe to waste; for life is short at the utmost, competition is keen, and the standard is high; and he who goes to sleep at his post will miss many an opportunity that gets by before he wakes up again."

It seems to me that these hortatory reflections make up for any possible lack of exquisite inevitableness of phrase in the convincing inevitableness of their substance. Unlike the usual didactic deliverance they are without a hint of the academic. They are the masculine outbursts of a man, who has done great things in business, to other men who he believes can do immensely better work than they have yet done. They are sincere utterances of a genuine and tested faith. Therefore, as they stand, they have a more significant literary quality than if they had been conceived in the study of a man of letters and bound in a dollar-and-a-half book.

After all, what are the tests of a piece of real literature? Its possible characteristics may be various, but its essentials are reducible to these things:

A sincerity of substance and style;

Proportion in thought and in expression;

Dexterity, approaching to inevitableness, in phrase;

A personal color and temper;

An intangible but unmistakable quality of elevation.

None of these essentials excludes the possible writings of business.



## THE REVIVAL ON LOST MOUNTAIN

*By Edwin Carlile Litsey*

FROM Buzzard Point to Fox Hollow; from the head of Deep Creek to the tail of Turkey-foot knob, the news had gone forth that there was to be a revival on Lost Mountain. This was a part of Kentucky which city-people had always found convenient to let alone. True, some prospectors had been there—and some who were not prospectors. But they had been cautiously, if not suspiciously, received, for a stranger is a stranger, and moonshining and feud-fighting are not conducive to an open life. That dread monster, the Law, had something to say anent both these matters, and so—well, it became a fact that no one went to the Lost Mountain neighborhood unless driven by duty. Even then his stay was short.

Who the Reverend Josiah Herrod was and where he came from, no one knew, nor cared. He did not announce his coming by the aid of the press; no black-lettered notices appeared on posts and trees. Instead, upon a certain day a tall, angular form strode from house to house, telling the inmates of each that upon that day week he would come again to hold a series of meetings to last ten days or two weeks, in the old mill on Deep Creek. Let each ask his neighbor to come. Then he disappeared mysteriously, to await the passing of the seven days.

The news was received with callous indifference on the part of many. Some of the more wary hinted that they had better keep a watch on him, for the government was up to all sorts of tricks, and the stranger might be a revenue man in disguise. Others said "they'd nuvver heerd no preachin' since they's bornd, an' would lak to hear whut it sounded lak." The women of the scattered community

decided they would go in a body, and the men-folks could come if they wanted to.

One week exactly from the day he made his announcement, the stranger came again to Lost Mountain, and sought and obtained a stopping-place at the cabin of Mandy Turner, a widow living with her daughter, Maud. The girl was dark; hair, eyes and complexion; beautiful, too, with a natural, animal beauty. She was half wild, as befitted her birth and environment, and seemed the fitting product of the vast wilderness in which she lived. Early that evening, before dusk, she and her mother accompanied the lank stranger to the mill, and made such simple preparations as were necessary for the service. An empty barrel was inverted to serve for a reading-stand; torches made of pine were secured and fastened to sundry beams and posts. The congregation arrived early, and curiosity brought out a good crowd, so that the mill was fairly well filled. It was a grewsome gathering upon which the torchlight flickered. Women in their cheap print calico dresses, made only with an eye to conceal the person, and presenting in the main the gaudiest colors. Some wore multicolored shawls; others were bareheaded. The girls were grouped together at one side and kept up a constant giggling, while indulging in surreptitious efforts to catch the eye of some young fellow. The men were standing in the background, near the door. Most of them carried weapons, which they made no attempt to conceal. They were roughly, carelessly dressed; unkempt and bearded, with suspicious, shifting eyes and slouchy appearance. Fronting them all was the preacher, a long, somber individual, clad in solemn



black. His forehead was good, his brows beetling, his nose aquiline, his mouth big and his chin weak. His eyes were deep-set and glowing. He began to talk. His words were simple and well-chosen, such as any one would use in addressing children. He told them that he had come to help them if he could. That he had felt it his duty to come and speak to them and try to help them to live right, and direct their minds to the after life. Then he told them the marvelous story of the coming of the Redeemer. His audience listened patiently, impressed by his magnetism and his earnestness. Not a soul left until the benediction had been spoken.

That night Mr. Herrod slept in the loft of Mandy Turner's cabin. About twelve o'clock his dreams were scattered by an unusual sound, and he rubbed his eyes, then pricked his ears alertly. From below came a violin's piercing tones, accompanied by the shuffling of many feet. Josiah Herrod shuddered in holy horror, and tried to think that he was dreaming still. But all his senses were keenly awake, and he realized that ungodly pleasures were being indulged in under his very nose and right on the heels of his initiatory efforts at reform. A great indignation welled up within him and set a dreadful look upon his bony face. Rolling gently from off his shuck mattress, he crept on his hands and knees to the hole where the ladder came up, and peered over. The sight which met his staring eyes caused a look of intensest ferocity to convulse his features. In the light of three or four tallow candles a wild dance was in progress. Girls attired in all the tinsel finery of native barbarism; young men half drunk and wholly reckless reeled back and forth dragging their willing partners with them. In one corner a lad of eighteen or twenty sat on a splint-bottomed chair with a fiddle under his chin, calling forth tipsy but well-timed notes with every stroke of his bow. The room was not large, and there was

crowding and bumping, all of which was received good-naturedly. The fiddler called the changes in the dance, lifting his head for each utterance, then letting it drop lovingly on the instrument his flying fingers caressed. The dance waxed warmer; the voice of the bow spoke louder and more imperative, demanding an acceleration of speed! The dancers responded, and swept madly this way and that. Motionless from horror, Josiah Herrod saw a loose-jointed youth stoop and snatch a kiss from a pair of red lips held up to taunt, and to give, if the taunt were taken. This broke the spell. He would descend and put an end to these hellish rites. He reached for the top of the ladder, but it was gone. They had removed it at the beginning of the festivities, to make more room. In his excitement he had not missed it before. He could drop down, but it would be at the risk of breaking his or some one else's neck, for there was not ten inches of clear space on the floor below. But it was his duty to do something, and do something he would. Drawing himself forward until part of his chest was over the hole, he thrust his arms, his head, and his long neck through. Then stretching forth his hands, the fingers of which were crooked and quivering, like an eagle's talons before it strikes its quarry, he shouted in a voice of thunder:

"Cease this orgy! The devil is here in your midst, weaving his chains about you with every step you take! The unquenchable fires of eternal damnation are burning for you all unless you repent! Desist! Desist! In the name of the Lord there must be peace!"

Every one stopped in his tracks in momentary alarm, not knowing from whence the voice came. The fiddle squeaked, quavered, then ceased playing. Some one looked up, then pointed with a grin. All eyes were turned on the ceiling. The distorted face of the preacher glowered down at them like an angel escaped from the bottomless pit; his twitching fingers

seemed reaching out for each and every one. The girls shrieked and hid their faces with their hands. A laugh or two and a few grumbling curses came from the men. Then a gun went off somewhere, and Mr. Herrod felt the wind the bullet made as it passed his cheek. Whereupon he promptly withdrew to the protection of the loft and lay there listening to an argument which at once sprang up, as to whether it would not be well to get the ladder and come up and drag him out and hitch him to a limb, and so put an end to his meddling once for all. In the end they left him in peace, but not without some language which caused the preacher to stick his fingers in his ears. He passed the remainder of the night restlessly, because he did not know but that they might come back for him after all, and when his zeal had cooled he began to fear that he had acted a little imprudently.

As he ate his breakfast of fat bacon and cornbread in the morning, he never mentioned the night's happenings. But that evening the old mill shook to the thunder of his crude eloquence. His discourse took the form of a tirade against dancing, and the malevolent influence of the fiddle. He elaborated painfully upon the lake of brimstone, and pictured every one of his hearers wallowing therein. He squirmed and shrieked and tossed his gaunt arms and begged for water as he said they would do when the fire was consuming them. His tragic acting and his fierce appeals had their effect, and when he brought his sermon to an end with a fearful crescendo of invective, and then asked all those who would be saved to come and take his hand, nearly all of the female portion of the congregation rushed up to him and begged to be received into his care. Then he prayed fervently and long. A young man who had been sitting on the steps of the mill with a fiddle-case tucked under his arm, rose and peered anxiously within.

"Ef he ain't got Maud!" he muttered,

incredulously, as his eyes caught sight of a familiar form in the group in front of the preacher.

After the service the Reverend Josiah Herrod escorted Mandy Turner up the ravine toward her cabin, but Maud was not with them. As she was leaving the mill she had heard a voice say:

"I wan't to see you."

So she had tarried behind.

"Air yo' gone plum' crazy, Maud?" asked the lad, as they started forward, considerably behind all the others.

"Reed, *didn't* yo' hear 'im? Didn't yo' hear whut he said?"

"Yes, I heerd him, but I don't 'low fur 'im to make no fool out o' me!"

"Don't yo' think they're all so—the things he tells us?"

"Mebbe they're so, an' mebbe they ain't. But I don't b'lieve there's no harm in a fiddle." He pressed the box under his arm closer to his side.

The girl did not answer at once, and they trudged on silent in the moonlight.

"I s'pect he'd better cl'ar out o' here as soon as he kin."

It was the boy speaking again, and his voice was moody and resentful.

"I'm kind o' skeered o' 'im," the girl answered. "He looks at me so funny sometimes, an' then ketches hisself an' goes to talkin'."

"Has he said anything to you as he hadn't orter?" The youth flared up with the speech, and his untrained face grew openly wicked.

"Naw; he don't say nothin' to me sceercely 't all. He jes' looks, till I think he'll bore holes into me with his eyes."

"He's got no business lookin' at you in any sich way. I s'pect he'd better cl'ar out," he added, grimly.

"Yo' wouldn't do nothin', would yo', Reed?"

"I don't 'low to have no man comin' makin' eyes at my gal. Ef he does it any more, yo' tell me."

As they drew near the cabin a few mo-

ments later, they saw the revivalist and Mandy sitting on the log doorstep side by side.

"I s'pect 't would be better fur ev'rybody ef I didn't go no fu'ther," said the youth, halting in a convenient shady spot. "That feller'd say somethin' to me, an' I don't 'low fur him to say nothin' to me 'bout my fiddle."

"Comin' to meetin' tomorrer night, Reed?" queried the girl.

"Dunno. 'T ain't pleasant to set up an' hear yo'self talked about."

"I'll be there."

The youth turned and stared at her intently.

"Ef that feller makes a fool o' yo' heart, Maud, lak he has o' yo' head,—I'm goin' to kill 'im!"

With this he abruptly started back over the path which they had come.

The next night marked still greater fervor in the efforts of the preacher. He ranted and stormed and called to his aid all of the lurid pictures which an excited imagination and an inflamed mind could conjure up. His discourse lasted longer than it had done the night before, and was punctuated with groans from his band of converts, who were clustered around him. Throughout it all a figure moved impatiently about under the trees outside. At times it would stop and listen for a while, then grind its teeth savagely and resume its pacing. After it was all over Mr. Herrod managed somehow to walk home with Maud alone. But there was something that trailed them with the persistency of a shadow. Something that skulked, dodged, advanced and halted by turns. Unseen, Reed beheld the twain sit down on the doorstep to await the coming of Mandy. The sight almost choked him, but he did not raise the pistol in his hand. Instead, he swerved aside into the underbrush with a low curse.

Night followed night, and each successive meeting grew warmer than the last. Some of the old men had gone up and

said they wanted to live better lives. But the awful fate in store for the unrepentant did little towards convincing the youths and men of middle age, some of whom openly scoffed at the new teachings, and "lowed that when they's dead they's done fur."

But trouble had come to the Reverend Josiah Herrod. In the midst of his endeavors to bring these lost souls into the straight and narrow path which leads upward, his human feet had become entangled in a very worldly snare. The graceful figure, the black eyes and the pretty face of Maud Turner had done their work with him. He became possessed of an ardent and a devouring love. That such a condition of affairs could not but retard him in the great work which he had on hand, he knew well. And while he held himself in check, so that neither by word nor sign she might guess his feelings, his mind was constantly assailed by worldly thoughts, when it should have been devoted entirely to the glorious task of redeeming souls. Daily association with the girl began to tell upon his will and his dogged determination to live his passion down. He had an insane desire to touch her hand, and her rich lips were as the water to Tantalus. At the beginning of his second week he sought another family with which to stay, giving forth as his reason that he would be nearer the mill. This was his first concession—his first sign of weakness. At meetings he studiously avoided looking at the row of meek women just in front of him. Once his eyes dropped and he saw her face, and his tongue mumbled falteringly for several sentences.

Word came to him one day that another dance had been given the previous night in a house down on Turkey-foot. That evening he attacked this evil with redoubled vigor, and his words burned into the minds of his hearers with their intensity. But no one came forward when the meeting closed. Mandy and Maud

walked homeward together, the former trying to comprehend the new and strange life on which she was entering, the latter wondering what had become of Reed. She had not seen him since the night he had left her in anger.

"Mercy sake, Maud; I've left my shawl!" suddenly exclaimed her mother. "You're young; run back and git it."

The girl, accustomed from her infancy to the night and the loneliness of the hills, started back obediently. On the wooden block before the mill door sat a bowed figure. She hesitated, for she recognized the preacher. As she started by him he looked up and saw her. There was a wild

expression upon his cadaverous face, and with a sudden unearthly cry he flung his long arms about her and crushed her to him roughly. Maud shrieked in fright and tore herself from him. From a deep shadow of the mill there leaped a yellow flash. The Reverend Josiah Herrod fell flat on his face and did not move. A youth with a fiddle-box under one arm and a smoking revolver in the other hand, came and stood for a moment looking down at his victim. Then he kicked the limp form contemptuously and turned away.

Thus ended the revival on Lost Mountain.

## THE GARDENS OF THE DEAD

*By Beatrice C. Wilcox*

I SAW them blooming there, by shadowed streams,  
The flowers we plant here for our quiet dead,  
The flowers we fashion in our hopes and dreams,  
That with our agony and tears are fed,  
The love and bitterness we give the dead.

Then silently I saw the dead pass by,  
Where all the flowers of grief and love are sown,  
The sweet, still meadows where their gardens lie,  
Each bending low to gather there alone,  
The flowers of earth that for the dead are sown.

At last she came with her old stately grace,  
The woman loved so on this earth by me,  
She looked at me, and went to her own place,  
The little garden where her flowers should be,  
And stooping gathered thorns,—and turned from me.

And all day long I've waited for the dark,  
The dark to hide her wistful eyes away.  
I see her bleeding hands and the red mark  
Of thorns upon her breast! Long is the day  
But surely night will hide her eyes away!

# WITHOUT PREJUDICE

*By Israel Zangwill*

## ROOSEVELT AND RUSSIAN SCANDAL

EVERYBODY knows by this time that an Educational Commission, equipped by Mr. Mosely at his own expense, went out to America in October, 1903, to investigate how far the industrial supremacy of America was due to superior education. The results of this admirable piece of patriotic initiative, left to a private individual by the absence of a Minister of Education, have been published in a Book which in all save color must rank as Blue. From this Report we learn the conclusions at which by a judicious mixture of banquets, interviews and inspections of institutions the Commissioners arrived.

These conclusions do not quite bear out the judgment Mr. Mosely himself had formed, though he appears from his preface to be still of it. To quote Hudibras more accurately than the general:

"He that complies against his will  
Is of his own opinion still."

Mr. Mosely had made up his mind that a large measure of America's success was due to her educational methods. But this is more or less to ignore other factors, such as her boundless resources, the electricity of her air, the superiority of her population, proved not only by their conquest of the States from Nature and the Red Indian, but by the mere fact that they had possessed the energy to emigrate from Europe. The Commission wisely concluded that education had not been the main factor of America's success in the past, though it was likely to count more and more in the race-struggles of the future. Nothing, however, can rid Mr.

Mosely of his pro-American prejudice. He has been in Kimberley, and there, he says, he saw the same class of men as the pioneers who built up America. And yet despite the resources of the country, they could not make South Africa hum as America does, for they had not the education. What a curious argument! Mr. Mosely must return to Kimberley a century hence before he is in a position to speak. South Africa is in the pioneer stage, while America is already reaping the rewards of the labor of her equally uneducated pioneers. Besides, between South Africa and the United States there is a world of differences, historic, political, racial, climatic—and to put all the burden of explanation on the single factor of education is absurd. The emigrants to the States went out not for gold and diamonds but for liberty and nationality. It was not to America that Mr. Mosely should have sent his Commissioners, if he wished to study the factor of education in isolation, for in Germany, which he admits makes giant's strides without any particular wealth of natural resources, the influence of education may more easily be estimated. And even then it may be that there are more natural resources in the German's brain and soul than in the Briton's. To apportion exactly the various factors of national success is indeed a most delicate scientific operation, and even a Commission that remains a couple of months in a Continent may be incapable of performing it. Moreover, education to Mr. Mosely means not the development of the intellectual life, but technical equipment for particular tasks, just as national



success means industrial success. In his conception nations exist merely as competitive workshops. Happily some of the Commissioners have taken a broader view and interspersed their laudation of what is fine in America with duly severe criticisms of what is sordid; besides adding a wealth of observations of all kinds for the evocation of which Mr. Mosely deserves sincere gratitude. It is rarely that a man of means finds such intelligent use for his money. Mr. Mosely has already made three departures from the conventional rut of philanthropy and other original ideas are doubtless to be expected from him. He is one of the few people who deserve to have money.

It is not, however, the main stream of the Mosely inquiry that has occupied my attention, rich as that stream is in fertilizing silt. It is a little backwater therein which has fascinated me, so that I have been tempted to explore every creek. For the most memorable event of the Mosely Commissioners' Tour was their reception by Roosevelt at the White House. The whole Commission traveled to Washington immediately on leaving New York, and on Wednesday, the twenty-eighth of October, had the honor and pleasure of hearing "a most interesting address" from the President of the United States. In this speech there was what Mr. Mosely calls "a notable passage." So notable was it that all the delegates noted it. It stuck in their hearts and not a few have cited it in their reports. But what was this passage? Ay, there's the rub.

We will begin with Mr. Mosely:

"One notable passage in President Roosevelt's speech was his reference to his belief that while education could not make a country, the nation that neglected to educate its people would be assuredly undone in the long run."

Here is a proposition with an air of balanced wisdom, clouded perhaps by the indefiniteness attaching to the term "education," but still with the epigrammatic

ring of a genuine gnome. But what is my astonishment to read in the report of Mr. John Whitburn, Member of the Education Committee of Newcastle-on-Tyne:

"President Roosevelt said, when addressing the members of the Commission at the White House: 'Education may not save a nation, but a nation would certainly be ruined without it.'"

Here not only is there a difference of phrasing, there is—to all save slipshod thinkers—a vital difference of conception. The "saving" of a nation and the "making" of a nation are two almost opposite things and tasks. Wondering at the discrepancy I go on reading, when suddenly in the dissertation of the Rev. A. W. Jephson, M. A., member of the London School Board, I am pulled up by the following:

"President Roosevelt said to us in the White House: 'Education may not have made America, but America without education would be lost.'"

Thus, instead of a philosophic generalization we get an historical proposition limited to America. This reading is partially corroborated by Mr. W. Ripper, M. I. C. E., Professor of Engineering in University College, Sheffield, etc., though he gives us a new variant of the actual words:

"President Roosevelt, in his kind and courteous reception of the members of the Commission at Washington, when addressing the company, said: 'I say not that education has *made* America, but I say that without education America is lost.'"

A still more violent variation in the wording meets me in the version of Mr. John Rhys, M. A., D. Litt. (Oxford), Hon. LL. D. (Edinburgh); Professor of Celtic and Principal of Jesus College, Oxford; Fellow of the British Academy:

"The general belief was well expressed by President Roosevelt when he did Mr. Mosely and his Commissioners the honor

of receiving us—'Education is not everything,' he said, 'in the prosperity of the Republic, but to neglect education would be the ruin of the Republic.' "

Note that this version, though its textual accuracy is twice emphasized, contains scarcely a word in common with the last. But our Commissioners have still not finished disagreeing. Mr. H. R. Reichel, LL. D., late Fellow of All Soul's College, Oxford; Principal of University College of North Wales, Bangor, and Member of the Welsh Intermediate Education Board, winds up his Report as follows:

"The attitude of the most thoughtful Americans is perhaps best summed up in the pregnant phrase of President Roosevelt addressed to the Commission—'Education will not save a nation, but no nation can be saved without education.' "

Here all the stress is laid upon salvation, which recurs in both halves of the dictum, while both America and the Republic have disappeared. For climax, Mr. Mosely, who had the first word shall also have the last. Quoting the aphorism again not two pages later than before, and self-consciously not casually, he says:

"In the words of President Roosevelt, when addressing the Commission at Washington (which I again take the liberty of quoting): 'Education may not make a nation, but a nation would certainly be ruined without it.' "

Here, then, are seven sayings,—and I can not be sure that in the vast volume of four hundred closely printed pages I have not missed other variants—all purporting to represent what a living man said some six months ago to a number of eminent personages who wrote it down at latest some three months later, even if they had not jotted it in their note-books the same night.

There is a parlor-game called Russian

Scandal. You sit in a circle and somebody writes down a piece of gossip and whispers it to his neighbor. By him or her it is passed on to the next member, receiving small unconscious variations at each transmission till in the end it may come to differ hugely from the original. The last version is written down, and the fun is to compare it with the first. This is a parlor-game more instructive than the majority, for its humors are based on a true property of the average psychology—to wit: its imperfection and inaccuracy. Exact taking in and exact giving out of impressions are qualities of the rarest order. The classic instance of the accumulation of error is Crabwell's story in "The School for Scandal."

But in the game of Russian Scandal, the folk tested are the ordinary population of the drawing-room. The reporters of Roosevelt and his gospel of education are the best-trained intellects of our day, heads of colleges, masters of arts and laws and sciences. They are not peasants nor fishermen; they are not imaginative literary men. They are educational experts and specialists, picked out to report upon the very subject of the training of the mind to accurate perception and execution. They are accustomed to precise and even mathematical propositions. And yet they hand down to us seven versions of Roosevelt's saying.

The consequences of this discordance may not be very grave at the moment. But who can foretell the future? Already Roosevelt has a following of adorers in every country greater than any man has commanded since Napoleon, while his more impersonal ambition, and his unflinching devotion to ideals of righteousness and justice have put him on a far higher plane than the arch-warrior. Who can say that posterity is not destined to witness his apotheosis? Or if the white races are become too sophisticated, what is to stay his deification by the black races, whose eternal gratitude he has won by in-

viting a negro to lunch, and that at the very house called White? His mere name of Theodore, "the gift of God," will be a potent instrument in the hands of the Pontiffs of the new faith. Not only in the States, but under the fierce Afric skies, wherever a black heart beats, the cult of Roosevelt may be the creed of the future and a spectacled idol hang over every altar. And then who shall set a limit to the power for evil of these seven versions? Seven sects of Teddianity will spring therefrom, nay, seven times seven, and negro blood shall flow as ink. That fatal word of the apostle John Whitburn, "save" will be the foundation of a hundred dogmas. "Education may not save a nation." Woe then to the educated, and, as for the cultured, they shall be eternally damned. But lo! an opposite text. "No nation can be saved without education." An arch-heresy—Reichelism—arises on this corner-stone, and the three R.'s admit to Paradise. In vain the followers of Mosely, the original prophet, point out that there is no mention of "salvation." They themselves are reft in twain, some adhering to the first Mosely version and some to the second. "A country" and "a nation" are not indeed so identical as to be incapable of generating schisms, while between "being ruined" and "being ruined in the long run" there are quite a dozen churches. As for the versions which replace "a nation" or "a country" by "America" they are even more fertile in factions. They produce a tribal Teddianity in lieu of a universalistic faith. The substitution of "Republic" gives rise to a dissenting sect—Rhysianity—almost as large as the original Church, not to mention the inverted Rhysianity prevailing in the monarchical negro states which consider themselves, in virtue of that reading, exempted from education. Should America itself ever cease to be a Republic, the whole fabric of Rhysianity would collapse. Meantime the stake blazes merrily in Liberia, Ripperites

are lynched in Alabama, Carolina is at war with Tennessee, and excommunication plays havoc with Hayti and San Domingo.

Really, gentlemen of the Mosely Commission, knowing as you must how living words petrify into rocks for system-builders, you might have been a little more careful. Perhaps it is not yet too late for you to meet and decide what *were* the words of President Roosevelt.

#### PATRIOTISM AND PERCENTAGE

I HAVE been reading another of Li Hang Li's fascinating chapters on mediæval history. The author of "Sixty Celestial Centuries" is at his profoundest in dealing with the curious confusion of thought and life which characterized the Western world at the period of the first Russo-Japanese war. The Flowery Philosopher draws an instructive parallel between that self-contradictory century and the early centuries of the Christian Church, when the European barbarians, lacking the consistent doctrine of Confucius, found themselves torn between two opposite teachings, the ancient militarism and the new gospel of turning the other cheek. It needed, he points out, all the ingenuity of the Fathers, to reconcile Bloodshed and Brotherhood, and in the last extremity the Church was compelled to demand penance from those who had murdered, even for the highest objects and in the most glittering costumes. The contradiction of Church and Camp lost its acuteness with the habit of the ages, and ended—says Li Hang Li—in Christianity wearing its pigtail both in front and behind without any sense of incongruity. The Church blessed the banners of the departing warriors, and even the lay world grew to think that it was only for the extension of Christianity that wars were ever waged at all.

But scarcely had custom dulled the edge of this inconsistency, says our his-

torian, when another self-contradiction began to grow glaring. A greater force than Christianity had arisen to divide the human heart against itself—the force of Percentage. Poor weltering barbarians—Li Hang Li pauses to meditate—we Chinese were feeble and engaged in washing the dirty linen of the West, but at least we were spared those internal contradictions which distract the soul of a people and render it incapable of philosophic fruits.

At first it looked indeed as if the development of international finance and the Joint Stock Company was making uninterruptedly for the abolition of war and would bring to the rest of the world the brotherhood already established among a third of its inhabitants—the three hundred millions of mediæval China. It seemed as if the profits might succeed where the prophets had failed. The Hebrew Bible—which was read on Sundays when the barbarians reposed themselves from life—had predicted that mankind would beat their swords into ploughshares. What seemed more imminent was their beating them into Bourse shares. There was no nation which did not take the kindest interest in the concerns of every other. Was there a country in need of a railway? The whole Western world co-operated to build it. Not alone the rich, but the smallest trades-people hastened to contribute their oboli to the good work. Widows gave their mites, orphans—with a filial piety almost Chinese—threw upon the treasure-heap the savings of their fathers' lifetimes. Clergymen, for once collaborating in the work of peace and good-will, were the keenest to assist in these international operations. These brotherly societies built harbors where there had been only rocks; they irrigated lands where only weeds had thriven, and called into being new and flourishing communities. No spoil was too remote, no people too alien for the workings of this cosmopolitan beneficence. No territory so

barren but the human brotherhood was ready to rush to its help, train its people, develop its industries and its commerce, insure it against fire, provide it with every necessity and educate it to every luxury. Such was the state of mind to which the West had advanced in its slow progression toward our Eastern perfection. The ancient attitude of being hostile to every other country seemed outgrown and obsolete, and all men appeared to seek their own good in all mankind's. Humanity bade fair to be finally united by Bonds issued at five per cent.

But alas! these barbarians were still savages, and the old ideals persisted. Like a sloughing snake, the West lay sickening: the new skin of commercialism only half put forth, the old skin of militarism only half put off. A truly piebald monster, this boasted civilization of theirs. On the one hand a federation of peoples eagerly strengthening one another, on the other hand packs of peoples jealously snapping at one another. A sextet of nations styling themselves Great Powers, all with vast capitals invested in developing one another's resources, were yet feverishly occupied in watching and cramping the faintest extension of one another's dominions. A more ironic situation had never been presented in human history, not even when Christianity was at its apogee. For whereas, says Li Hang Li, in the contest between church and camp, it was simple enough to shelve the Sermon on the Mount, in the contest between commerce and camp, both factors were of equal vitality and insistence. The results of this shock of opposite forces of development were paradoxically farcical even. In the ancient world there had been the same strength for supremacy, but the Babylonians or the Egyptians did not build up each other's greatness. The Romans did not lend money to the Carthaginians, nor did Hannibal sell the Roman elephants. But in this era the nations fought by taking up one another's war loans. In lulls



of peace they built for one another the ships they would presently be bombarding one another with. The ancient mistress of the world never developed a country till it belonged to Rome. The mediæval rival mistresses were all engaged in developing countries which belonged to their rivals or to which they might one day themselves belong. In brief, two-thirds of social evolution had got tangled up and tied into a knot so that neither thread could be followed clearly. It was death to give away your country's fortifications to another country, but an easy life to contribute to the strengthening of the other country's fortifications—at a percentage. It was high treason to help the enemy in wartime, but you could sell him your deadliest inventions if your government offered less or waved you aside. And you could manufacture those weapons and export them to the enemy by the million so long as he had not given you notice that he was going to fight you next week. Quite often a nation was hoist with its own petards. And no sooner had you devastated your enemy's country than you lent him money to build it all up again. In vain shells hissed and dynamite exploded. The stockbroker followed ever on the heels of the soldier and the grass of new life (and new loans) sprang up over the blackened ruins. Indeed, nations instead of being extinguished in the struggle for political existence, because they were too weak to pay their debts, had to be kept artificially alive in order to pay them.

And not only was it permissible to arm your enemy of to-morrow; it was considered exemplary to teach him the whole art of war, to train the young idea how to shoot, to familiarize him with the latest instruments and the most scientific manoeuvres. It was thus that the unthinking West equipped Japan with the thunderbolts destined to recoil upon Europe's own head.

The sage here refers the reader to the fiscal chapter from which I have already

quoted, and remarks that even the Lord Chamberlain, of England, the notorious Lord Protector, in his plea for the splendid isolation of his country, did not extend his political insight to the underlying international threads which, by linking stock exchange with stock exchange, were making isolation impossible. So long as Britons insisted on using their savings, not for the development of home industries, but for furthering every sort of foreign enterprise, taxation on foreign products did but little to redress the balance in favor of their own country. With one hand they were crippling the foreigner, but with the other they were propping him up. With the right hand they waved the Union Jack, with the left they pocketed the foreign dividends. Had the Lord Chamberlain been logical he would have appealed to his countrymen not only to pay more for their food and manufactures in the larger interests of Empire, but to draw less from their investments. He seems to have gone so far as to say that who sups with the czar must have a long spoon, but this apprehension of Russia's designs was not accompanied by a warning to his countrymen to desist from collaborating in them. A consistent Chamberlain would have said: "Let no Anglo-Saxon collaborate in the Trans-Siberian railway, whether as shareholder or engineer, and whosoever buys Russian bonds is a traitor to Britain. Take only South African shares, howsoever swindling. In view, too, of the dangerous potentialities of the Monroe Doctrine, let every good patriot sell out his American stock, nor help to capitalize and foster the Power which may one day turn and rend us."

But these considerations, observes Li Hang Li, obvious as they appear to us to-day, were hidden from even the most sagacious of mediæval mandarins, and it was they and their purblind percentage-hunting people who awakened in China the sleeping Dragon that was to swallow them all.



# SIMPLICITY



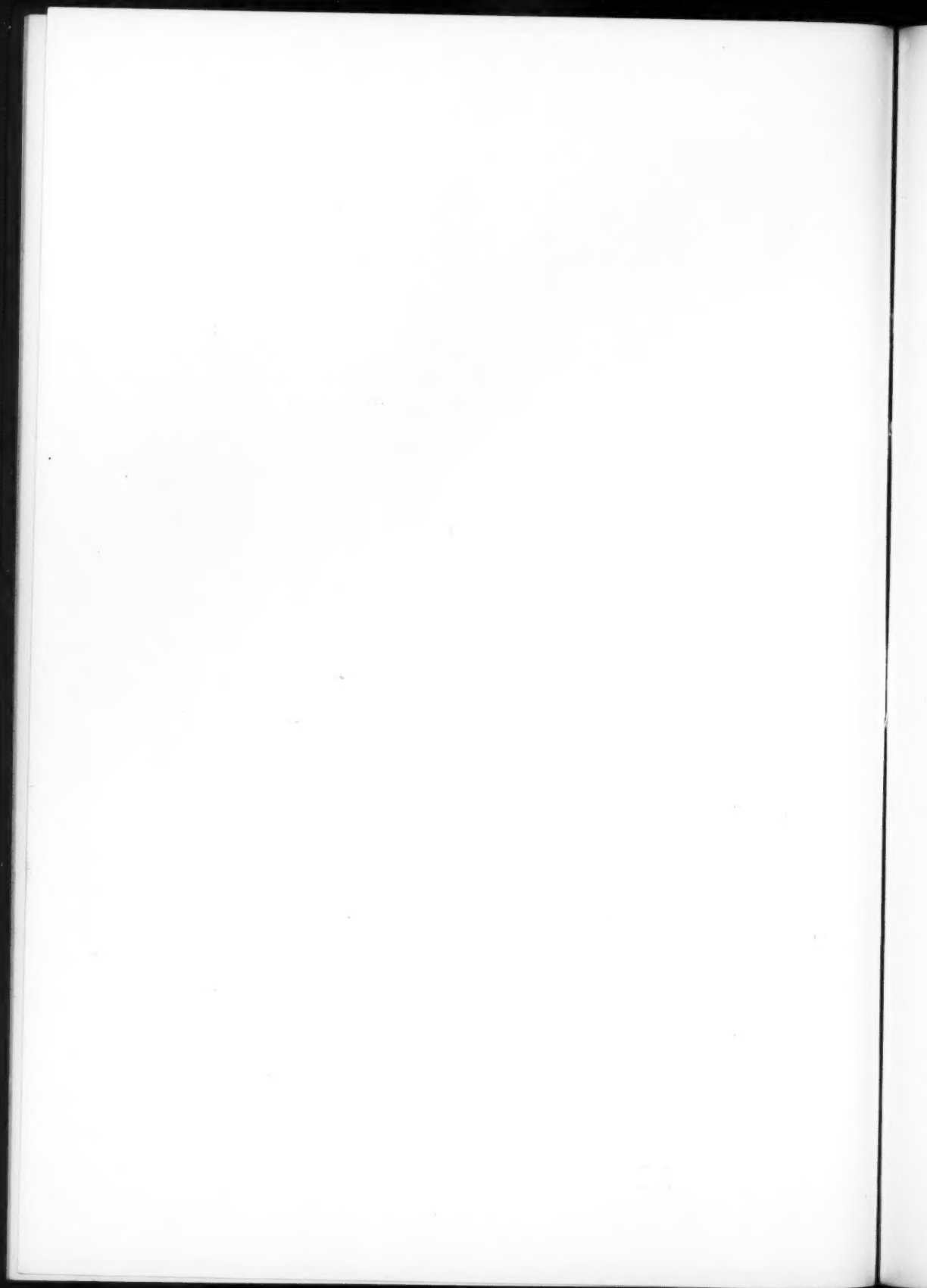
Power were mine to  
wield control  
Of Time within my heart  
and soul,

Saving from ruin and decay  
What I hold dearest, I should pray;  
That I may never cease to be  
Woody daily by Expectancy;  
That evening shadows in mine eyes  
Dim not the light of new surprise;  
That I may feel, till life be spent,  
Each day the sweet bewilderment  
Of fresh delight in simple things—  
In snowy winters, golden springs,  
And quicker heartbeats at the thought  
Of all the good that man has wrought.  
But may I never face a dawn  
With all the awe and wonder gone,  
Or in late twilight fail to see  
Charm in the stars' old sorcery.

MEREDITH NICHOLSON

RALPH FLETCHER SEYBURN

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## WHEN HIS LUCK TURNED

AN INCIDENT IN THE INTERESTING CAREER OF MR. DECK MELTON

*By Wood Levette Wilson*

THE mid-morning sun of early October was sending its beams between the half-drawn curtains when Deck Melton opened his eyes to another day. Pleasant was that sunshine, as it half lighted the room, but, as his waking senses reasserted themselves, not so pleasant was something else that he opened his eyes to. This was the fact that he was "broke"; not to the bread-and-water stage, thank goodness—yet; but considerably past frequent terrapin and champagne possibilities.

"Something's got to be done pretty soon, I guess," he thought, as he yawned and stretched his arms above his head in the luxury of unhurried arising; "but the outlook is pretty bum, pretty bum, I must say."

Of course, his three months' trip abroad had been a little extravagant when it was remembered that his income had ceased entirely during his absence, but he felt that he had seen enough and learned enough to make it worth the money. Even that unfortunate week in Ostend, when the Belgian gamblers had made him—a fair, square, able-bodied New York gambler—look like a mere amateur, he contemplated now with a kind of amused tolerance of his own foolishness. The fact that he had been "touched" in London for nearly all the money he had left after Ostend still rankled—not so much because of the loss, but because he had proved such an easy mark for the clumsy Britishers. Of the trip homeward, when hard luck had compelled him to accept Goldstein's offer to pay his passage steerage on condition that he would carry a "lidle

backage" sewed up in his coat where the customs inspectors would not be likely to look for it, he thought with the pleasure that comes from past experience that is unusual, despite the discomforts of the bunk he occupied and the uninviting food he had to eat. He was dressing now with the cheerful spirit that an unimpaired breakfast appetite gives.

"I might have kept the old skin's bunch of diamonds," he went on with his mental casting up of accounts, "and made him cough up good and plenty to get 'em back and keep himself out of trouble if—" His thoughts paused as a recalcitrant collar commanded all of his attention. "But, after all, a fellow never really comes out to the good on that kind of a game."

He put on his coat and stepped into his sitting-room with an unpleasant realization that his apartments were not all they had been, even though he had the comfort of knowing that the rent for them was paid until the first of the year. On the blank wall to the right, where the best light in the room fell, he frowned slightly. There had hung a Corot, bought in an extravagant mood one day when the game was exceedingly prosperous, and money came and went easily.

"It's a bit rough and dauby in spots," he admitted to Archie Corrigan, his former partner, the day that philistine dropped in to look at it; "but if you get just the right light on it, and don't look at it too close, it makes you feel enough as if you were right out doors to be worth the money. Here, look at it from right here. Eh?"

A tall, slender ebony pedestal between the front windows also showed an unpleasant blank. From the top of it was missing a bronze reproduction of Myron's "Discobolus," which had caught Deck's sporting eye one day, and had made an immediate heavy draft on his loose-strung purse.

These two treasures, together with some other purely decorative and unnecessary furnishings, were now in the temporary possession of a well-to-do and thrifty gentleman, who, for the privilege of taking charge of them for a time, and other material consideration, had taken pleasure in relieving the temporary embarrassment of his esteemed friend, Mr. Decker Melton.

Deck sighed as he closed the door behind him, and went downstairs. He stopped almost mechanically to look over the half-dozen letters that the mail box in the lower hall contained, and brought his wandering thoughts up with a jerk when he found that two of them were for him. One of the envelopes, large, square and aggressively pink, was addressed in a hand that sprawlingly confessed to an unaccustomed use of the pen. It was perfumed with an odor a trifle too insistent for strictly good taste. The other was white, and in the oblong shape of practical business. It was addressed in a hand that was at once cramped and tremulous, and bore the prints of several dirty fingers.

The pink one Deck recognized with a low snort of indifference. The white one he gazed at with a moment's curious wonder as to whom it could be from. Then he put them both into his pocket, and, passing out the door, made his way along the quiet street toward Broadway and breakfast.

When the waiter, with the obsequious interest that the certainty of a liberal tip inspires, had taken his order, Deck drew the two letters from his pocket. He opened the pink one first. His face wore the indulgent half-smile of one who feels that

he must overlook some things, as he read it, thus:

Dere Deck—

I just herd you came back from across a week ago and why havnt you bin to see me yet. Im stil at the Gaiety of cours and liveing in the same old flatt. If you could drop in this afternoon thare would be something on the ice for to drink to your safe return. Please come. Yours truly,

Celeste.

P. S. Maybe after blowin yourself off over thare all summer youve come back a little shy and if your broke I aint.

A comparison of Mademoiselle Celeste's letter with her wide reputation as an artiste would show that her education had been one-sided, or, rather, one-ended. In the rôle of premiere danseuse of the Gaiety, her accomplishments were enthusiastically applauded nightly as the perfection of grace, and the very few who had the honor to be puzzled with her composition and spelling forgot all about this unpleasant effect when she smiled on them. In her own line Mademoiselle Celeste had been the success of two seasons, and—well, one can not be preëminent in everything.

"She's a good-hearted girl," thought Deck, as he read over the letter again with some amusement, "and if the worst came to the worst, she'd stand for a stake until I could get started again. But I guess I won't come to that as long as they need men to work on the subway."

The waiter's delicate suggestion, by the moving of a glass of water, that the first part of the breakfast was ready to be served as soon as the guest would lean back and leave the table free, brought Deck back to his appetite with a jump, and he thrust the pink letter into its envelope, and put it and the other letter, still unread, back in his pocket.

The Tuileries apartment house was exclusive in its own way; that is, the amount of rent that was charged and collected in

advance with mechanical promptness as soon as it was due, made it necessary for all the tenants to be possessed of a continuously liberal income.

These were matters, however, which would not have disturbed Mademoiselle Celeste, even if she had given them a thought, which she never did, for her artistic temperament was not allowed to be burdened with such commonplace cares. The entire administration of the household was left to Marie, who was really French; Marie, small, dark and practically capable, as her mistress was large, fair and careless; Marie, who acted in the double capacity of maid and general manager of the organization, who took charge of the bank account, who paid the bills, who hired and discharged the servants, and who did all things economically and well; Marie, who was the practical junior partner of the firm, and who felt as much interest in its welfare as her better known associate.

It was Marie who opened the door in response to Deck's ring that afternoon.

"Ah, M'sieu Meltonne!" she exclaimed, with a smile and a courtesy. Deck was one of the few outsiders that she smiled upon; for, as the responsible guardian of such a treasure as the greatest artiste of the day, she not only felt it unsafe, but beneath her dignity to smile on many. "Eet ees that you have returned, *n'est ce pas?*"

"Yes," replied Deck, as he passed into the entry, and she closed the door behind him in the manner that indicates the arrival of the expected guest. "Is—um—Mademoiselle—in?" Deck was always inclined to shy at the word; it seemed so foolish.

"Ah, *oui*, ma'm'selle ees just feeneesh her toilette. Si M'sieu be seated, I will tell her M'sieu *il est ici*."

Tradesmen, naturally, found it rather difficult to comprehend Marie's orders, but she was such a good customer that much was endured without a comment.

Marie courtesied herself through a

door, and Deck sat down in the little reception room. Here, as throughout the apartments, was the extravagant luxury of current affluence, tempered by a taste that was eccentric rather than entirely bad. The color scheme might not have been all that could be desired, but the general arrangement, thanks to Mademoiselle's indifference and Marie's *savoir faire*, was, on the whole, attractive.

In a moment Deck heard a soft step, then a portière was pushed aside and Mademoiselle Celeste appeared. She was tall and slender, with liberal fluffs of yellow hair piled high on her head, with the large blue eyes that sometimes can be wanton in their destruction, and with a suggestion of pink on her extremely fair cheeks that was just a little more artistic than Nature often achieves.

"Why, hello, Deck, old boy!" she exclaimed, in a very hearty voice, but with a decidedly un-French accent, as she came quickly forward with both hands extended. "I'm awful glad to see you again, old chap!"

"Hello, Celeste!" responded Deck, as he rose and took the outstretched hands. "I guess you're not any gladder to see me than I am to be here. Well, well! How fine you're looking! You had 'em all beat at the beginning, but you get better every day. How do you manage it?"

"Sh-h-h, I don't!" she laughed, as she held up her finger warningly. "Marie does it for me."

"Then I take off my hat to Marie, too!"

"Now, sit down and tell me all about it. What all have you been doing?"

"Not much of anything except getting skinned at Ostend, getting touched in London and coming home steerage."

"Steerage!" she cried, as she clapped her hands and shouted with laughter. She was even gayer than usual, as if she were striving to mask a feeling of restraint that both had been conscious of ever since she had entered the room. There was a feel-



ing that they were not to each other what they had been in the past. "Well, if that ain't the best joke ever," she went on. "How was it, anyhow? Was it fun?" She tapped a bell on the table. "I want to know all about it from the time you bought your ticket until they put you off at New York." Marie appeared at the door. "Marie, Mr. Melton has been having a whole lot of hard luck, and needs that bracer you have in the refrigerator right away."

"*Oui, Ma'm'selle,*" responded Marie, with a sympathetic glance at Deck.

"And, Marie, Mr. Melton needs some good things to eat, too, so he will stay to dinner. See that we have something nice please."

"*Oui, Ma'm'selle.*"

"Now, Deck," she went on, when Marie had withdrawn, "this is the chance of my life. I always did want to know what people did in the steerage, and it's up to you to tell me all about it."

"Well," said Deck, reminiscently, "some of 'em spend a good part of the time wishing they were out of it."

And then, with due emphasis on the humorous parts, which one is always able to see so much better in the retrospect, Deck told of all the embarrassments that attended his home-coming.

"And what are you going to do now?" she asked when they had harked back over the most amusing parts of the unusual experience, and had paid the full tribute of laughter to them, with bumpers, from the cold bottle that Marie had brought, to better luck next time. "The same old thing?"

"Um-m-m, well, I don't know," responded Deck, doubtfully. "I thought things would have quieted down by this time, but Archie's still got his scare on, and he says that we can make more by laying low than we can by starting a game."

"But you will have to do something, won't you, after—"

"Oh, yes, I suppose so, pretty soon."

"If you need—"

"Oh, no, not a thing," he interrupted, quickly. "I've made a raise since I got back, and will be pretty comfortable for a while if I don't blow myself, and I'm not going to."

If this carried anything more to Mademoiselle than the simple and open meaning of the words, she gave no sign of appreciating it. To Deck, however, it was the opening wedge of an understanding between them. Mademoiselle was a charming companion, but, in spite of her prosperity or possibly because of it, her company was, Deck felt, too expensive a luxury for him to indulge in with his present prospects. As for accepting the assistance which she suggested and which she would be glad to give—well, Deck's opinion of the men who did that sort of thing was too definite for him to consider it a moment.

The fog end of the afternoon had worn away, and it was all but time for the early dinner which Mademoiselle must eat in order to be at the theater promptly. When she had gone to change her gown so as to be ready to start as soon as dinner was finished, Deck wandered about the room looking at its treasures, which varied from the precious to the bizarre and even the ridiculous. He found a gaudiness about everything that jarred on him unusually.

"It's mighty queer that I never noticed it before, but Celeste is surely a bit loud in her tastes," he thought. "Now take that—"

A glance that accidentally paused on a photograph framed in elaborate gilt filigree on a little table in the corner, broke the current of his musings. He stooped down and examined it more carefully.

"Well, by George!" he exclaimed, half aloud, as he straightened up. "That's mighty queer!"

"What's mighty queer, Mr. Deck?" asked Mademoiselle, appearing, tailor-made, between the portières.

"Oh, nothing," answered Deck, "I was just thinking of something."

"Got lots of things to think about, haven't you?"

"I surely have!"

"Well, I hope they won't keep you from eating. Come on, let's see what Marie has done for us."

Deck was thoughtful at the table, but started on the relation of her own experiences and triumphs, subjects which she was never averse to discussing, Mademoiselle apparently did not notice it. Not until café noir and cigarettes did she lack for words. During the brief pause Deck leaned back and watched the thick blue smoke trail sinuously upward.

"By the way," he said, idly, "wasn't that Tom Bannister's picture I saw in the other room?"

Mademoiselle straightened up in a slightly startled manner, and the delicate rouge on her cheeks received, just for the moment, natural reinforcements.

"Yes," she replied, with a singular lack of volubility.

"Well, what the deuce—" Deck checked himself. It was none of his business, after all, why Tom Bannister's picture should be in Mademoiselle Celeste's apartments. Now, if Mademoiselle Celeste's picture had been in Tom Bannister's apartments the matter wouldn't have been worth a thought. But— However, it was not only none of his business, but he did not care anything about it.

"What were you going to say?" There was the suggestion of defiance in her tone, and the rouge was again a little deeper toned.

"Me? Oh, nothing!"

"Yes, you were!" she declared, a little aggressively. "You were going to ask what—what Mr. Bannister's picture was doing in there."

Deck looked up quickly. Mademoiselle was not in the habit of calling her friends "Mr."

"Weren't you, now?" she insisted.

"Well—I had thought of it."

"Of course you did! Now haven't I a right to have the picture if—if he gave it to me?"

"Sure!" replied Deck, with great heartiness. His tone seemed to mollify her somewhat.

"Well—he did," she said slowly.

"I didn't know you knew him."

"I—I didn't used to. Do you?"

"No—that is, not personally. Of course, everybody knows him by sight now since he skinned the bulls in the stock market last spring. He's a nice fellow all right, I understand, and is doing a big business now as a broker."

"He's the best man that ever lived!"

The solemn enthusiasm of the declaration startled Deck.

"Sure!" he agreed, wonderingly.

"Oh," she exclaimed, throwing off her mask of reserve, "you might as well know about it now as any time—you'd hear gossip anyhow." She paused. "I am going to marry him."

"What!" exclaimed Deck.

"I am going to marry him," she repeated. Again her tone was tinged with defiance.

"Well, I'll be—" A consciousness of the amenities the occasion demanded checked him. "I guess it's up to me to congratulate you, then—and him."

"That—that is what I've been wanting to tell you all afternoon, but—but I didn't know how you'd take it."

Take it? Deck breathed a sigh of relief. The thought of Mademoiselle Celeste's attitude, among other things, had troubled him not a little since his homeward voyage had left him stranded financially. He feared it might be difficult to make her understand the situation, and she could be very unpleasant at times; but now—

"Take it!" he exclaimed. "Why, how did you expect me to take it? Why, you're lucky—you're both lucky—dead lucky! I'm mighty glad you're doing so well."

It was Mademoiselle's turn now to give a sigh of relief. An expectedly disagreeable action had been not unpleasantly accomplished.

"Deck," she said, solemnly, "we love each other."

"Good! Then, of course, you'll be happy."

"Of course we shall, and—Good Lord, it's a quarter after seven, and I ought to be at the theater by half past. We'll have to hustle!"

With the footlights between him and Mademoiselle Celeste, Deck was enabled to regard her from a purely artistic point of view. Surely she was pleasing to the eye! Her smiles, her graceful steps, the sinuous swaying of her slender figure—

"Well," thought Deck, as he passed out with the crowd after the curtain had veiled the last tableau, "I hope they'll get along all right, but it seems mighty queer for Tom Bannister—why, I never heard of him mixing in this sort of thing before. But he has to spend his money somehow, I suppose."

He shook his head doubtfully at his freshly lighted cigar, and then walked slowly back to his rooms.

Seated by the front window, with only the glow of the street lamp to light his familiar surroundings, he thought of the many things that had been and the many that might be. One unpleasant fact was certain and definite through it all, and that was that he could not live as he formerly lived; that until he could see some prospect of a renewal of his income he would have to cut the corners of his expenditures as close as they could comfortably be trimmed.

"And then some—later on," he muttered, as he dropped the end of his cigar in the ash tray. He turned on a light, and looked at his watch. It was half-past twelve.

"Well," he thought, "as I've got another day safely started, I guess I might as well go to bed."

As he swung off his coat, he thought of Celeste's note.

"Um-m-m," he half muttered, "under the circumstances that will be a good thing not to keep."

As he drew it out of his pocket the other letter—the white envelope with the dirty finger-marks—which he had forgotten, came with it. He looked at it curiously a moment, and then tore off the crumpled end of the envelope, which was too long for the enclosure. The letter, written in the same cramped and tremulous hand as the address, read:

DEAR DECK:

It has been a good long while, but I'm sure you haven't forgotten the old days at school when you and I had more fun with the teacher than the teacher did with us. In memory of those old days, which were a whole lot better than a good many I've seen since, I'm asking a favor of you. I'm at a little joint called the Crowsnest down on the East River front. Please come and see me, because I can't come and see you. I'm too sick. I wouldn't ask this of you except that I haven't any one else to ask. I have a cough that troubles me a good deal, and I'm pretty weak. Please come and let me tell you about things; it's too hard for me to write about them.

Yours for old times' sake,  
Kent Marston.

With the flood of memories that the letter brought back to him Deck sat for a long time. Pages in life's trivial record that he had not scanned for many a day again opened to him. There was the old schoolhouse in the little up-state village, where the two played their pranks and had their boyish fun. Then the magnetism of the great city drew them to it to follow widely divergent paths. And Kent Marston, careless, improvident Kent, warm of heart, but filled with the hunger for strange experiences that gave no rest to

the wandering foot—where had he been all these years? That would be hard to guess; but now he was lying sick in an East side sailors' lodging house, and was asking for help and comfort.

"And," Deck said, heartily, as he folded the letter and put it back into his pocket, "he'll get it. I'm not carrying a very big roll nowadays, but I guess there'll be enough to give him a lift. Damn shame I forgot that letter. I might have gone down there this afternoon instead of—" Then he thought of Tom Bannister, and, tearing Celeste's note into small pieces, threw them into the waste basket.

The corpulent policeman who paced the not infrequently turbulent beat in the neighborhood of the Crowsnest looked curiously at Deck when he asked to be directed to that establishment the next afternoon.

"I wonder w'at he do be a wantin' with the place," the policeman muttered, as he watched the tall, well-dressed man stride away. "He's not the kind that registers there w'en he's in town. May be I'd better keep an eye on—Move on, now, Micky Hooligan, move on, now! If ye stay on my beat ye'll be gettin' into trouble, an' I'll have to run ye in, an' I wouldn't want to, for it'll go hard with ye the nex' time."

Half a block down the narrow, dirty street, Deck saw the sign. To make it more conspicuous there was a miniature foremast painted on the front of the building with a wild-eyed lookout peering anxiously from his perch at the building across the street as if he sighted danger ahead, which, no doubt, he frequently did during his after-dark watches.

A well-fed, but slouchily-dressed and piratically bearded man, lounging in a hammock swung low across the corner of the room, looked out curiously from under bushy red eyebrows when Deck entered.

"I'm looking for Kent Marston who's sick in this house," said Deck. "Can I see him?"

"Aye," responded the man, slowly, as he took his pipe from his mouth.

"Where is he?"

"Through that door, an' up two flights," answered the man, pointing his pipestem toward the rear of the room with the restricted gesture of the effort-saving corpulent. "Number 27 painted on the door," he added, and then, in the manner of one who had done all that could be expected of him, he settled back in his hammock.

Deck mounted the two flights of sadly-neglected stairs, and stood in a narrow hall, half lighted and with a bare floor. Close examination of the door to his right showed the number 21 almost obliterated by grime. Then on the left he found 22. Evidently he was in the right place. Yes—23—25—As he approached the next door he heard a cough in the room behind it. It was number 27.

In response to his knock, a rather weak voice called "Come in!" and the coughing began again. Deck pushed open the door. A good sized window that looked out on a blank expanse of brick wall thirty feet away made this room lighter than the hall, and gave him a good view of the haggard face of Kent Marston, as he lay on a bed in the corner.

"Deck!" The thin figure raised itself in bed as Deck stepped into the room.

"Kent, old man!" Deck was at the bedside, and had the sufferer's bony hand in his.

The sick man tried to speak, but the cough stopped him.

"Take it easy, old chap," said Deck, soothingly. "You'll be all right in a minute."

Marston waved his hand with feeble impatience. The coughing had stopped, but had left him out of breath. His eyes lighted with satisfaction as he gazed at Deck. Gradually his breathing became more regular as he rested from his effort at welcome.



"Glad you came, Deck, old fellow," he said, at last. "I knew you'd come if you got my note, but when you didn't show up yesterday I was afraid it had gone wrong and I never would find you. But I'm glad you've come," he repeated, with a long breath expressive of relief.

"Why, sure I'd come!" exclaimed Deck. "But where have you been, and what are you doing here?"

"Principally being pretty sick, I guess," replied Kent, with a forlorn smile. "And I've been—well, I've been a good many places since I saw you last. I came here from the Klondike. Deck, old man, never go to the Klondike! It isn't what it's cracked up to be, and there's nothing in it—nothing to pay for what you have to go through up there. It's hell, Deck, a cold hell, but it's hell, just the same."

"I'll bet it is! And you'll be dead safe in telling anybody that asks you that I'll not go there. How long have you been sick?"

"I've really been sick ever since the first night out of Skaguay." The cough interrupted him again, and he shook his head in weak impatience at the interruption. "You see, there was an awful jam on the boat, and I had to sleep on deck. We had pretty rough weather all the way down, and I got wet and took cold. I was wet most of the voyage, and couldn't do much for myself, so I just kept getting worse until—well, here I am."

"Here you are, and here is just where you oughtn't to be," declared Deck. "What you want is a nice, bright, clean room where you can get some sunshine and fresh air, and where there will be the right kind of people on hand to take care of you. I know just the place! It's a kind of private hospital. We'll take you right up there this afternoon."

"Won't it be rather—rather expensive?" asked Kent, cautiously.

Deck had had time to examine the room before this, and he felt that he understood the question.

"Oh, no!" he exclaimed, heartily. "You see I've got a—a sort of pull there. The joint is run by a doctor I know—the same fellow that pulled me through the typhoid a couple of years ago. I can fix everything all right."

"This isn't a very good place," Kent admitted, slowly.

"You bet not! Now, will you be all right for an hour or so until I can get things fixed for you?"

"I ought to be. I've been getting along all right by myself for four days, except that the woman who cleans the room comes in the morning and evening to give me a little help—"

"Mighty lonesome job, I'll bet!"

"Yes, it was a little lonesome. The dispensary doctor has been here twice, though. He gave me some medicine for my cough, but it doesn't seem to do much good. I don't believe it's just the right stuff."

"Those dispensary doctors are all right, but they're mostly young fellows, and lack experience in the game. I'd rather have Doc Prescott take you in charge. I think he'll put you on your feet quicker. Take it easy now until I get back."

Certain of Mr. Decker Melton's friends, if they had been in the neighborhood, would have been somewhat amused two hours later to have seen him seated beside the driver of an ambulance who directed his team at a brisk trot through the lower East side's narrow streets until he pulled up in front of the Crowsnest. The vehicle had hardly stopped before the curious crowd began to gather—idle men, frowsy women, mothers with slobbery children in their arms, children of assorted sizes dodging around under foot as they pushed and shoved each other, and even a placid Chinese with incurious eyes. Quickly they lined up between the ambulance and the entrance of the Crowsnest, leaving a lane between them through which a litter could be carried. They understood the method of procedure. Ambulance cases, however,

were infrequent enough always to be matters of interest, even more so than the visits of the patrol wagon, which were much commoner. With a slow saunter the policeman from the corner brought his restraining presence into the crowd that there might be no indecorous outbreak.

"I don't know just how bad off he is," said Deck, as he climbed the stairs with the ambulance surgeon, "but I'm afraid it's worse than he thinks. Rotten bad cough he's got."

The sick man's eyes lighted up with relief as Deck entered the room. His illness had so depressed him mentally that he could not help but fear that he was deserted when Deck had been gone over an hour.

The doctor made a brief examination of him, noted with an experienced eye the condition of his skin and heard the rasping cough that came at brief intervals.

"I think," he said, "that we had better carry you down, as any exercise will be likely to start your cough, and the more you cough the worse it is for you—your throat."

"I want to take my trunk with me," said Kent.

"We don't often carry baggage on the ambulance," said the doctor, doubtfully. "I don't know—"

"I'll send a wagon for it as soon as I get you fixed, Kent," interrupted Deck.

"No, Deck; I must take it with me." There was a trace of stubbornness in the sick man's voice. Then his tone softened to pleading. "It's not a big trunk, and I'd so much rather take it."

"Well," said Deck, as he looked significantly at the doctor—surely so sick a man should be humored in so small a thing!—"I guess we can manage it somehow, can't we doctor?"

The ambulance driver was inclined to growl at first, but after he had shoved one of Deck's dollars well down into his pocket he had nothing more to say.

An hour later Kent Marston and his

trunk were installed in a light and airy room on the top floor of Dr. Prescott's private sanatorium, from the windows of which was a distant view of the park trees.

As Deck sat alone in his room that evening and stared up at the blank space of wall where the Corot had hung, his thoughts were not cheerful. To be sure, there was some satisfaction in the knowledge that he was making the last days of his boyhood's chum as comfortable as possible; but the very thought that death was coming even so near to him as this was depressing. Dr. Prescott had diagnosed Kent's case as "galloping consumption," and said that the end could not be far off; that the first cold weather would probably silence the distressing cough that now so racked the patient's frail body.

"Then for the Lord's sake, Doctor," exclaimed Deck, earnestly, "give him everything that is good for him until—until then. I'll stand for it—anything within reason, and some over. Poor old chap!"

Now, with the responsibility for this, Deck felt more than ever the necessity of economy in ordering his ways. But what was to be done? There was nothing he could think of that he could drop off. His rooms were expensive, but he had paid half a year's rent in advance before he had started on his trip abroad over three months ago. The only thing to do, as far as he could see, was to "lay low," and wait for something to turn up. Something? He smiled at the stub of his cigar a little hopelessly. What could possibly—A knock sounded at the door.

"Come in!" he called, as he straightened up in his chair.

"This is a little irregular, I know, Deck," said Archie Corrigan, as he pushed open the door and stepped into the room, "but I saw a light in your windows that told me you were on the spot, so I thought I'd just drop up on you."

"Good thing!" exclaimed Deck, warmly. "Take a chair and a cigar. How's things?"

"Rotten! Nothin' doin', an' no sign!"

"That's me. It's all outgo and no income nowadays; and that can't last any great while."

"What'r we goin' to do?"

"What can we do?"

"We might skin an occasional sucker."

"Yes, or pick an occasional pocket, or rob an occasional bank, but that's a little out of our line, Archie."

"Um-m-m, yes."

"We've always dealt a square game. The man who bought checks at our bank always got a proper run for his money. If he lost, he lost; if we lost, we paid with no discounts or time allowances. And it's a little late for us to tackle any other kind of a deal. Our reputation in our business is all right, and we'll be a whole lot to the good, farther along in the game, if we keep it that way."

"Meantime, we've got to eat—something. What'r we goin' to do?"

"I've been thinking about that, and I've concluded that there isn't anything we can do but keep our lightning rods up and wait for it. Why, damn it, man, we don't know how to do anything but run a game! We've just been laid on the shelf by these good citizen people, that's all; and I don't suppose that it ever occurs to them that we need to eat just the same as they do."

"Naw," growled Archie, "you bet not, an' I don't s'pose they'd pass the sandwiches if it did. How long can you last?"

"Not very long, unless I make some kind of a stake. If I had a little bigger roll to start in with I'd tackle the markets."

"Huh?"

"Stocks and cotton and—such things."

"Oh!"

"The more I think about it, the more I believe it's a good game that's worth any man's time—if he can afford it."

"Sure, but that's what stops lots o' fellows' games. Wouldn't it be better to be one of them fellows that don't bet on the

deal, but just stand to take whatever the kitty is worth?"

"A broker? Yes, there's a good thing in it, but a man can't go into that business like he would start selling shoe-strings. It takes—something else."

"Aw, well, chuck all that! Such things don't do us no use. You know what I'm goin' to do? I'm goin' to pull out o' here."

"Where to?"

"New Orleans for me! It's comin' on winter now, and there'll be things doin' down there. And I want you to go along."

Deck did not answer right away. Somehow it seemed as if he would be deserting an old friend in an hour of need if he left Kent Marston so soon after finding him, sick and discouraged as he was. Besides—surely there must be something in New York for him if he would just give it a chance to show up. He took a long, slow pull at his cigar, then blew the smoke into the air and examined the ash minutely.

"Not me," he said, finally.

"Well, for God's sake, w'y not?"

"Oh, I'd rather chance it here."

"Yes, an' it's all chance, an' nothin' comin'! When some of you fellows have swallowed the New York dope your judgment gets bad, an' you think there ain't any other place."

"All right, Archie, you may be on the right lay, and I hope you are, but I'll stick it out here for a while, anyhow."

"Well," said Corrigan, in the tone of a man who has offered his best and suffered rejection, "if you don't see me again, I'll be in New Orleans."

When Deck was alone again he did not feel so sure of his wisdom in rejecting Archie's proposition. There was certainly nothing ahead of him now, and if he went to New Orleans he could send the money to pay Kent's bills just as well as he could hand it to the doctor. But—

"Oh, well, something is bound to turn up if I keep my eyes open," he thought, as he got ready for bed.

Under the best of care, there were days when Kent's condition appeared to improve a little, but watched from week to week there was a perceptible lessening of his vitality. Deck spent long hours in the sick man's room reading to him, or talking about their boyhood adventures, the memory of which now seemed so dear to the sufferer. Kent talked much of the old farm where he was born and brought up, and how he would like to go back there to live once more, to rest from the hurly-burly his life had been since he left the peaceful place. With his waning strength, the world seemed bigger and harsher and more difficult to contend with, and he longed to get away from it.

"I first thought about going back to the old farm when I started from the North," he said; "and I decided that if I ever got a chance I'd do it. Wouldn't you, Deck?"

"Why, sure! It's a good thing! Maybe you can make it yet when you get on your feet again, and get a good start." But no one knew better than he that Kent Marston would never get on his feet again.

"That's right, Deck! Just as soon as I get on my feet again I'm going up there, and— He paused. "Deck," he resumed, "you haven't got any game now, have you?"

"No, they've shut down on us for a while."

"Then you haven't anything coming— Oh, Deck, I'm afraid the expense I'm causing you will—"

"Oh, chuck it, old fellow! I told you I had a pull here. Besides, I'm all right. Just you devote your attention to getting well, and leave the other things to me. I'll fix em' all right. You know me!"

"Yes, Deck, I know you, and that's the reason—May be some day I can square things with you, though."

"That'll be all right. Just you let me do the waiting, and don't you worry until I kick."

"Oh, I don't worry, and I'll make good

—some day. Say, Deck, if I can manage to get the old farm, you'll come and stay with me a while every summer, won't you?"

"Sure, and be glad of the chance!"

The promise seemed to cheer the sick man.

"What times we'll have!" he exclaimed.

"We'll go swimming in the old hole around the bend below the bridge just like we used to! And we'll loaf around under the trees in the old orchard, where there isn't any noise to jar a fellow's nerves—nothing but the birds singing and the bees buzzing. Oh, Deck, what a great, lazy old time we'll have next summer!"

As the bright sunlight of October faded into the gray skies of November Kent began to fail more rapidly. Sometimes he seemed to realize that his strength was waning. In these moments of depression Deck would turn their talk to the old farm, and Kent would brighten up as he looked at the future his imagination was encouraged to picture.

"Deck," he said, one evening, after they had sat silent for some time. "I never told you why I went to Klondike, did I?"

"Why, no. I just supposed that you went because you liked that sort of thing, and took a long chance of picking up something big there."

"Um-m-m, yes, of course, that was part of it; but that wasn't all. There was a—a woman—" He paused.

"I see," said Deck, sympathetically.

"I had it bad, and things might have been—But she got crazy about the stage after an old fellow told her that she could dance. He was a Frenchman, a queer old boy, who used to talk big about the dancers he'd trained in Paris before—Well, I guess it was absinthe. When she started in to take lessons of him it was all 'art' with her, and mighty little time for me. I couldn't let go, though, and I hung around while I watched her going the way I didn't like. The old Frenchman must



have been pretty good, for finally she got clever enough to get on as a coryphee. Then I thought she'd better stop, and told her so. A man never has much sense, you know, in a case of that kind. I wanted to marry her, but—but she laughed at me, and—and I went to the Klondike."

"I see," said Deck, again, in a low voice.

"Deck, since I've been sick here I've found her again."

Deck looked up quickly, in surprise.

"Her picture, you know, in the papers," Kent explained. "She has made a great hit, and is famous."

"What's her name?"

"Now she goes by the name of Mademoiselle Celeste—"

"Celeste?" exclaimed Deck, in a startled tone.

"Why, yes; do you know her?"

"Yes, I—I know her." He spoke quietly now.

"Personally?"

"Yes."

"Deck, I'd like to see her once more—just once more, you know. It wouldn't mean anything, of course, but I'd like to see her. Do you think she would—that you could bring her to see me?" He spoke eagerly.

Deck hesitated a moment. His inclination to avoid Mademoiselle as too expensive an associate for his financial condition and responsibilities was strong. Besides, it rather jarred on him to bring her into the friendship between him and Kent, but—

"Well, I'll try it," he replied. "I'll go see her and ask her to come."

"When?"

"To-morrow, if I can. And now I must be getting out of here." He did not care to discuss Mademoiselle further. "You've been talking too long. You should have been asleep an hour ago. Good night."

Forty minutes later, just before Mademoiselle Celeste left her dressing room to

take her place in the final tableau, she received a note, written on a leaf of Deck's notebook, asking if he might ride home with her, if she had no other engagement, as he had something important to say to her. Despite her flattering prospects of future happiness, Mademoiselle Celeste thought enough of Mr. Melton to grant so modest a request. Mr. Bannister was out of town.

"Then you'll come?" asked Deck, as the carriage pulled up in front of the Tuileries apartment house.

"Why, yes, sure!" she replied. "Poor fellow, I'm awful sorry for him, don't you know. Just to think of him going away up there in that awful country, and coming home broke and dying. It's—it's too bad!"

"All right, then; I'll come for you at three o'clock tomorrow afternoon."

"Why, ain't you coming in?"

"No, much obliged."

"Better come in, and have a drink and a bite to eat."

"No, I think I'd better not. I guess I'll go home, if you'll excuse me."

She looked at him and laughed.

"Ah, Decker, Decker, how you have changed! You're actually getting wise and cautious. Well, good night."

She ran up the steps, and kissing her hand lightly to him, disappeared in the building.

Deck turned and walked slowly up the street.

"I suppose she thinks I'm a fool," he thought; "but there's more than one way of being a fool, and this looks like the best way to me just now."

The nurse was putting away some writing materials when Deck arrived at Kent's rooms the next morning.

"Hello!" he exclaimed. "Been writing a letter?"

"I've been dictating my will, just to play safe," replied Kent, with a wan smile.

"Well, now, that's good! Wish we had

thought of it before. Why nothing helps a sick man along like making a will! I'll bet you're on your feet within two weeks!"

"Sometimes I almost think—Do you know, Deck, if I could just get back to the old farm for a while I'd be satisfied," he said, earnestly. "But never mind about that. Did you see her? Will she come?"

"I'm going after her at three o'clock this afternoon, and we'll come right up."

"She's rich—isn't she, Deck?"

"She ought to be pretty well fixed with the money she makes, and she's going to do still better; she's going to—" He stopped himself.

"You mean she's going to marry somebody?"

"Well, yes; but you mustn't feel bad about it, old chap."

"Oh, I don't! I'm glad of it! I've—I've got over all that sort of thing—sure! Is he rich?"

"Seven figures, I guess."

"She always was lucky," Kent sighed.

The sum Deck had realized on the most intrinsically valuable of his treasures was being eaten into very rapidly by the expenses of Kent's illness, but the ominous way in which Dr. Prescott shook his wise old head over the sick man's condition made Deck all the more determined that the patient should not have a want unfilled.

It was in this mood that he opened a very business-like looking letter that came to him shortly before he started after Mademoiselle Celeste. It was a formal notification from his bankers that Mr. Archibald Corrigan, at New Orleans, had drawn on him at sight for five hundred dollars. Would he kindly honor the draft, etc.

Deck took a long breath as he stared at the notice. Then he made some rapid mental calculations. With this five hundred gone he would have less than enough to carry himself and Kent for two weeks, and then—He looked about the room in a mental appraisal of his chattels.

There was his watch. It seemed so impossible a situation that his irritation against Corrigan rose.

"Archie ought to have had more sense than to do it," he growled. "He knew I was in hard luck with nothing coming in. I'll not honor it, damn him! Let him hustle!"

Then, as he thought it over, he softened.

"Maybe he's having a terrible hard run of luck, and is worse off than I am. He surely is, or he wouldn't have made such a sudden touch, and—Oh, well, I guess something will turn up so I can pull out some way."

On his way to Mademoiselle Celeste's apartments he stopped at the bank and left formal notice of his acceptance of the draft. Then he decided not to begin to worry for at least a week. The old gambler's tradition that luck was bound to turn encouraged him.

That day he ceased to dine at the Broadway restaurant he had so long patronized, and sought a homely little place in a side street, where the prices were lower and the tips expected were modest.

Much of Mademoiselle Celeste's ample experience with the world seemed to drop away from her during the all but silent drive from her apartments to the sanatorium, and by the time it was reached she felt a good deal more like the girl she had been than the woman she was. The half a dozen years that had intervened sunk into nothingness, and she once more saw herself the inexperienced girl who was flattered by the attentions of handsome, dashing Kent Marston. Not that she had ever loved him—that was plain enough when the other flattery that comes with growing success ousted him from her thoughts. But now—He was dying! Mademoiselle Celeste was surprised at the depression she felt.

"I'm afraid he is not quite so well today," said the nurse who met them in the hall. "So perhaps it would be well to

make the visit short, and to avoid any subjects that might excite him."

Deck glanced apprehensively at Mademoiselle, but she was plainly unconscious that any danger could possibly attend her presence.

"It would probably be worse if he was disappointed," he thought, as they passed into the room.

Kent was propped up on his pillows, evidently in anticipation of his callers.

"Hello, Mamie!" he exclaimed, with weak cheerfulness, as they entered.

"Why, hello, Kent, you dear old boy!" cried Mademoiselle, as she ran forward and dropped on one knee beside the bed. "Deck—er—Mr. Melton,"—the proprieties seemed to burden her unusually,— "tells me you have been pretty sick. I'm awfully sorry."

"Oh, yes," he agreed, a little wearily. "You didn't mind coming—here—did you? Just for old times' sake?"

"Oh, no, no! I wanted to come and see you as soon as I heard you were sick."

"You haven't forgotten the good times we used to have together when we were—were children?"

"No, Kent, no, I'll never forget them, never!"

Mademoiselle's color heightened a trifle. Perhaps she was thinking of other good times she had had since she had ceased to be a child.

"I never have," Kent went on. "I used to think of them lots of times when I was up there in the cold and the dark, and when the boys would sing songs of home. Ah, well, that's all over now. And you're rich and successful and happy, and I'm—sometimes I'm almost afraid I'll never get well and strong again, Mamie."

"Oh, yes, you will, Kent. You will be all right. You'll soon get better so you can go—can go south for the winter, and—"

"But you are rich, ain't you?" he persisted.

"I've got plenty to give you all the help

you'll need to make you well again. And I'll be glad, so glad to do it! You'll let me, won't you?"

"Oh, I don't need any help. Deck is taking care of me. I just wanted to be sure you were all right, and didn't need anything."

"Nothing, Kent, nothing, except to help you. You will let me, won't you?"

"I don't—" The cough interrupted him, and he weakly motioned her away from the bed where she had remained kneeling. She sat down in a chair near the bedside. The paroxysm of coughing left him exhausted, and lying low between the pillows where it had shaken him. Mademoiselle rearranged them, and stroked his forehead lightly while he thanked her with his eyes.

"You're still good to me, Mamie," he said, at last, feebly. "You're still good—"

The cough came again. Deck was watching him closely, and noticed that when Kent leaned over the edge of the bed and spat, the saliva had a red tinge. He pressed the button for the nurse.

"I think we had better be going now, Kent," he said. "Mademoiselle can come again to-morrow when you feel stronger. You've rather overdone things to-day."

"To-morrow?" He smiled sadly. "Ah, well, never mind. Good-by, Mamie, good-by—"

The cough came again violently just as the nurse entered the room. Her practised eye took in the situation at a glance. She stepped back into the hall and called through the speaking tube to Dr. Prescott's office.

"I think, Mr. Melton, that the lady had better withdraw," she said in a low tone when she returned.

"We had better go now, Mademoiselle," said Deck. "Come!" His tone was one of veiled peremptoriness. Kent's cough had ceased for the moment, and he lay relaxed in his exhaustion, his scant breath coming painfully.

"Good-by, Kent," she half sobbed, as she let Deck lead her toward the door. She caught her breath, and her eyes were on the verge of overflowing. As she passed out of the room the repressed sob broke forth, and the handkerchief which she had been nervously gripping was pressed against her eyes. Kent Marston had been out of her life six years, but there are some things that neither success or folly are able to make one forget.

Quickly Deck put her into the cab and started her homeward. Then he dashed back to the sick man's room and slipped through the half-open door.

Kent's eyes turned from the doctor, who was at his bedside, to Deck as he entered.

"It's all for you, old fellow, all for you," he said, faintly. "Good-by, Deck, good—"

The doctor leaned over him a moment, and then, straightening up, turned toward Deck. No word was spoken. None was needed. The wandering feet of Kent Marston had found a place, even quieter than the old farm, where they could rest for ever.

When Deck had paid the expenses of the simple funeral, at which he and Made-moiselle Celeste were the only mourners, and had checked up his accounts, he found that he had barely enough to meet the cost of Dr. Prescott's last services to the dead man. He took out his gold repeater and looked at it. It was all that stood between him and the hoped-for time when his luck would turn.

"It's been going against me so long now that it seems as if something would have to happen pretty soon," he thought, as he put the watch back into his pocket.

The five hundred that Archie Corrigan had drawn on him for so unexpectedly—ah, how useful it would have been now.

"Poor cuss," he muttered. "I guess they are coming worse for him than they are for me."

For Archie had written that the five

hundred was about gone, and that the road ahead of him looked mighty rough.

"It's all a matter of keeping your nerve," Deck declared to himself. "I'll make it somehow."

And with that he lighted the last cigar from a box that he realized, with a sigh, it would be impossible for him to replenish, and started for Doctor Prescott's to settle up accounts, and face the inevitable—*broke!* Broke even beyond the continued possibility of the modest but satisfying side street restaurant. It occurred to him that he might sub-let his rooms, and thus for a while— He took a long breath. The situation distressed him more than he had expected it would.

"It was Mr. Marston's wish, which he expressed to me personally," said the doctor when the settlement had been made, "that you should have all of his belongings, which, I believe, consist only of his trunk. Indeed," he added, with a slight smile, "he left a will to that effect, which I wrote out at his dictation, and which was witnessed by myself and the nurse. Here it is." He took a long envelope from his desk and handed it to Deck.

"Thank you, Doctor," said Deck, as he took it. "I'm much obliged for the interest and trouble you took in poor old Kent's case. Of course he had to go, and I'm mighty glad we made his finish as easy as we could. I'll send for the trunk this afternoon. It was all he had—and he left it to me. He'd have done the same if it had been a million. I only hope I'll find something in it that will make a good keepsake."

As he left the doctor's house he drew from his pocket the few silver coins that were all the money he had in the world—enough for a modest dinner and a scant breakfast, and then— When he reached his rooms the gold repeater was no longer in his pocket, nor could its chain be seen stretching from his button-hole. In their stead he carried a small ticket in his pocket-book.



Alone, he sat down once more to rack his brain for some way in which to get a new start. But think and turn as he would he could discover no opening before him that would let him pass out of the shadow of his hard luck.

As he shifted his position, his eyes fell on Kent's trunk in the corner, where the transfer man had placed it that afternoon during his absence.

"Poor old Kent," he sighed, as he smiled at it sadly. "I guess you're better off than I am right now, and if luck doesn't turn pretty soon I may have to find out. A man can't live any great length of time without eating."

The trunk reminded him of the will, which he had not read. He drew it from his pocket and spread it open. Simple in its provisions as the nature of the testator, it ran thus:

Knowing that I must die soon, and having no relatives and only one friend in the world, I want him to have all I own when I pass on. I know my sickness has been an expense to him that he really could not afford, and such payment, comparatively small, as it is within my power to make, I make by leaving to Decker Melton in fee simple my trunk, together with its contents. And if there is anything to be done by a man who goes ahead for a man who is yet to come, that I will do for him to the best of my ability after I have left him here. Kent Marston.

Attest:

Oliver M. Prescott.

Maria Evans.

"It's a shabby old box, old fellow," thought Deck, as he folded up the will and laid it on the table, "but it's a jeweled tribute from a heart of gold, all right."

He took the key from his pocket, and unlocking the trunk, raised the lid. Ap-

parently it was filled with wearing apparel, including some fur garments that Kent had worn in the far north. On top lay a sealed envelope marked "For Deck."

Deck tore it open and unfolded the enclosure, which was written in Kent's own trembling hand. It read:

Dear Deck:

When you get this it will be too late for you to make any kick about what I'm doing. May be you remember about me wanting to go back to the old farm where I used to live. Well, I was fixed to do it, I think. In order to be sure to have enough, I skimmed all the way home, and when I got here sick, I went to that hole where you found me so I could save expense. If I'd got well I'd have tried to show my gratitude by squaring accounts with you, and making you come for a long visit with me on the old farm. But I know I've got to go soon. So I turn it all over to you with my sincere thanks and best wishes. Beneath the clothes in the trunk there are four buckskin bags containing in all sixteen thousand dollars in gold.

Yours from beyond,

Kent.

Deck leaned back in his chair half dazed. He could scarcely grasp the situation. After a long while, during which his thoughts wandered vaguely through almost forgotten incidents of his friendship with Kent, he went to the trunk and began slowly and carefully to remove the clothing. Before he was half done the four buckskin bags, full and round, lay before his eyes.

He sat down by the table and laid his head on his arms, while tears, which he had not known before in nearly twenty-five years, dropped from his eyes.

It had been at a heart-racking cost, but Deck Melton's luck had turned.

# DEATH AND THE DRUMMING WHEELS

By Francis Lynde

## IV

### FIXING THE RESPONSIBILITY

*The Fourth of a Series of Articles on the Loss of Life by Railway Accidents in America*

WHILE the newspapers are running scare headlines over sensational descriptions of the latest railroad disaster, and even the most calloused reader of the same is shocked into momentary attention, the railroad world, or at least that portion of it immediately concerned, is having what the older revivalists would call a hair-hung and breeze-shaken experience which is all its own.

Apart from the fact that a bad wreck has an unnerving effect upon the entire force, the searching inquiry into causes which is at once set on foot by the managing officers makes every man remotely involved a drunkard of the cup of trembling. From this inquiry there is no escape: the superintendent, general manager, the vice-president, whoever is at the head of the executive staff, will know the truth. Once discovered, the guilty ones are tried in a court from which there is no appeal, whose decisions are never doubtful, and whose sentence is instant industrial death. And, to give the present system of management its equitable due, it is only fair to say that if the offender be the chief despatcher himself, there will be some one in authority to see to it that his head goes into the basket.

But the difficulty with most of these industrial trials is that the court of inquiry stops short with the summary dismissal of the men directly to blame; it does not investigate the cause of the cause; or, if it does, we never hear of its findings or see the remedy applied. Now

the discharge of a careless or incompetent man is small protection to the public. Under present conditions,—and they are conditions which have obtained for the past six or seven years,—it is easy for any man who can demonstrate that he knows anything at all about practical railroading to get work; and so great has been the demand for increased quotas that the employing officers have felt constrained to take what they could get, without being too curious about the record of the applicant.

Herein is blame; but, paradoxical as it may seem, it attaches to public sentiment rather than to the railway managements. For when a man, by recklessness, common carelessness or simple incompetence, has wrecked a train, and lives to be called to account for it, he should be punished like other man-slaughters; which punishment, at the lightest, would prevent a repetition of the offense on a new scene and at the expense of other victims. For he would be a bold employing officer indeed who would hire for a position of trust a man who had served a term in the penitentiary for criminal negligence. And the blame lies at the door of the public because, when the railroad court of inquiry has done its penal utmost by peremptorily discharging the offender, not one grand jury in a hundred will find a true bill against him to carry the charge over into a court of detention.

But this leading-string of the discussion, which is legal rather than industrial, is made fast elsewhere: what we are to

consider here are the causes of the causes; the fixing, as we may, of the responsibility for the eight thousand yearly deaths and the sixty-four thousand annual woundings. In the midst of this field, which shall be called the field of moral accountability, there is a well defined line of demarcation. On one side of this line lies the responsibility of the railway management; on the other, that of the public.

On the part of the railway company, under the present system of administration, corporate parsimony is the quicksand at the bottom of a goodly river of disaster. It is an old story out of a well-thumbed book that over-capitalization has made sweating slaves of the managers of a great many American railways. Insistent demands for dividends, bond interest and other fixed charges, which must be met at all costs, are the whip to drive; and avarice at the top means destructive parsimony at the bottom.

It was this writer's misfortune to be at one time one of the traffic officers of a small railway "system" in the Middle West. Partly because of its perennially impoverished treasury, and partly owing to the fact that its locating engineers had made it the longest way around, this line was a standing joke in that part of the railway world to which it belonged. From the day of its silver-spike-driving it had never been profitable, for the good reason that its capitalization was over twice as great, mile for mile, as that of its principal competitor; so great, indeed, that in my time the entire system might have been paralleled and re-equipped for considerably less than half of its stock and bond indebtedness.

With the bond interest to be earned, and a few hundred hungry stockholders in the East clamoring for dividends, the suggestions of the State Railway Commissions that we rock-ballast our track, install a block signal system, abolish grade crossings, fence in the right of way, and add a few other luxuries in the way of

safety appliances came in the nature of a grim jest. What we of the executive staff had to perspire about was the terrible item of fixed charges, always looming threateningly, and always with the ominous shadow of a receivership just behind it. One bad wreck, with its bill for damages, would have made the receivership a fact accomplished. That we escaped was owing to good fortune; to a chief executive officer who was a past master in the art of making a poor tool do good work; and to the steady loyalty and high intelligence of the men, than whom no better ever ran trains over two streaks of rust and a right of way.

This will serve as an example of the parsimony which dates back to bad financiering. But there is another kind which is rooted in present greed. A case illustrative lies ready to hand in a chapter from the history of one of the mountain lines of the farther West.

In the time of the parsimonious killings the owners of this line were stockholders of the second generation. As originally designed and constructed, the line was little more than a logging road, built to serve a timber district. When the accessible timber was all cut off, the stock of the company languished and disappeared from the quotations. A few years later came rumors of a bonanza strike in the mountains beyond the timber terminus of the moribund railroad, and a few minor capitalists picked up a controlling moiety of the depressed stock and waited for developments.

Their opportunity did not tarry. In a few weeks the logging road was strung with trains carrying the rush on toward the new mining-camp. Bonds were issued and promptly floated, building recommenced, and every day saw the stage line interval shortened and the railroad haul lengthened. For a time there was money in plenty,—the passenger rate approximated ten cents a mile, and the freight charges were in proportion,—hence there

was no financial reason for economy in equipment. Yet economy of the most rigid sort was the watchword of the Advisory Board, and one of its items was the adoption of a vacuum train-brake to serve instead of the more costly—and more effective—Westinghouse.

Owing to the exigencies of the service—stiff grades, hair-pin curves and rigorous climatic conditions—the vacuum brake proved wretchedly inefficient; and there were runaways, derailments and man-killings in abundance. The general superintendent of the road—he was the only well-schooled railway man on the executive staff—knew well enough that the remedy for the epidemic of disasters was a swift substitution of the automatic air-brake for the vacuum contrivance. But it was a long time, and a good many widows and orphans were made, before the Advisory Board could be convinced that the trouble was due to the brake, and not to recklessness on the part of the men who were getting themselves killed.

I have debated long and thoughtfully upon the propriety of giving chapter and verse, time, locality and names in this example of corporate parsimony carried to the fifth decimal place of culpability. If there were any good end to be subserved, the public arraignment should be made fearlessly. But the greater number of the men who were responsible have been summoned to appear at the bar of a higher court; and for the credit of our common humanity we may assume that this instance of corporate greed could not, perhaps, be paralleled at the present time. Yet there are many dividend-paying roads which are lacking the stable permanent way, the well-maintained equipment, and the modern safety appliances which make for the security of life and limb. Within the present year the newspapers announced a new bond issue by one system, the proceeds of which—some scores of millions—were to be used in building more extensions. This system is not badly

managed, nor is it badly equipped; but the millions might well be expended on its operative lines without making them any too safe for its employes or the public.

Another form of corporate parsimony which contributes liberally to the disaster death list is the paring of the pay-roll; the making one man do the work of two, and under-paying that one. When "economy" is given out as the watchword, the track-walker goes first, the extra section gang next, and the extra laborers on the regular gangs follow quickly. In these money-sparing retractions it is not unusual to find two men, a foreman and one laborer, trying to keep up a section of track which should by rights have two gangs of four men each. In such times the washout wreck leads the field, mainly because there is no discovery of the weakened embankment until a passing train finds it.

This same holding down of the pay-roll accounts for the innumerable accidents due to overworked train service men. As a matter of fact, there is no true economy in doubling train crews back and forth without sufficient rest. Since the doubled crews draw over-time pay, there would seem to be no actual saving in money. But the average executive officer knows better, and he will never add a new name to his pay-roll if he can possibly help it, since it is an unwritten law of the service to keep the number down as well as the total. This law, rigidly adhered to, does effect a saving of a certain sort. When the force is short-handed, every man who is not a conscious malingering will work up to his limit. And four men, well used to their duties and driven to the limit, will do the work which should be distributed among five.

As to wage-scales and the under-payment of employes, he is a bold man who will dare climb the fence into this corporate preserve. Yet it shall be here set down that a low wage-rate is largely responsible for the inefficiency of the rail-



road rank and file, where that inefficiency exists. A cheap man means cheap work; and where the safety of life and limb is involved, the best is none too good. Some of the stronger labor organizations, like the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, have been able to present a comparatively firm front to the Wall Street economist, and the high efficiency in such protected branches of the service proves conclusively that good money hires good men. To cap the climax of audacity, let this be said: if the present pay of train service employes, train-order telegraph operators, signalmen and train despatchers should be substantially increased, and a rigid service examination, physical, mental and technical, be made the condition of employment, the railroad disaster preventable by the vigilance and fitness of these employes would disappear from the statistical tables. There is no reason, economic or other, why the efficiency of the railway service should not be as high as that of the marine, and if the same inducements were offered and the same care in selection exercised, the railway wreck would become as rare as the casting away of an ocean steamship by the incompetence of its officers and crew.

While this article is writing, a friendly railway officer halts the pen with the remark that the railway company is constantly striving to get the best men obtainable. The assertion stands only with an amendment. Like all other employers, it strives to get the best that can be had for the money it is willing to pay. A striking object-lesson hereon is the employment of negro flagmen and firemen by many of the southern companies. Without rushing headlong into the vexed question of race equality, or inequality, it may be said without fear of contradiction that the negro's principal recommendations as a railroad employe are his willingness to do rough work, his ready obedience to a direct command when he can be made fully to understand its purport, and low wage-price.

But his sense of responsibility is as yet undeveloped; it is perhaps asking too much of a race less than two generations distant from the slave mart and purely irresponsible agricultural occupations to expect a sense of responsibility. This being the case,—and no man who knows the negro in his native South will be found to controvert it,—his place is not in the train service, where the responsibility for human lives is likely to be thrust upon him at any moment. Moreover, the stimulus of ambition is totally lacking in his case. The white flagman is the conductor's understudy; if he have native ability and a willingness to learn, he knows it is only a question of time when he will be promoted; and the same is true of the white fireman. But the southern negro knows from the beginning that he can never be anything more than an understudy. Right or wrong, the die is cast for him. However faithful he may prove, he will never be given a train or an engine.

Another life-taking result of corporate parsimony—and now we come to that unclassified death list which holds neither passengers in transit nor employes on duty—is the accident which is due to unflagged or carelessly flagged street crossings, to unprotected tracks, and to the deadly grade crossing of the country road.

In the writer's own city—a city barely out of its 'teens in the census classification—there are twelve principal grade crossings, all of them on busy tracks, and half of them in the thick of the railroad yards where the shifting for nine considerable railways is done. One of these crossings is gated; six are flagged; five are wholly unprotected. That there is not a wagon or a street-car wreck, or a pedestrian killing every day is due to the fact that we have acquired geniusful proficiency as a community of dodgers. Even the horses know the crossing "Hi" of the driver, and back away or break-neck between the closing trains as the emergency demands.

This condition is repeated in hundreds



of cities and towns throughout the length and breadth of the land. Many city streets, crossed and recrossed by railway tracks, are main arteries of urban traffic, and are protected only by toll-bars which descend automatically or otherwise on the approach of a train, blocking the street while the railway company wishes to use it. In England they manage this better: the grade crossing of streets is seldom tolerated, but where it is, it is the railroad that is gated—not the street.

Gates and flagmen, either or both, are not a sufficient protection for a busy street, but they are cheaper than subways or viaducts. Also, it is cheaper to pay for an occasional trespasser killed in the yards than to enclose the working tracks with a practicable fence; at least, this is the inference, since few yards are at present protected in any way.

But it is the country grade crossing which contributes most faithfully to the death-and-injury roll of the unclassified. Many of these are the sheerest man-traps. In hilly country it often happens that the railroad goes through the hill while the wagon road goes over it. A mere bagatelle of a bridge from cheek to cheek of the cutting would make an overhead crossing; but it is cheaper to grade the wagon road down to the level of the rails and up again. The device is ingenious enough to be patentable as a sure life-taker. Once on the inclined plane leading down to the crossing, driver and team may escape only by the good hap of finding the railway cutting unoccupied by passing trains. And here money-saving parsimony overreaches itself. In most cases, for one farmer's wagon smashed and one farmer killed, the damage settlement would build a dozen bridges.

Another charge against parsimonious economy in the railway management remains to be considered. It turns upon the expense necessary to replace the old draw-bar and link-and-pin with automatic safety couplers; to construct gravity yards where they are practicable; to install

block signal systems where the traffic is heavy enough to call for them; to replace the two-point shunt with split-rail safety switches and mechanical signal-changers.

It is only fair to the managements of the more progressive lines to say that much has been done in this field; though it must be added that in a majority of instances it has been done at the point of the legal sword. The federal safety appliance law, now over ten years old, requiring the substitution of automatic couplers for the link-and-pin makeshift; requiring that at least fifty per cent. of the cars in every train shall be air-braked; directing the maintenance of grab-irons and the installation of power driving-wheel brakes on locomotives; has met with a decently ready compliance on the part of the railways, no more than nine companies having asked for extensions of the long preparatory period. None the less, the number of employes killed and injured in coupling cars and in doing other work on and about trains in yards or at terminals is increasing rather than diminishing; a condition which the companies explain by pleading the enormous increase in traffic, and the consequent employment of new men, but which leads the impartial observer to inquire if the compliance with the law be not of the letter rather than of the spirit.

For example: the standard automatic coupler, in perfect working order and good repair, is doubtless one of the most successful of the life-and-limb saving devices. But it costs money to keep it in repair, especially if all foreign cars are to be included. Old yard-men assert that a jammed automatic is a sure man-catcher nowadays. In the day of the simple draw-head, when a man was obliged to go between the cars to set the pin and guide the link, constant and perilous practice made him alert and skilful. But the automatic has spoiled his form, and when a bad order "standard" makes it necessary for him to pull or kick it into place at the moment of impact he is likely to get nipped.

In connection with the automatic coupler, the gravity yard is the ideal car-sorting and train-making device. Its name sufficiently explains it: the distributing tracks are laid upon a gentle gradient, with the switches pointing up hill; the train to be distributed is drawn to the top of the hill beyond the switches, and the cars are released singly or in groups to run by gravity down the gentle grade, to be shunted by the man at the switches to the proper sidings where the couplings are made automatically by impact. In such a yard casualties are reduced to an absolute minimum: but the gravity yard is a costly affair in its instalment, and human life is cheaper than yard reconstruction; at least, this is the conclusion we are constrained to accept.

As to the much-discussed block signal system, conspicuous by its absence on so many lines, and insisted upon so strenuously by the critics in the following of the Interstate Commerce school, there is something to be said on both sides.

Under ordinary — non-block — conditions the basis of train handling is a fixed schedule called the time-card, a copy of which is in the hands of all train service employés. By this time-card all opposing and overtaking trains have their meeting and passing points established; and if there be no "extras" on the line, and the regular trains are all on time, the traffic moves uninterruptedly and with practically no help from the train despatcher. This is the theory; but in practice the time-card has to be supplemented and superseded by many special orders. Heavy trains lose time; extras are sent out; engines refuse to steam freely; hot boxes intervene. Any delay which causes a train to lose its place in the printed schedule necessitates the establishing of new meeting or passing points, and as a result a large proportion of the trains are soon moving by special order over the road, the despatcher communicating with the conductors and enginemen through the operators at the various stations.

The basis of the block system is a multiplication of these points of communication, in connection with a more or less elaborate system of signals. The line is subdivided into short reaches or blocks. At each point of intersection there is a station, in telegraphic touch with the train despatcher and with all other stations. Each of these block towers has its set of signals, automatic or hand-worked; one at the tower, and one at a sufficient distance in either direction to warn an upcoming train.

The working of the system is simplicity clarified. When a train enters a given block, that section of the line is promptly closed by the warning signals against all other trains. To run it down or to collide with it, an overtaking or an opposing train must ignore the danger signals at one or the other of the protecting block towers.

On double, triple and four-track roads a greatly increased volume of traffic can be handled by means of the block system. At each of the towers "cross-over" switches are installed, with their controlling levers in the signal-house. By this means the unoccupied track or tracks are always available, and when for any cause a train loses its place in the schedule, other trains can be sent around it in either direction and the factor of delay is at once eliminated.

This is the simplest form of the block system, but there are many elaborations. In some of them the automatic devices are quite independent of the human agency; in others, like the "lock and block" system in use on the New York Central, the one supplements the other. In this the signals remain normally at "block" and they can be raised to "clear" only when the signalman has his levers released by the man at the other end of the block.

To the lay mind some such system would seem to be a prime requirement in the safe handling of trains. On "hot" pieces of track it is unquestionably a necessity. But like all human devices it has

its imperfections. Where the human element is admitted, there is always the unknown quantity of the unfit man to be taken into consideration. On the other hand the most carefully constructed mechanism may fail. Again, where the block system is installed, all trains run, under normal conditions, wholly by signal. Thus the responsibility which under the non-block method is shared to a very considerable extent by the train crews, is shifted to the shoulders of the signalman, or, in the automatic electro-pneumatic systems it becomes a mechanical responsibility, dependent upon the perfect working of a more or less complicated piece of machinery. A signal out of order, neglected or wrongly given, means a wreck; and since the engineman is not looking for trouble, it is usually a bad one.

One final detail of so-called economy on the part of the managements demands its ray of the lime-light of publicity. It is the absence in many freight terminals of an inspector, whose duty it should be to see to it that platform cars are properly and safely loaded. The manufacturers of machinery never ship "knocked down" if they can help it; and the tendency of the average shipper of bulky and weighty commodities is to overload a car if he be permitted to do so. A tottering pyramid of heavy machinery erected upon the narrow wheel-base of a flat-car is a threat to public safety from the moment it is trundled out of the factory switch. Log and timber shippers are sinners of the same stripe. If the proper stakes of the car are missing, any bit of wood or squared sapling is made to serve the purpose; and on a double track line a deck-load of machinery or timber dumped in the darkness from a moving freight is likely to make work for the undertaker and the surgeon.

One of the most ghastly wrecks of the year 1903 was that of the "Duquesne Flyer" at Laurel Run, Pennsylvania, on the evening of December 23. A badly

loaded flat-car in a passing freight let fall some heavy timbers which obstructed the east-bound track. If the trap had been baited and set by human ingenuity it could scarcely have wrought greater havoc. The engine, baggage-car, smoker and day coach were piled up in a mountain of wreckage; scalding steam from the buried locomotive parboiled the ninety-odd imprisoned human beings; and a little later the mound of debris began to smoulder and burn.

More than sixty persons lost their lives, and half as many more were injured—all because a flat-car load was improperly secured; or, to pursue the accountability to its fountainhead, if there was any one whose special duty it was to pass upon the safety of the timber load before it was coupled into the train, he was criminally negligent.

I do not know of my own personal knowledge that the Baltimore and Ohio company does not have such inspectors; and under the circumstances, with damage suits still pending, I could hardly ask its officers to inform me. But I do know that on many lines the duty falls indifferently upon the station agent, the yard crews or the trainmen, and on such lines it is everybody's business and nobody's business. If there was such an inspector whose bad work made the Laurel Run disaster possible, it would seem that the grand jury of Fayette County, Pennsylvania, had its duty plainly defined.

It is with a sense of relief that one turns the page upon this most sordid entry in the record of corporate responsibility. There are other causes of the cause to be considered; arraignments in which the railway management may not go scot free; but none so morally oblique as that which sets the chance of life and death over against present saving in expenditure. Three counts in the corporate indictment remain to be examined; after which we may glance briefly at some of the charges in the case against the public.

## THE LAST DAY OF SCHOOL

*By Carrie Hunt Latta*

**I**T was the last day of school at White Pigeon. A great event. So few things happened at White Pigeon. Of course, once in a long while there was a wedding, or a birth, or a death. But not often. The village was such a tiny one.

The school-house was small and old and the pupils few in number. But nevertheless the last day of school was a real event. There were to be "exercises," and the mothers and sisters, and grandmothers, in fact all the female population was present.

School had "taken up." The dark, uneven floor had been scrubbed by some of the older boys who had used much water and little elbow-grease. The word "welcome," done in pasteboard and tin foil, tacked crooked, giving it a tipsy appearance, was fastened above the door.

The teacher's desk was a mass of apple blossoms, and the teacher, like the blossoms, was all pink and white and sweet. She seemed a bit tired and there was an anxious look in her blue eyes as she glanced about the room. She hoped and prayed that all would go well. She watched the two "Bad Boys" closely, but, as far as she could tell, they were behaving better than she could have expected.

She had inspected their ink wells during the noon hour and had found them empty of ink and free from paper wads. That was something.

The little girls wore clean, starched dresses, and many of them had their hair "kinked" for the occasion. That is, it had been braided very tightly and in many braids over night and through the forenoon. Then it had been taken down and now hung, more or less fluffy, around slim little shoulders.

The boys had been soaped and scrubbed. Most of them, however, were so sun browned, so freckled, so scratched and bruised (discussions of various kinds will come up), that the mothers had given up in despair and contented themselves in knowing their boys were clean even if they did not look so.

The "Biggest Girl," who had the proud distinction of having finished the course required at this school, was in all the glory of a new red and white lawn dress, wore her hair crimped, which gave her a motherly look, and, as a mark of honor, had been excused from performing that afternoon and was allowed to "call the names" instead.

Every one was seated comfortably, and the little teacher, Miss Rosie Dale, rapped for order. The whispering, giggling, and shuffling of feet ceased. The teacher murmured softly:

"Let us pray."

Every little head in the room was bowed. The mothers and elder sisters who were present looked about at the youngsters anxiously, and seeing that all was well, bowed their heads also.

Just one person, a tall, dark-eyed young man, failed to join with the other. He fully intended to do so but his eyes were riveted on the figure of the little teacher who prayed in such a low, sweet, faltering way that he could scarcely hear her. But, whatever she said he knew would be all right and he felt sure the Lord would hear her. Who could help granting her a request? Who could help loving her?

Then the pupils joined in singing "Good Morning, Merry Sunshine," rather inappropriate, maybe, as it was after-



noon, but they sang it with such zest and good will that the little teacher felt encouraged and regarded her pupils and visitors smilingly.

The school supervisor had requested Miss Dale to have one recitation that afternoon, to let the mothers see that their children had really made some progress. So she had planned to have her star class recite, the "joggerphy" class, composed of very small children.

"Geography class number one will

lessly remarked that her son, christened Bartholomew, was the meanest child to sleep with she had ever known. So the name of Bartholomew was forgotten and "Kicker" he was to the end of the chapter.

"Kicker, what is the capital of Maine?"

"Kinnybec," he answered promptly.

"Oh, you're thinking of a river in Maine," she said, trying to smile. How many times before this he had answered the question correctly!



THEY CROWDED, PUSHED, GIGGLED AND STUMBLED

come forward," she said, though her voice would tremble a little.

She tapped once, for them to rise, twice, for them to come forward, and three times for them to be seated on the recitation bench. But what had come over them? They crowded, pushed, giggled, and stumbled. She spoke sharply to them but they only hid their faces and grinned. They jammed each other into the seat, and one boy, considered very brave on the battlefield at recess, on having his bare toe smashed, screeched and howled that he was being "scrouged to death." Miss Dale separated them and they sat waiting breathlessly.

"Kicker" Lesby was called upon. "Kicker" he was, because his mother had, in the presence of a small boy, thought-

"No I aint," he answered stoutly.

"Can you tell us, Cedric?" she asked of a red-headed, freckled boy, whose mother read novels. He was Cedric to just two people in the world. To all others he was "Speck."

"Yessum," he answered, blinking and looking at her through white eyelashes.

"Then do so," she said commandingly.

"I—I know, b-bub-but I can't think," he stuttered.

A brown-eyed girl at the far end of the bench gave the correct answer. The teacher asked several questions which she knew every young hopeful in the class was perfectly familiar with. But they all either refused to answer or made such ridiculous replies that Miss Dale's cheeks burned with mortification.



Finally she said in a tone born of desperation:

"Will some one in this class please tell me what an island is?"

One hand went up instantly. A very little, stained and dirty hand it was, that had worked incessantly through the noon hour to finish a wreath for one of the girl speakers to wear that afternoon.

Miss Dale smiled encouragingly.

"Rettie, who is the youngest member of the class, will answer. Speak loud, dear, so all may hear."

The little girl rose slowly, twisting her fingers. The tears glistened on her lashes and her lips trembled.

"Don't be afraid, Rettie, no one will hurt you. Speak up now."

"Pleath, Mith Dale, wy they, pleath—Thammy Theward hit me on the neck with a thpit ball."

A terrible silence followed. Then Miss Dale walked down the aisle and looked the offender in the eye.

"Sammy, did you hit Rettie with a paper wad?"

He laughed nervously and glanced across the room. His mother was present. Now was the time for Sammy to use his wits. But they seemed to have left him. He did not answer. His mother, with her baby in her arms was looking at Sammy closely. She rose, dumped the baby into a neighbor's lap and walked hurriedly across the room.

"Did you, Sammy?" the teacher asked again. But Sammy did not hear. He was looking at his mother who was approaching swiftly. It seemed to him she looked ten feet tall and broad accordingly. And her "spanking hand" was spread for him. She pounced down upon him, grasping him by both shoulders. His teeth chattered as she shook him until his hair stood straight up.

"Did you throw that spit ball er didn't you?" she demanded.

"Yessum," he whimpered, with eyes large and expectant.

"I, I can't tell a lie," he added hopefully, remembering that this sentence had been used on some such occasion with good results.

Mrs. Seward's jaw closed with a snap as she gathered Sammy up in her strong arms.

"You go on with the exerycises, Miss Dale. I'm stouter 'n you."

And two minutes later, from behind the woodshed came sounds that would have put an Indian chief to shame.

When Sammy returned he was seated, very firmly and suddenly, at his mother's side, in one of the "little" seats. The disdained little seats, from which Sammy had graduated! And Sammy's proud spirit was broken, for the time being. Also his new slate pencil, in his little trousers' pocket, for all time.

The geography class was dismissed. Then the "Biggest Girl" read off the names one by one, and the performers came forward to do that which they had set out to do, or to try to, which, after all, amounted to the same thing.

A nervous little boy with long hair and large eyes spoke, "Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll." It filled him with awe and dread and he glanced anxiously behind him, gasping between verses, and sighing heavily as he finished.

There was a "select reading" or two, and very long and tedious they were. A slender girl, who would persist in biting her finger nails, read a description of a storm at sea, in which she made "fragrance" instead of "fragments" strew the sea. Except for a slight quiver of the eyelids the teacher showed no sign. And no one else noticed. Then Aurelius Bodenhammer, very fat and stupid, described an ocean voyage. He read, slowly and laboriously, "How I loved to roll about the deck." He should have said, "How I loved to loll about the deck," but it was all right. If Aurelius had been describing his own experience he could have rolled about the deck without much discomfort.

Through these readings the teacher had a hard time keeping order. Then there was a dialogue between two small and much embarrassed boys. It was a sup-



A CONVERSATION BETWEEN A FATHER AND SON

posed conversation between a father and son. The smaller boy, in short, tight trousers, took the part of the father, because the older boy, who wore long, floppy trousers, refused to take it. In spite of his efforts the smaller boy would forget to talk bass and ran on and on with advice and admonition, such as a wise father might give to a reckless son, in the shrillest of voices, while the supposed reckless son wiggled his bare toes and regarded them contemplatively.

Then the "Biggest Girl" called, in a very loud and important tone:

"Ivy Ralton. The Dainty Flower Maiden."

Ivy rose, hesitated, then came forward. But she did not take her place to speak. She went to the teacher and whispered something in her ear.

The teacher spoke to the "Biggest Girl."

"Call the next name, Mary. Ivy has to go for her basket of flowers."

Mary did as she was told and Ivy dis-

appeared. Then, after a little girl, dressed in pink cambric and wearing a gilt paper crown, sang a patriotic song in a really sweet manner, Ivy's name was called again. She did not respond. The teacher went to the door and called. No answer. The teacher went into the school yard.

Ivy, her face a blur of tears, was running about like a wild thing. She confided to the teacher that she had hidden her basket of flowers behind a log. But which log? Did they not all look alike? And there were so many of them.

The teacher sighed, sent one of the girls to help Ivy and again told the "Biggest Girl" to proceed.

Between two recitations, a song was sung, a song which the teacher did not know was to be sung. In fact, it was a surprise for her; an old song truly, but slightly changed for the occasion. Usually it ran:

"'Tis hard to part from friends we love,"

But this time it was sung:

"'Tis hard to part from Ro-zee Dale."

The teacher gasped. The mothers smiled indulgently. The dear children! How sweet and thoughtful of them!

The tall young man in the back of the room scowled darkly.

"Little heathen," he muttered. "What right have they, or any one here, to call her Rosie?"

Then, an innocent looking girl, who held her head coquettishly on one side and smiled sweetly, recited:

"Stay, jailer, stay, and hear my woe," repeating again and again, very softly, the line at the end of each stanza, "I am not mad, I am not mad."

Except she sang it:

"I yam not mad, I yam not mad."

Then Ivy appeared. She was an overgrown girl with straight oily hair, bobbed short across. Hair which her mother trimmed every new moon and oiled with coil oil and butter, to make it grow. Her

dress was presumably white, but, alas! indigo had done its worst. Her shoe strings were untied and wore a bedraggled look, having come in contact with the damp ground while she was searching for her flowers.

In her hand Ivy carried a butter boat, a small wooden affair in which grocers sometimes send strong butter and bad lard to their customers. It boasted of a twine string handle and was partly covered with tin foil. Hanging across it, limp, half-dead and pitiful to see, were eight or ten withered spring beauties and a few poor little blue violets.

Ivy gave a jerky little bow, closed her eyes tightly and began in an excited tone:

"I am a dainty flower maiden,

I have roses red and lilies fair.

I am—I have, I am a dainty flower maiden,

I, I have, I am roses fair an'—an' lilies red."

Some one giggled. Miss Dale rapped sharply.

"Go on, Ivy. I—am—a dainty—flower maiden," prompted the little teacher, the words rippling musically off her tongue.

Ivy gulped and began bravely. This time she kept her eyes open,—for stumbling blocks.

"I am a dainty flower maiden,

I have roses red and lilies fair.

I am—I am—I have—forgot."

A flood of tears followed. The teacher patted her shoulder.

"There, there, Ivy. It's all right, all right. Go to your seat and I will read the poem so that your friends will know what a pretty one you selected."

Ivy, humiliated, but with enough grit left to stick out her tongue at the girl who laughed as she passed her, went to her seat. The poem was read aloud.

Then the "Biggest Girl" led to the platform a very, very small child who was not nearly old enough to go to school; but whose mother knowing that, in the

dim future, her child would be a famous public speaker, had prevailed on the teacher to allow her little Daniel Webster Brewster to speak this day.

The child smiled and repeated as fast as his little tongue would allow and in his own language, a very sweet language, by the way, which we all learn and so soon have to forget:

"Heah I tan on two itty chips,

Tum an' tiss my two itty 'ips."

There was a series of "ohs" and "ahs" and such expressions as "bless his little bones" and "love his little heart" from the mothers and elder sisters present. The child glanced bashfully about, then, with childish abandon and trust, plunged headlong into his mother's arms and hid his face in the folds of her dress.

We never have heard of Daniel Webster Brewster, but no doubt he grew up to be, in his mother's eyes at least, all that she dreamed he would.

As the child reached his mother, Tom Snyder, the "The Biggest Boy" raised his hand. Miss Dale looked at him in alarm. She raised her eyebrows and shook her head, but he was not to be silenced.

"Cain't I pass th' water, teacher?"

A sigh of relief escaped her as she answered.

"If it is necessary, Thomas. All who are thirsty will raise their hand."

A useless question surely. Whoever saw a child who was not thirsty in time of school? Every hand went up. But there was one hand, a dirty hand, whose every finger nail mourned deeply, that remained high in the air.

Miss Dale was annoyed.

"Very well, Ebie (his name was Ebenezer), I know that you are thirsty. Thomas will pass the water."

"I—I mean that I ain't thirsty ef Tom passes the water. He gits to pass it ever' time."

"Thomas is strong and the pail is heavy. Thomas, pass the water, please."

Thomas did as he was bidden. Ebie scowled deeper, threatened to "git even" and refused to drink. There was much dribbling of water, some giggling and more or less strangling among the boys. The girls sipped gingerly for fear of stray drops on starched clothes.

John Carter tipped the gourd, accidentally, of course, so that a fine stream of water poured from a tiny hole in the end of the handle. It ran down the back of the girl who sat just in front of him. She looked incredulous for a moment then rose with flashing eyes, and boxed his ears soundly. She talked all the while so rapidly that it sounded as though she spoke in a foreign language and so loud that it drowned the little teacher's voice. John finally escaped from her but ran directly against the teacher who was approaching. She gave him several raps with the ruler and he spent the next half-hour in a corner with his back to the audience.

Then when the empty water pail was put in its place, the "Biggest Girl" called upon Blanchie Black. The child rose and tiptoed daintily up the aisle. She carried her head high and a look of proud defiance and self-reliance was upon her little face. Her shoes were new—what if they did pinch their owner's little toes? What if there was a great blister on one of her poor little heels? The shoes were so beautifully shiny, and, best of all "side lacers."

Her hair was gathered high and braided so tightly that she had the slanting eyebrows and general appearance across

the forehead of a little Japanese maid. But the rest of her hair hung quite to her waist and was oh, so kinky. And how it swung from side to side as she walked. And she wore her mother's wedding ring, think of it! Of course, she had to keep her small fist tightly clenched to keep the ring from falling off and was well aware of the terrible calamity which would

surely overtake her if she should lose it. But she was so happy, so exultant! She had said her "piece" over and over and knew it perfectly. What had she to fear?

But all this feeling took place in her little mind and heart as she walked from her seat in the rear of the room. Then she had had her back to the audience. But now,—well, it was certainly different. What was the strange trembling feeling in her knees? That thumping in her ears, her eyes, her throat? Was it possible for her heart to be in all those places at the same time? Then, there was a

mist before her eyes so that she could hardly tell who was present and she could hear as many as a hundred church bells ringing together.

She bowed profoundly. Then she bowed again. She gasped and looked about appealingly. Again she bowed. Ah, now she could speak. She had not, as she had felt a moment before, entirely lost her voice.

She had spoken the poem so prettily that morning, in the entreating little voice, pleasing the teacher immensely. But now her voice was one of hoarse command.



Charlotte Tiddie

BLANCHIE

"Come, come, come,  
The Summer now is here.  
Come out among the flowers  
An' make some pretty bowers.  
Come, come, come.  
Come, come, come.  
Oh, come, come, come."

She paused, sighed heavily and threw the carefully kinked hair aside recklessly. The jaunty bow on the top of her head was knocked over and sat rakishly above one ear. She looked at the teacher beseechingly. But the teacher looked resolutely out at the window. The tall young man in the back of the room thought he saw tears in her eyes and had to hold himself to keep from clearing the room entirely and comforting the little teacher.

Meanwhile, little Blanchie was struggling on again.

"Come, come, come  
The summer now is here.  
Come out among the flowers,  
An' make some pretty bowers.  
Come, come, come."

And now she rattled on faster than ever.

"Come, come, come  
Come—come come—come come—come.  
Come—come come—come come—come  
come—come,

Come—come, come—c-c-ugh-um."

It ended with a shriek. The teacher, wild despair written on her face, crossed the room and took the child by the arm. She was almost tempted to shake her. Hadn't things gone miserably enough without Blanchie adding to the shame and disgrace? And she had expected so much from her and had saved her "piece" for the very last. It was too much. But the sight of poor little Blanchie's face, so white, so full of mortification and agony, melted her at once. She smoothed the child's hair and spoke soothingly.

"You did the best you could, Blanchie. You tried. It's all right, it's all right. You said enough of it, quite enough. It was a long piece, you know. Go to your seat, Blanchie."

With her hands out in front of her, feeling her way, for her eyes were too full of tears to see, Blanchie finally reached her seat. She buried her face in her folded arms. Then, feeling that she had no friends, that the world was quite empty, that heaven itself must be very far away, she wept out her heart's bitterness. Possibly she never again faced such a defeat or experienced such a heart-break. At least, she probably did not suffer such intense grief over it.

There was no sound except Blanchie's heart-broken sobs. The children looked at each other awestricken, and the mothers and elder sisters watched Blanchie compassionately. The teacher looked about the room helplessly for a moment then turned to the window and stood there motionless. Her heart was heavy indeed. What had she done to call down the wrath of the gods upon her in such a manner? If she could only be alone, she too, would have a good cry.

But at that very moment she caught sight of a blue bird, tilting to and fro on a low-hanging beech bough. It warbled on and on, so clear, telling the story of its happy little heart, that it quite drowned the sound of Blanchie's sobs. The smell of springtime, of newly ploughed ground, of bloom and blossom, came to her like a breath of heaven. After all, what did any of these little troubles amount to when one lived in such a beautiful world? Her face brightened, a smile came to her lips. She turned, lifted her hand as a sign for her pupils to rise, and sang in a tone which rivaled that of the bird, so clear and sweet it was, the song dear to all childish hearts:

"Joy to the world the Lord is come  
Let earth receive her King."

The children lifted their heads and sang. And from among the trees in the woods around the old school house came the echo:

"And Heaven and Nature sing."

And the little stream at the foot of the hill joined in the song; and the gentle



wind took up the refrain and wafted it straight to Heaven.

Little Sammy, of spit-ball fame, sitting at his mother's side, slipped his hand in hers, and begged a silent pardon. She squeezed the mischievous little hand, and they both sang.

Ivy, the dainty flower maiden, who had suffered deep humiliation that day, put from her sight the only remaining thing which could serve to bring to her mind her trouble as she stealthily chucked the butter boat, with its withered flowers, out at an open window. She sang discordantly, but joyfully, and smiled a forgiving smile at the girl who had giggled.

And little Blanchie, with eyes and nose swollen, pushed back from her hot face the mass of kinky hair, kinky no longer, thanks to perspiration and tears, but all the prettier for it, sniffed loudly, wiped her red little nose on the sleeve of her best dress, and, looking about, saw that she still lived and had her being; that the sky was still blue; the sun still shining. She sighed a great sigh. Then, in a gurgling, stopped-up, choking voice, sang also. And as she sang, she forgot—and joy filled the little heart she thought was broken.

Afterward, when every one had gone and the little teacher was alone, she gath-

ered up her belongings and locked the school-house door, with a sigh. As she dropped the key in her pocket, a man's voice announced:

"I shall catch Sammy Seward and give him the licking of his life."

She looked up into his eyes. Up, because the voice belonged to the tall young man.

"Oh, no. Sammy wasn't the cause of it all. You would have to whip all of them, I am afraid. Wasn't it—dreadful?"

She turned her face away to hide the tears. The young man walked at her side. When he spoke his voice trembled with earnestness.

"Rosie, don't tell me you intend to teach those little yahoos again next year."

She did not speak.

"It seems to me you'd rather have one scholar, even if 'twere me, than all of them. Do Rosie."

Still she did not answer.

"Wouldn't you, Rosie?" and this time he spoke close to her ear.

Her face flushed and she laughed as she spoke.

"Well, I haven't said I wouldn't."

And a blue bird near by sang again and from out the wood where twilight was gathering came the low answering call of its mate. And the air was sweet with blossom and bloom.



## THE MAN ON THE BOX

By Harold MacGrath

### XIV

**M**R. ROBERT vows that he will never forgive me for the ten minutes' agony which I gratuitously added to his measure. It came about in this wise. I was on my way down Seventeenth Street that afternoon, and it was in front of a fashionable apartment house that I met him. He was seated on his box, the whip at the proper angle, and his eyes riveted on his pair's ears. It was the first time I had seen him since the episode at the police-station. He was growing thin. He did not see me, did not even notice me till I stopped and the sound of my heels on the walk ceased. Arms akimbo, I surveyed him.

"Well?" I began. I admit that the smile I offered him was a deal like that which a cat offers a cornered mouse.

He turned his head. I shall not repeat the word he muttered. It was very improper, though they often refer to it in the Sabbath schools, always in a hushed breath, however, as if to full-voice it would only fan the flames still higher.

"What have you to say for yourself?" I went on.

"Nothing for myself, but for you, move on and let me alone, or when I get the opportunity, Chuck, I'll punch your head, glasses or no glasses."

"Brother-in-law or no brother-in-law."

"Chuck, will you go on?" hoarsely. "I mean it."

I saw that he did. "You don't look very happy for a man who has cracked so tremendous a joke."

"Will you go along?"

"Not till I get good and ready, James.

I've told too many lies on your account already not to make myself a present of this joyful reunion. Has Miss Annesley any idea of the imposture?"

He did not answer.

"How did you like waiting in Scott Circle the other night?"

Still no answer. I have half an idea that he was making ready to leap from his box. He ran his fingers up and down the lines. I could see that he was mad through and through; but I enjoyed the scene nevertheless. He deserved a little roasting on the gridiron.

"I am given to understand," I continued, "that you act as butler, besides, and pass the soup around the table."

Silence. Then I heard a door close, and saw a look of despair grow on his face. I turned and saw Miss Annesley and Mrs. Chadwick coming down the steps.

"Why, how do you do, Mr. Henderson? Mrs. Chadwick."

"I have already had the pleasure of meeting this famous young orator," purred Mrs. Chadwick, giving me her hand. She was a fashionable, not to say brilliant, *intrigante*. I knew her to have been concerned indirectly with half a dozen big lobby schemes. She was rather wealthy. But she was seen everywhere, and everywhere was admired. She was as completely at home abroad as here in Washington. She was a widow, perhaps thirty-eight, handsome and fascinating, a delightful *raconteur*, and had the remarkable reputation of never indulging in scandal. She was the repository of more secrets than I should care to dis-

cover. I recall one night at a state function when she sat between the French ambassador and that wily Chinaman, Li Hung Chang. She discoursed on wines in French with the ambassador and immediately turned to the Chinaman and recited from Confucius in the original. Where she had ever found time to study Chinese is a mystery to every one. The incident made her quite famous that winter. Brains are always tolerated in Washington, and if properly directed, push a person a good deal farther than wealth or pedigree. Washington forgives everything but stupidity.

Not until recently did I learn that at one time Karloff had been very attentive to her. His great knowledge of American politics doubtless came to him through her.

"Where are you bound?" asked Miss Annesley.

"I am on the way to the War Department."

"Plenty of room; jump in and we shall drop you there. James, drive to the War Department."

Ordinarily I should have declined, as I generally prefer to walk; but in this instance it would be superfluous to say that I was delighted to accept the invitation. I secretly hugged myself as I thought of the driver.

"How is Miss Warburton?" asked Miss Annesley, as she settled back among the cushions.

"Beautiful as ever," I replied, smiling happily.

"You must meet Miss Warburton, Grace," speaking to Mrs. Chadwick, who looked at me with polite inquiry. "One of the most charming girls in the land, and as good as she is beautiful. Mr. Henderson is the most fortunate of young men."

"So I admit. She was greatly disappointed that you did not meet her younger brother." First shot at the groom.

"I did expect to meet him, but I un-

derstand that he has gone on a hunting expedition. Whom does he resemble?"

"Neither Nancy nor Jack," I said. "He's a good-looking beggar, though, only you can't depend upon him for five minutes at a time. Hadn't seen the family in more than two years. Spends one night at home, and is off again, no one knows where. *Some* persons like him, but I like a man with more stability. Not but what he has his good points; but he is a born vagabond. His brother expects to get him a berth at Vienna and is working rather successfully toward that end." I wondered how this bit of news affected the groom.

"A diplomat?" said Mrs. Chadwick. "That is the life for a young man with brains. Is he a good linguist?"

"Capital! Speaks French, German, and Spanish, besides I don't know how many Indian sign-languages." Now I was patting the groom on the back. I sat facing the ladies, so it was impossible to see the expression on his face. I kept up this banter till we arrived at the Department. I bade the ladies good day. I do not recollect when I enjoyed ten minutes more thoroughly.

An hour in the shopping district, that is to say, up and down Pennsylvania Avenue, where everybody who was anybody was similarly occupied, shopping, rly took the spine out of our jehu. Everywhere he imagined he saw Nancy. And half a dozen times he saw persons whom he knew, persons he had dined with in New York, persons he had met abroad. But true to human nature, they were looking toward higher things than a groom in livery. When there was no more room for bundles, the women started for Mrs. Chadwick's apartments.

Said Mrs. Chadwick in French: "Where, in the name of uncommon, did you find such a handsome groom?"

"I *was* rather lucky," replied Miss Annesley in the same tongue. "Don't you see something familiar about him?"

Warburton shuddered.

"Familiar? What do you mean?"

"It is the groom who ran away with us."

"Heavens, no!" Mrs. Chadwick raised her lorgnette. "Whatever possessed you?"

"Mischief, as much as anything."

"But the risk!"

"I am not afraid. There was something about him that appeared very much like a mystery, and you know how I adore mysteries."

"And this is the fellow we saw in the police-court, sitting among those light o' loves?" Mrs. Chadwick could not fully express her surprise.

"I can't analyze the impulse which prompted me to pay his fine and engage him."

"And after that affair at the carriage-door! Where is your pride?"

"To tell the truth, I believe he did make a mistake. Maybe I hired him because I liked his looks." Betty glanced amusedly at the groom, whose neck and ears were red. She laughed.

"You always were an extraordinary child. I do not understand it in the least. I am even worried. He may be a great criminal."

"No, not a great criminal," said Betty, recollecting that ride of the morning; "but a first-class horseman, willing and obedient. You know the trouble we have had in finding a butler? Well, I have been forced to make James serve. He has been under the hands of our cook, and I have been watching them. How I have laughed! Of all droll scenes!"

So she had laughed, eh? Warburton's jaws snapped. She had been watching, too?

"I rode Pirate this morning . . ."

"You rode that horse?" interrupted Mrs. Chadwick.

"Yes, and he ran away with me in fine style. If it hadn't been for the new groom, I shouldn't be here, and the din-

ner would be a dismal failure, with me in bed with an arm or a leg broken. Heavens! I never was so frightened in all my life. We went so fast against the wind that I could scarce breathe. And when it was all over, I fainted like a ninny."

"Fainted! I should have thought you would. I should have fallen off the animal and been killed. Betty, you certainly have neither forethought nor discretion. The very idea of your attempting to ride that animal!"

"Well, I am wiser, and none the worse for the scare. . . . James, stop, stop!" Betty cried suddenly.

When this command struck his sense of hearing, James was pretty far away in thought. He was wondering if all this were true. If it was, he must make the best of it; but if it was a dream, he wanted to wake up right away, because it was becoming nightmarish.

"James!" The end of a parasol tickled him in the ribs and he drew up somewhat frightened. What was going to happen now? He was soon to find out. For this was to be the real climax of the day; or, at least, the incident was pregnant with the possibilities of a climax.

"Colonel, surely you are not going to pass us by in this fashion?" cried the girl. They were almost opposite the Army and Navy Club.

"Why, is that you, Miss Betty? Pass you by? Only when I grow blind!" roared a lion-like voice. "Very glad to see you, Mrs. Chadwick."

That voice, of all the voices he had ever heard! A chill of indescribable terror flew up and down the jehu's spine, and his pores closed up. He looked around cautiously. It was he, he of all men: his regimental colonel, who possessed the most remarkable memory of any Army man west of the Mississippi, and who had often vowed that he knew his subalterns so well that he could always successfully prescribe for their livers!

"I was just about to turn into the club for my mail," declared the colonel. "It was very good of you to stop me. I'll wager you've been speculating in the shops," touching the bundles with his cane.

"You win," laughed Betty. "But I'll give you a hundred guesses in which to find out what any one of these packages contain."

"Guessing is a bad business. Whatever these things are, they can add but little to the beauty of those who will wear them; for I presume Mrs. Chadwick has some claim upon these bundles."

"Very adroitly worded," smiled Mrs. Chadwick, who loved a silken phrase.

"We shall see you at dinner to-night?"

"All the battalions of England could not keep me away from that festive board," the colonel vowed. (Another spasm for the groom!) "And how is that good father of yours?"

"As kind and loving as ever."

"I wish you could have seen him in the old days in Virginia," said the colonel, who, like all old men, continually fell back upon the reminiscent. "Handsomest man in the brigade, and a fight made him as happy as a bull-pup. I was with him the day he first met your mother," softly. "How she humiliated him because he wore the blue! She was obliged to feed him—fortunes of war; but I could see that she hoped each mouthful would choke him."

"What! My mother wished that?"

Mrs. Chadwick laughed. The groom's chin sank into his collar.

"Wait a moment! She wasn't in love with him then. We were camped on that beautiful Virginian home of yours for nearly a month. You know how courtly he always was and is. Well, to every rebuff he replied with a smile and some trifling favor. She never had to lift her finger about the house. But one thing he was firm in: she should sit at the same table during the meals. And when Johnston came thundering down that memora-

ble day, and your father was shot in the lungs and fell with a dozen saber cuts besides, you should have seen the change! *He* was the prisoner now, *she* the jailer. In her own white bed she had him placed, and for two months she nursed him. Ah, that was the prettiest love affair the world ever saw."

"And why have you not followed his example?" asked Mrs. Chadwick.

The colonel gazed thoughtfully at his old comrade's daughter, and he saw pity and unbounded respect in her eyes. "They say that for every heart there is a mate, but I do not believe it. Sometimes there are two hearts that seek the same mate. One or the other must win or lose. You will play for me to-night?"

"As often and as long as you please," graciously. She was very fond of this upright old soldier, whom she had known since babyhood.

It was now that the colonel casually turned his attention to the groom. He observed him. First, his gray eyebrows arched abruptly in surprise, then sank in puzzlement.

"What is it?" inquired Betty, noting these signs.

"Nothing; nothing of importance," answered the colonel, growing violently red.

It would not be exaggerating to say that if the colonel turned red, his one-time orderly grew purple, only this purple faded quickly into a chalky pallor.

"Well, perhaps I am keeping you," remarked the colonel, soberly. "I shall hold you to your promise about the music."

"We are to have plenty of music. There will be a famous singer and a fine pianist."

"You will play that what-d'-ye-call-it from Schumann I like so well? I shall want you to play that. I want something in the way of memory to take back West with me. Good-by, then, till to-night."

"Good-by. All right, James; home."



James relievedly touched his horses.

The colonel remained standing at the curb till the victoria disappeared. Of what he was thinking I don't know; but he finally muttered "James?" in an inquiring way, and made for the club, shaking his head, as if suddenly confronted with a remarkably abstruse problem.

Further on I shall tell you how he solved it.

## XV

Show me those invisible, imperceptible steps by which a man's honor first descends; show me the way back to the serene altitude of clean conscience, and I will undertake to enlighten you upon the secret of every great historical event, tragic or otherwise. If you will search history carefully, you will note that the basic cause of all great events, such as revolutions, civil strifes, political assassinations, foreign wars, and race oppressions, lay not in men's honor so much as in some one man's dishonor. A man, having committed a dishonorable act, may reestablish himself in the eyes of his fellow beings, but ever and ever he silently mocks himself and dares not look into the mirror of his conscience.

Honor is comparative, as every one will agree. It is only in the highly intellectually developed mind that it reaches its superlative state. Either this man becomes impregnable to the assaults of the angel of the pitch robes, or he boldly plunges into the frightful blackness which surrounds her. Petty missteps are inconsiderable, though in the average man these leave their stings as gnats. The great greed of power, the great greed of wealth, the great greed of hate, the great greed of jealousy, and the great greed of love, only these tempt him.

Now, of dishonors, which does man hold in the greatest abhorrence? This ques-

tion needs no pondering. It may be answered simply. The murderer, the thief, and the rogue, we look upon these callously. But Judas! The man who betrays us! This is the nadir of dishonor; nothing could be blacker. We never stop to look into the causes, nor does history, that most upright and impartial of judges; we brand instantly. Who can tell the truth about Judas Iscariot, and Benedict Arnold, and the host of others? I can almost tolerate a Judas who betrays for a great love. There seems to me a stupendous elimination of self in the man who betrays for those he loves, braving the consequences, the ignominy, the dishonor, the wretchedness; otherwise I should not have undertaken to write this bit of history.

To betray a friend, that is bad; to betray a woman, that is still worse; but to betray one's country!—to commit an act which shall place her at the mercy of her enemies! Ah, the ignoble deaths of the men who were guilty of this crime! And if men have souls, as we are told they have, how the souls of these men must writhe as they look into the minds of living men and behold the horror and contempt in which each traitor's name is held there!

Have you ever thought of the legion of men who have been thrust back from the very foot of this precipice, either by circumstances or by the revolt of conscience? These are the men who reestablish themselves in the eyes of their fellow beings, but who for ever silently mock themselves and dare not look into the mirror of their consciences.

In this world motive is everything. A bad thing may be done for a good purpose, or, the other way around. This is the story of a crime, the motive of which was good.

Once upon a time there lived a soldier, a gentleman born, a courtier, a man of fine senses, of high integrity, of tenderness, of courage; he possessed a splendid

physical beauty besides, estates, and a comfortable revenue, or rather, he presided over one. Above all this, he was the father of a girl who worshiped him, and not without reason. What mysterious causes should set to work to ruin this man, to thrust him from light into darkness? What step led him to attempt to betray his country, even in times of peace, to dishonor his name, a name his honesty had placed high on the rolls of glory? What defense can he offer? Well, I shall undertake to defend him; let yours be the verdict.

Enforced idleness makes a criminal of a poor man; it urges the man of means to travel. Having seen his native land, it was only natural that my defendant should desire to see foreign countries. So, accompanied by his child, he went abroad, visited the famous capitals, and was the guest of honor at his country's embassies. It was a delightful period. Both were as happy as fate ever allows a human being to be. The father had received his honorable discharge, and till recently had held a responsible position in the War Department. His knowledge had proved of no small value to the Government, for he was a born strategist, and his hobby was the coast defenses. He never beheld a plan that he did not reproduce it on the back of an envelope, on any handy scrap of paper, and then pore over it through the night. He had committed to memory the smallest details, the ammunition supplies of each fort, the number of guns, the garrison, the pregnable and impregnable sides. He knew the resource of each, too; that is to say, how quickly aid could be secured, the nearest transportation routes, what forage might be had. He had even submitted plans for a siege-gun.

One day, in the course of their travels, the father and daughter stopped at Monte Carlo. Who hasn't heard of that city of fever? Who has seen it and can easily forget its gay harbor, its beautiful

walks, its crowds, its music, its hotels, its white temple of fortune? Now, my defendant had hitherto ignored the principality of Monaco. The tales of terror which had reached his ears did not prepossess him in its favor. But his daughter had friends there, and she wanted to see them. There would be dances on the private yacht, and dinners, and teas, and fireworks. On the third night of his arrival he was joined by the owner of the yacht, a millionaire banker whose son was doing the honors as host. I believe that there was a musicale on board that night, and as the banker wasn't particularly fond of this sort of entertainment, he inveigled his soldier friend to accompany him on a sight-seeing trip. At midnight they entered the temple of fortune. At first the soldier demurred; but the banker told him that he hadn't seen Monte Carlo unless he saw the wheel go around. So, laughing, they entered the halls.

The passion for gaming is born in us all, man and woman alike, and is conceded by wise analysts to be the most furious of all passions and the most lasting. In some, happily, the serpent sleeps for ever, the fire is for ever banked. But it needs only the opportunity to rouse the dull ember into flame, to stir the venom of the serpent. It seems a simple thing to toss a coin on the roulette boards. Sometimes the act is done contemptuously, sometimes indifferently, sometimes in the spirit of fun and curiosity; but the result is always the same.

The banker played for a while, won and lost, lost and won. The soldier put his hand into a pocket and drew forth a five-franc piece. He placed it on a number. The angel in the pitch robes is always lying in wait for man to make his first bad step; so she urged fortune to let this man win. It is an unwritten law, high up on Olympus, that the gods must give to the gods; only the prayers of the mortals go unanswered.

So my defendant won. He laughed

like a boy who had played marbles for "keeps" and had taken away his opponent's agates. His mind was perfectly innocent of any wrong-doing. That night he won a thousand francs. His real first bad step was in hiding the escapade from his daughter. The following night he won again. Then he dallied about the flame till one night the lust of his forebears shone forth from his eyes. The venom of the serpent spread, the ember grew into a flame. His daughter, legitimately enjoying herself with the young people, knew nothing nor dreamed. Indeed, he never entered the temple till after he had kissed her good night.

He lost. He lost twice, thrice, in succession. One morning he woke up to the fact that he was several thousand dollars on the wrong side of the book. If the money had been his own, he would have stopped, and gone his way, cured. But it was money which he held in trust. He *must* replace it. The angel in the pitch robes stood at his side; she even laid a hand on his shoulder and urged him to win back what he had lost. Then indeed he could laugh, go his way, and gamble no more. This was excellent advice. That winter he lost something like fifteen thousand. Then began the progress of decline. The following summer his losses were even greater than before. He began to mortgage the estates, for his authority over his daughter's property was absolute. He dabbled in stocks; a sudden fall in gold, and he realized that his daughter was nearly penniless. Ah, had he been alone, had the money been his, he would have faced poverty with all the courage of a brave man. But the girl, the girl! She must never know, she must never want for those luxuries to which she was accustomed. For her sake he must make one more effort. He *must* win, must, must! He raised more money on the property. He became irritable, nervous, to which was added sudden bursts of tenderness which the girl could not understand.

The summer preceding the action of this tale saw them at Dieppe. At one time he had recovered something between sixty and seventy thousand of his losses. Ah, had he stopped then, confessed to his daughter, all would have gone well. But, no; he must win the entire sum. He lost, lost, lost. The crash came in August. But a corner of the vast Virginian estates was left, and this did not amount to twenty thousand. Five francs carelessly tossed upon a roulette table had ruined and dishonored him. The angel of the pitch robes had fairly enveloped him now. The thought that he had gambled uselessly his daughter's legacy, the legacy which her mother had left confidently in his care, filled his soul with the bitterness of gall. And she continued the merry round of happiness, purchasing expensive garments, jewelry, furs, the little things which women love; gave dinners and teas and dances, considered herself an heiress, and thought the world a very pleasant place to live in. Every laugh from her was a thorn to him, the light of happiness in her eyes was a reproach, for he knew that she was dancing toward the precipice which he had dugged for her.

Struggling futilely among these nettles of despair, he took the final step. His ruin became definitive. His evil goddess saw to it that an opportunity should present itself. (How simple all this reads! As I read it over it does not seem credible. Think of a man who has reached the height of his ambition, has dwelt there serenely, and then to fall in this silly, inexcusable fashion! Well, that is human nature, the human part of it. Only here and there do we fall grandly.)

One starlit night he met a distinguished young diplomat, rich and handsome. He played some, but to pass away the time rather than to coquet with fortune. He was lucky. The man who plays for the mere fun of it is generally lucky. He asks no favors from fortune; he does not pay any attention to her, and,

woman-like, she is piqued. He won heavily this night; my soldier lost correspondingly heavily. The diplomat pressed a loan upon his new-found friend, who, with his usual luck, lost it.

The diplomat was presented to the daughter. They owed to mutual acquaintance in Paris and Washington. The three attended the concert. The girl returned to the hotel bubbling with happiness and the echoes of enchanting melodies, for she was an accomplished musician. She retired and left the two men to their coffee and cigars. The conversation took several turns, and at length stopped at diplomacy.

"It has always puzzled me," said the soldier, "how Russia finds out all she does."

"That is easily explained. Russia has the wisdom of the serpent. Here is a man who possesses a secret which Russia must have. They study him. If he is gallant, one day he meets a fascinating woman; if he is greedy, he turns to find a bowl of gold at his elbow; if he seeks power, Russia points out the shortest road."

"But her knowledge of foreign army and naval strength?"

"Money does all that. Russia possesses an accurate knowledge of every fort, ship and gun England boasts of; France, Germany, and Japan. We have never taken it into our heads to investigate America. Till recently your country as a foe to Russian interests had dropped below the horizon. And now Russia finds that she must proceed to do what she has done to all other countries; that is, duplicate her rival's fortification plans, her total military and naval strength; and so forth, and so on. The United States is not an enemy, but there are possibilities of her becoming so. Some day she must wrest Cuba from Spain, and then she may become a recognized quantity in the Pacific."

"The Pacific?"

"Even so. Having taken Cuba, the United States, to protect her western coast, will be forced to occupy the Philippines; and having taken that archipelago, she becomes a menace to Russian territorial expansion in the far East. I do not always speak so frankly. But I wish you to see the necessity of knowing all about your coast defenses."

"It can not be done!" spiritedly. So far the American had only gambled.

"It can and will be done," smiling. "Despite the watchfulness of your officials, despite your secret service, despite all obstacles, Russia will quietly gain the required information. She possesses a key to every lock."

"And what might this key be?" with tolerant irony.

"Gold."

"But if the United States found out what Russia was doing, there might be war."

"Nothing of the kind. Russia would simply deny all knowledge. The man whom she selected to do the work would be discredited, banished, perhaps sent to Siberia to rot in the mines. No, there would be no war. Russia would weigh all these possibilities in selecting her arm. She would choose a man of high intellect, rich, well known in social circles, a linguist, a man acquainted with all histories and all phases of life, a diplomat, perhaps young and pleasing. You will say, why does he accept so base a task? When a Russian noble takes his oath in the presence of his czar, he becomes simply an arm; he no longer thinks, his master thinks for him. He only acts. So long as he offers his services without remuneration, his honor remains untouched, unsullied. A paid spy is the basest of all creatures."

"Count, take care that I do not warn my country of Russia's purpose. You are telling me very strange things." The American eyed his companion sharply.

"Warn the United States? I tell you,



it will not matter. All Russia would need would be a dissatisfied clerk. What could he not do with half a million francs?" The diplomat blew a cloud of smoke threw his nostrils and filiped the end of his cigarette.

"A hundred thousand dollars?"

The diplomat glanced amusedly at his American friend. "I suppose that sounds small enough to you rich Americans. But to a clerk it reads wealth."

The American was silent. A terrible thought flashed through his brain, a thought that he repulsed almost immediately.

"Of course, I am only speculating; nothing has been done as yet."

"Then something is going to be done?" asked the American, clearing his voice.

"One day or another. If we can not find the clerk, we shall look higher. We should consider a million francs well invested. America is rapidly becoming a great power. But let us drop the subject and turn to something more agreeable to us both. Your daughter is charming. I honestly confess to you that I have not met her equal in any country. Pardon my presumption, but may I ask if she is engaged to be married?"

"Not to my knowledge," vastly surprised and at the same time pleased.

"Are you averse to foreign alliances?" The diplomat dipped the end of a fresh-lighted cigar into his coffee.

"My dear Count, I am not averse to foreign alliances, but I rather suspect that my daughter is. This aversion might be overcome, however."

What a vista was opened to this wretched father! If only she might marry riches, how easily he might confess what he had done, how easily all this despair and terror might be dispersed! And here was a man who was known in the great world, rich, young and handsome.

The other gazed dreamily at the ceiling; from there his gaze traveled about

the coffee-room, with its gathering of coffee-drinkers, and at length came back to his *vis-à-vis*.

"You will return to Washington?" he asked.

"I shall live there for the winter; that is, I expect to."

"Doubtless we shall see each other this winter, then," and the count threw away his cigar, bade his companion good night, and went to his room.

How adroitly he had sown the seed! At that period he had no positive idea upon what kind of ground he had cast it. But he took that chance which all farsighted men take; and then waited. There was little he had not learned about this handsome American with the beautiful daughter. How he had learned always will remain dark to me. My own opinion is that he had been studying him during his tenure of office in Washington, and, with that patience which is now making Russia so formidable, waited for this opportunity.

I shall give the Russian all the justice of impartiality. When he saw the girl, he rather shrank from the affair. But he had gone too far, he had promised too much; to withdraw now meant his own defeat, his government's anger, his political oblivion. And there was a zest in this life of his. He no more could resist the call of intrigue than a gambler can resist the croupier's, "Make your game, gentlemen!" I believe that he loved the girl the moment he set eyes upon her. Her beauty and bearing distinguished her from the other women he had met, and her personality was so engaging that her conquest of him was complete and spontaneous. How to win this girl and at the same time ruin her father was an embarrassing problem. The plan which finally came to him he repelled again and again, but at length he surrendered. To get the parent in his power and then to coerce the girl in case she refused him! To my knowledge this affair was the first



dishonorable act of a very honorable man. But love makes fools and rogues of us all.

You will question my right to call this diplomat an honest man. As I have said elsewhere, honor is comparative. Besides, a diplomat generally falls into the habit of lying successfully to himself.

When the American returned to the world, his cigar had gone out and his coffee was stale and cold.

"A million francs!" he murmured. "Two hundred thousand!"

The seed had fallen on fruitful ground.

## XVI

Mrs. Chadwick had completed her toilet and now stood smiling in a most friendly fashion at the reflection in the long oval mirror. She addressed this reflection in melodious tones.

"Madame, you are really handsome; and let no false modesty whisper in your ear that you are not. Few women in Washington have such clear skin, such firm flesh, such color. Thirty-eight? It is nothing. It is but the half-way post; one has left youth behind, but one has not reached old age. Time must be very tolerant, for he has given you a careful selection. There were no years of storm and poverty, of violent passions; and if I have truly loved, it has been you, only you. You are too wise and worldly to love any one but yourself. And yet, once you stood on the precipice of dark eyes, pale skin, and melancholy wrinkles. And even now, if he were to speak . . . Enough! Enough of this folly. I have something to accomplish to-night." She glided from the boudoir into the small but luxurious drawing-room which had often been graced by the most notable men and women in the country.

Karloff threw aside the book of poems by De Banville, rose, and went forward to meet her.

"Madame," bending and brushing her hand with his lips; "Madame, you grow handsomer every day. If I were forty, now, I should fear for your single blessedness."

"Or, if I were two-and-twenty, instead of eight-and-thirty," beginning to draw on her long white gloves. There was a challenge in her smile.

"Well, yes; if you were two-and-twenty."

"There was a time, not so long ago," she said, drawing his gaze as a magnet draws a needle, "when the disparity in years was of no matter."

The count laughed. "That was three years ago; and, if my memory serves me, you smiled."

"Perhaps I was first to smile; that is all."

"I observe a mental reservation," owlishly.

"I will put it plainly, then. I preferred to smile over your protestations rather than see you laugh over the possibility and the folly of my loving you."

"Then it was possible?" with interest.

"Everything is possible . . . and often absurd."

"How do you know that I was not truly in love with you?" narrowing his eyes.

"It is not explanatory; it can be given only one name—instinct, which in women and animals is more fully developed than in man. Besides, at that time you had not learned all about Colonel Annesley, whose guests we are to be this evening. Whoever would have imagined a Karloff accepting the hospitalities of an Annesley? Count, hath not thy rose a canker?"

"Madame!" Karloff was frowning.

"Count, you look like a paladin when you scowl; but scowling never induces anything but wrinkles. That is why we women frown so seldom. We smile. But let us return to your query. Supposing I had accepted your declarations seriously; supposing you had offered me marriage in that burst of gratitude; suppos-

ing I *had* committed the folly of becoming a countess; what a position I should be in to-day!"

"I do not understand," perplexedly.

"No?" shrugging. She held forth a gloved arm. "Have you forgotten how gallantly you used to button my gloves?"

"A thousand pardons! My mind was occupied with the mystery of your long supposition." He took the arm gracefully and proceeded to slip the pearl buttons through their holes. (Have you ever buttoned the gloves of a handsome woman? I have. And there is a subtle thrill about the proceeding which I can not quite define. Perhaps it is the nearness of physical beauty; perhaps it is the delicate scent of flowers; perhaps it is the touch of the cool, firm flesh; perhaps it is just romance.) The gaze which she bent upon his dark head was emotional; yet there was not the slightest tremor of arm or fingers. It is possible that she desired him to observe the steadiness of her nerves. "What did you mean?" he asked.

"What did I mean?" vaguely.

"By that supposition."

"Oh! I mean that my position, had I married you, would have been rather anomalous to-day." She extended the other arm. "You are in love."

"In love?" He looked up quickly.

"Decidedly; and I had always doubted your capacity for that sentiment."

"And, pray tell me, with whom am I in love?"

"Come, Count, you and I know each other too well to waste time in beating about the bushes. I do not blame you for loving her; only, I say, it must not be."

"Must not be?" The count's voice rose a key.

"Yes, must not be. You must give them up—the idea and the girl. What! You, who contrive the father's dishonor, would aspire to the daughter's hand? It is not equable. Love her honorably, or not at all. The course you are following is base and wholly unworthy of you."

He dropped the arm abruptly and strode across the room, stopping by a window. He did not wish her to see his face at that particular instant. Some men would have demanded indignantly to know how she had learned these things; not so the count.

"There is time to retrieve. Go to the colonel frankly, pay his debts out of your own pockets, then tell the girl that you love her. Before you tell her, her father will have acquainted her with his sin and your generosity. She will marry you out of gratitude."

Karloff spun on his heels. His expression was wholly new. His eyes were burning; he stretched and crumpled his gloves.

"Yes, you are right, you are right! I have been trying to convince myself that I was a machine where the father was concerned and wholly a man in regard to the girl. You have put it before me in a bold manner. Good God, yes! I find that I am wholly a man. How smoothly all this would have gone to the end had she not crossed my path! I *am* base, I, who have always considered myself an honorable man. And now it is too late, too late!"

"Too late? What do you mean? Have you dared to ask her to be your wife?" Had Karloff held her arm at this moment, he would have comprehended many things.

"No, no! My word has gone forth to my government; there is a wall behind me, and I can not go back. To stop means worse than death. My property will be confiscated and my name obliterated, my body rot slowly in the frozen north. Oh, I know my country; one does not gain her gratitude by failure. I must have those plans, and nowhere could I obtain such perfect ones.

"Then you will give her up?" There was a broken note.

The count smiled. To her it was a smile scarce less than a snarl.

"Give her up? Yes, as a mother gives

up her child, as a lioness her cub. She *has* refused me, but nevertheless she shall be my wife. Oh, I am well versed in human nature. She loves her father, and I know what sacrifices she would make to save his honor. To-night . . . !" But his lips suddenly closed.

"Well, to-night? Why do you not go on?" Mrs. Chadwick was pale. Her gloved hands were clenched. A spasm of some sort seemed to hold her in its shaking grasp.

"Nothing, nothing! In heaven's name, why have you stirred me so?" he cried.

"Supposing, after all, I loved you?"

He retreated. "Madame, your suppositions are becoming intolerable and impossible."

"Nothing is impossible. Supposing I loved you as violently and passionately as you love this girl?"

"Madame," hastily and with gentleness, "do not say anything which may cause me to blush for you; say nothing you may regret to-morrow."

"I am a woman of circumspection. My suppositions are merely argumentative. Do you realize, Count, that I could force you to marry me?"

Karloff's astonishment could not be equaled. "Force me to marry you?"

"Is the thought so distasteful, then?"

"You are mad to-night!"

"Not so. In whatever manner you have succeeded in this country, your debt of gratitude is owing to me. I do not recall this fact as a reproach; I make the statement to bear me on in what I have to submit to your discerning intelligence. I doubt if there is another woman, here or abroad, who knows you so well as I. Your personal honor is beyond impeachment, but Russia is making vast efforts to speckle it. She will succeed. Yes, I could force you to marry me. With a word I could tumble your house of cards. I am a worldly woman, and not without wit and address. I possess every one of

your letters, most of all have I treasured the extravagant ones. To some you signed your name. If you have kept mine, you will observe that my given name might mean any one of a thousand women who are named 'Grace.' Shall you marry me? Shall I tumble your house of cards? I could go to Colonel Annesley and say to him that if he delivers these plans to you, I shall denounce him to the secret service officers. I might cause his utter financial ruin, but his name would descend to his daughter untarnished."

"You would not dare!" the count interrupted.

"What? And you know me so well? I have not given you my word to reveal nothing. You confided in my rare quality of silence; you confided in me because you had proved me. Man is not infallible, even when he is named Karloff." She lifted from a vase her flowers, from which she shook the water. "Laws have been passed or annulled; laws have died at the executive desk. Who told you that this was to be, or that, long before it came to pass? In all the successful intrigues of Russia in this country, whom have you to thank? Me. Ordinarily a woman does not do these things as a pastime. There must be some strong motive behind. You asked me why I have stirred you so. Perhaps it is because I am neither two-and-twenty nor you two-score. It is these little barbs that remain in a woman's heart. Well, I do not love you well enough to marry you, but I love you too well to permit you to marry Miss Annesley."

"That has the sound of war. I *did* love you that night," not without a certain nobility.

"How easily you say 'that night'! Surely there was wisdom in that smile of mine. And I nearly tumbled into the pit! I must have looked exceedingly well . . . 'that night'!" drily.

"You are very bitter to-night. Had you taken me at my word, I never should

have looked at Miss Annesley. And had I ceased to love you, not even you would have known it."

"Is it possible?" ironically.

"It is. I have too much pride to permit a woman to see that I have made a mistake."

"Then you consider in the present instance you have not made a mistake?"

"At least I have not made a mistake which I can not rectify. Madame, let us not be enemies. As you say, I owe you too much. What is it you desire?" with forced amiability.

"Deprive Colonel Annesley of his honor, that, as you say, is inevitable; but I love that girl as I would a child of my own, and I will not see her caught in a net of this sort, or wedded to a man whose government robs him of his manhood and individuality."

"Do not forget that I hold my country first and foremost," proudly.

"Love has no country, nor laws, nor galling chains of incertitude. Love is magnificent only in that it gives all without question. You love this girl with reservations. You shall not have her. You shall not have even me, who love you after a fashion, for I could never look upon you as a husband; in my eyes you would always be an accomplice."

"It is war, then?" curtly.

"War? Oh, no; we merely sever our diplomatic relations," she purred.

"Madame, listen to me. I shall make one more attempt to win this girl honorably. For you are right: love to be love must be magnificent. If she accepts me, for her sake I will become an outcast, a man without a country. If she refuses me, I shall go on to the end. Speak to the colonel, Madame; it is too late. Like myself, he has gone too far. Why did you open the way for me as you did? I should have been satisfied with a discontented clerk. You threw this girl across my path, indirectly, it is true; but nevertheless the fault is yours."

"I recognize it. At that time I did not realize how much you were to me."

"You are a strange woman. I do not understand you."

"Incompatibility. Come, the carriage is waiting. Let us be gone."

"You have spoilt the evening for me," said the count, as he threw her cloak across her shoulders.

"On the contrary, I have added a peculiar zest. Now, let us go and appear before the world, and smile, and laugh, and eat, and gossip. Let the heart throb with a dull pain, if it will; the mask is ours to do with as we may."

They were, in my opinion, two very unusual persons.

(To be continued)

## OPPORTUNITY

By Mary H. Krout

**F**AST in the mummy's hand the shriveled grain  
 Waits through long ages of profoundest night;  
 Far off are fields that drink the quick'ning rain  
 And shining hill-tops drenched with kindling light.

## PAGAN CELTICISM

By Thomas Walsh

IT has been customary in the average popular history to adopt Pliny's attempt at a derivation of the word *druid* from the Greek *drus*; with the added information that these mysterious personages held the oak-tree sacred or wore crowns of oak-leaves or frequented oak-groves for some reason or other. In Gaelic, the word signifies a magician or priest and—whatever may be said of the druids of Wales and France—it is a mistake to think of those of Ireland, Scotland and the Isles as particularly worshipping either fire or the sun. It is equally mistaken to picture these druids as elderly persons in long dressing-gowns, with the sweeping beards of Mormon elders. How different is the earliest picture of them (given in the eighth or ninth century "Glossary of Cormac"), where the druid or poet, in order to work one of his spells, "chews a bit of the raw, red flesh of a pig, a dog or a cat, and then retires with it to his own bed behind the door, where he pronounces an oration over it and offers it to his idols. Then if he has not received an illumination before the next day, he pronounces incantations upon his two palms and takes his idols into bed with him. He then places his two hands on his two cheeks and falls asleep."

The really distinctive poet of the primitive Gaels was the *filé*, who was of so much more importance than the bard that his legal price for a poem was fixed at three cows, while the bard was entitled only to a calf. It was the bard, however, that seems to have permitted himself first to be affected by new metres and foreign influences; on the other hand, wrapping himself up in antiquity and obscurity, as in a royal cloak, the *filé* actually disappeared

from the face of the earth from sheer unintelligibility.

The bardic orders were divided into *Saor* and *Daor*, or patrician and plebeian, in each of which classes there were eight different grades, each grade with its own exclusive metres. Besides these sixteen kinds of bards, there must be also counted the seven brands of *filé*, of which the highest class—that of the *ollamhs* (ollaves)—was a rank so dignified that its professors are found chronicled with the royal families. Their course of study—not an elective one—required twelve years, so that when a *filé* reached the rank of an *ollamh*, he knew, aside from all other knowledge, at least three hundred and fifty kinds of versification and could recite two hundred and fifty prime stories and one hundred secondary ones.

The character of these stories will be shown later—for a proper consideration of them it must be stated at once that their professors were at no time an unmixed blessing to the Celtic peoples. Keating is authority for the statement that at times the bardic orders contained one-third of all the men of the Gaelic free clans. Moreover, they had reached so intolerable a pitch of insolence that they went about the country carrying a silver pot, which the people called "the pot of avarice," and which was suspended by chains of bronze and gold from the spears of nine poets. They then selected their victim, and preparing an elaborate eulogy on his virtues, his ancestors, or his prowess, they chanted it one after another to the sound of beautiful music until the unfortunate object of their songs poured a large offering into the pot. Woe to him if he refused; sooner than hear the *lâsh*-



ing of their tongues trained to the most terrible imprecations and insults, the most penurious was glad to share his wealth with them.

At the end of the seventh century, so enraged had their countrymen become over their extortions that the whole bardic institution was about to be exiled at the national convention of Drum Ceat, when St. Colum-Cille, the great abbot of Iona, crossed to the mainland with a retinue of one hundred and forty monks, and through his eloquence and reputation for sanctity, managed to have their sentence commuted. For the loss of independence they were henceforward compensated as wards of the state. Their numbers were reduced, but lands were set aside for them and they were given positions somewhat similar to those of professors in American state colleges. Every high-king retained the services of one arch-*ollamh*; and every lesser king or chieftain was entitled to a household *ollamh* of his own. By national agreement their persons and property were sacred and on their own lands they enjoyed absolute right of sanctuary. For a thousand years, down to the breaking up of their orders in the sixteenth century, such was their condition. That they carried a vast amount of paganism and superstition well into Christian times, there can be no doubt: but their benefits to culture and morals, their contribution to national unity rather than to tribal narrowness, make them the most important feature of the pagan civilization of northern Europe.

The poems and stories which to-day represent the traditions of all Celtic Europe, the bulk of literature held in common as the necessary qualifications of these poetical brotherhoods of the Gael—possess qualities of such greatness that it is hard to understand the neglect in which they have been permitted to lie. If they have been drawn from obscurity at all, it has been generally to be so edited and re-edited for the use of the nursery that all

the native character which is their greatness has been lost in the process.

The most ancient of these Gaelic sagas or *ursgeul* deal with the races which, wave after wave, contended for the possession of Scotia before the arrival of the Sons of Milesius, from whom the present race of the Gael is said to be descended.

These narratives, gathered from various quarters and grouped under the heading of The Mythological Cycle, survive only in the form of digests, copied in 1630 by Michael O'Clery, from the most ancient documents existing in his time. They bear in their composition the impress of a remote age and are in the purest form of folk-lore, without dates or external authority. They tell of the Partholans, whose race was destroyed by plague; of the wars of their successors, the Nemedians, with the sea-giants or Formorians, and the triumph of one branch of the Nemedians, the Tuatha De Denann, over the other branch called the Firbolgs. "The Book of Conquests" deals with the sovereignty of the Tuatha De Denann until they are driven by the Milesians into the caves and mountains where they linger from remote ages, gradually losing their attributes of demigods until there is nothing left of them to-day but the fairy mounds and circles of the country-side.

From this premise it may be seen how important the German scholars have found these remains of early Gaelic literature in their studies of the disintegrated civilization of all Celtic Europe.

The strong literary flavor of Gaelic saga is evident in the most primitive of these narratives. One of the passages gives the following glimpse of the poets of the Tuatha De Denann:

"Breas [their monarch] did not grease their knives; in vain they came to visit Breas; their breaths did not smell of ale; neither their poets nor bards nor druids nor flute-players nor jugglers nor fools, appeared before them nor came into the palace to amuse them."

It was also this same monarch Breas who first inspired that most Gaelic form of verse, the satire, when the poet Coirpne called on him and was shown "into a little house, small, black, narrow and dark, where there was neither fire nor furniture nor bed. He was given three little dry loaves on a little plate and when he rose up in the morning he was not thankful."

In the course of these narratives glimpses are also caught of the demigod Dagda, a sort of Zeus; of Lir and Mananan, the Celtic Neptune and Oceanus; of Mor-rigu, the goddess of war; of the wizard Lugh, and of Balor, the giant of the Formorians. "Balor had an evil eye," says the text; "that eye opened itself only on the plain of battle. Four men were required to lift up the eyelid by placing under it an instrument. The warriors whom Balor scanned with that eye once opened could not—no matter how numerous—resist their enemies."

However, there are matters of more importance in the second collection of sagas which circle around the court of the high-kings of Ulster, and are known as the Heroic or Red Branch Cycle.

These latter sagas—by far the most numerous and important survivals of Celtic antiquity—deal not with a shadowy, half-mythical race, as does the Mythological Cycle, but with the classic heroes of the present-day race of the Gaels; for while they are heavily decked with the trappings of the imagination they have been shown to have many foundations in actual fact. In the houses and courts of the ancient kings and chieftains these stories were the staple recreation; they were the aristocratic branch of bardic lore and, as such, were the earliest to suffer neglect in periods of racial turmoil and decay.

In this Cycle the greater heroes are generally from the northern province; among them are the greatest personifications of Celtic ideals of chivalry and bravery in Cuchullin and Naoise; the

splendors of primitive war and royalty are shown in Conor mac Nessa, in Oillioll and Meve of Connaught; the standards of Celtic beauty and womanhood are summed up in Emer, Grainné and Deirdré.

According to the "Book of Leinster" the palace of Conor mac Nessa, the high-kings at Emania—around which most of the Red Branch stories circle—"contained one hundred and fifty rooms, each large enough for six persons to sleep in, and it was constructed of red oak and bordered with copper. Conor's own apartment was finished in bronze and silver, and ornamented with golden birds, in whose eyes were precious stones, and it was large enough for thirty warriors to drink together in. Above the king's head hung his silver wand, with three golden apples, and when he shook it, silence reigned throughout the palace, so that even the fall of a pin might be heard. A large vat, always full of good drink, stood ever ready on the palace floor."

The finest of the Red Branch stories—and therefore of all Celtic literature—is that called "The Dun Bull of Cooly." Together with the Cuchullin episodes and the popular romance of Deirdré, it forms the real backbone of the more recent contentions in favor of a Celtic epopee.

Cuchullin may be said to be to the Red Branch Cycle what Achilles is to the "Iliad." Even at his mother's breast he performs prodigies that would make a Hercules and a Rustem look carefully to their laurels. At once, demigod, man and monster, he excels all mankind in size, strength and beauty. A Hercules in strength as well as fondness for the sex, he undertakes prodigious tasks to win the favor of the fair; moreover, it was in Alba, at the famous school of Scathach—a woman of the Boadicea type—that he was instructed in the use of arms.

The saga of the Dun Bull of Cooly was first reduced to writing in the seventh or eighth century; and there is to be found in the "Book of Leinster" a copy of it

that is to all intents and purposes complete. Its action is said to date from the first century after Christ, and there is veracity in its details, notwithstanding the general tone of exaggeration.

The Dun Bull was a wonderful animal, the property of a chief of Cooly in Ulster. This bull had been honored with communications from Mor-rigu, the terrible war-goddess; spirits and spells were powerless to affect him; and as he returned home in the evenings a mysterious music emanated from his body.

At this period Oillioll and Meve were respectively King and Queen of Connaught, and the latter, jealous of masculine preëminence, instituted comparisons between her own and her husband's estates. It was found that she and Oillioll were equally wealthy except for a certain bull called the White-Horned, which had originally belonged to her, but had gone over and joined the flocks of the king with the remark that it was disgraceful to an animal of his superior intelligence to be the property of a woman. To remove the chagrin of this desertion Meve sent her ambassadors into Ulster to beg for the Dun Bull of Cooly, and when her request was refused she involved her husband in the quarrel, and with an immense army moved against Ulster, swearing to take the animal by force.

Of Queen Meve, who is as great a character as any Zenobia or Catherine of Russia, the saga gives this glimpse: "She is a largely-nurtured, white-faced, long-cheeked woman, with a yellow mane on the top of her two shoulders, with a skirt of royal silk over her white skin and a speckled spear red-flaming in her hand."

The slaughter between the armies of Ulster and Connaught is very great. Cuchullin, whom the queen attempts to buy off, refusing her bribes, circles around her camp by night slaying thousands. Conall Cearnach is another of the Ulster champions, while Meve's greatest warriors are Fergus and Ferdiad.

The latter—at heart a dear friend of Cuchullin—at first refuses to obey the queen's order to go forth and meet him in single combat. Whereupon she sends her druids and *ollamhs*, who threaten "to criticise, satirize and blemish him so that they would raise three blisters on his face unless he came with them." Ferdiad then consents, saying: "It is easier to fall by valor and championship and weapons than by the wisdom of druids and their reproach." These three blisters occur with fantastic frequency in the annals of the bards; they were known as Stain, Blemish and Defect, and were respectively red, green and white.

In the beautiful passages narrating the combats of Cuchullin and Ferdiad, the mutual tenderness of the warriors makes a fine contrast with the terrible vigor of their arms. One paragraph will show the style of these Red Branch chronicles of war:

"So close was the fight they made now, that their heads met above and their feet below and their arms in the middle over the rims of their shields. So close was the fight they made that they cleft and loosened their shields from the rims to the centers. So close was the fight they made that they turned and bent and shivered their spears from their points to their hafts. Such was the closeness of the fight they made that the Bocanachs and Bananachs and the wild people of the glens and demons of the air screamed from the rims of their shields and from the hilts of their swords and from the hafts of their spears. Such was the intensity of the fight they made that the stud of the Gaels darted away in fright and shyness, with fury and madness, breaking their chains and their yokes, their ropes and their traces; that the women and youths and small people and camp-followers and non-combatants of the men of Erin broke out of the camp southwestward."

When at length Cuchullin prevailed he "laid Ferdiad down, and a trance and a

faint and a weakness fell then upon Cuchullin over Ferdiad."

However, his body was lifted and borne by druids into the river; for, says the saga, "the Tuatha De Denann sent plants of grace and herbs of healing down the streams and rivers of Muirtheimhne to comfort and help Cuchullin so that the streams were speckled and green overhead with them."

Twenty-one rivers of Ireland figure in this grand mystical picture.

The general battle that follows the death of Ferdiad is decided after great slaughter by the sudden onslaught of Cuchullin who, deprived of his weapons on account of his wounded condition, nevertheless rushes on the field armed only with the part of a chariot. In the thick of the fight he encounters Queen Meve and overcomes her; he then agrees to spare her life on condition that she will withdraw with her armies. This she proceeds to do, her whole force fighting in retreat, until Connaught is regained.

There are other characters of whom interesting indications are given in the course of these narratives. Among them is Aitherné, the greatest poetical figure of Celtic paganism. He was the bard of Ulster and so haughty and exacting that the provinces paid him tribute on the condition that he would spare them his visits. So mean and inhospitable was he that the three cranes of Avarice seated on his housetop, called to all who approached "Stay out" and "Don't come in." Fergus describes him thus: "The lakes and rivers recede before him when he satirizes them and rise up before him when he praises them. There are not many men in life more handsome or more golden-haired than he; he bears a gleaming ivory-hilted sword." This he is said to have brandished after the fashion of Taillefer, the *trouvère*, at the Battle of Hastings, casting it aloft and letting it fall almost on the heads of his companions without injuring them.

Finghin, the physician of King Conor, figures in these narratives in leading a band of nurses to the field of battle. "That man," said Fergus of him, "could tell what a person's illness is by looking at the smoke of the house in which he resides."

The return of Queen Meve some time later with the avowed purpose of avenging herself on Cuchullin; the wizardries of the children of Cailitin around the Deaf Valley; the death, through their spells of the hero, are told with a magnificence that must startle those that are skeptical of the splendors of ancient Celtic poetry. Unfortunately, the purport of these introductory remarks on the sagas prevents the giving of further space to the Cuchullin stories. The reader, whose interest may be aroused, will find himself rewarded by consulting Miss Hull's "Cuchullin Saga" and Mr. Standish O'Grady's version of the Dun Bull of Cooly sagas in his "At the Gates of the North," and Lady Gregory's superb "Cuchullin of Muirtheimhne."

The manuscripts of these stories, as they exist to-day, are partly in verse and partly in prose; and it has been a question among the scholars whether bard in succeeding bard did not keep touching up the stories with rhetorical passages and metrical runs, or whether, as Dr. W. K. Sullivan affirms, the "Dun Bull of Cooly" was not originally entirely in verse; the knowledge of which was at one period entirely lost until, as is told in the story, "The Proceedings of the Great Bardic Association," the bards were ordered to search for the remains of it. This recalls the redaction given to the "Iliad" under Pisistratus, and Dr. Douglas Hyde is authority for the statement that this saga was already well on its way toward complete epic form when the invasion of Ireland by the Northmen, at the close of the eighth century, put a stop to its further development.

One other figure is preëminent in the



sagas of the Red Branch, and that is Deirdré. What Helen was to the Greeks and Trojans, Deirdré was to the pagan Gaels. She was the sum of all the qualities they found lovable in woman, the ideal sweetheart and dream of the lyric bards. King Conor, of Ulster, thought to rear her to be his queen, but when she peeped from the tower in which she was immured and beheld Naoise and his two brothers at their games of strength, she lost her heart to him, and escaping with him passed over into Alba. Pursued by the wrath of Conor they are forced to live by hunting upon the desolate headlands and islands until, enticed to return to Ulster, Naoise falls through the king's treachery and witchcraft.

The third class of sagas is that called either the Leinster, Fenian or Ossianic Cycle, since the events circle around the struggle for the kingship of Leinster, and the Fenians—an independent military clan, somewhat after the order of the Pretorian Guards of Rome—take prominent part in the action, while Ossian is supposed to have been author of many of the poems in question.

The comparison of the Red Branch Cycle with the "Iliad" may be supplemented by calling this Leinster Cycle the "Odyssey" of the north. That it was the far more popular series is evident from the deeper impress it has left on Gaelic thought; so much is this so, that the most ignorant peasant will recall many more or less corrupted tales of Finn mac Cumhall and his companions, yet will stare in surprise at a question about Cuchullin or Deirdré. Two hundred years elapsed between the time of action of the Red Branch and the Leinster Cycles, and the same characters never appear in both. This was one of the most telling arguments brought against the validity of Macpherson's versions of Ossian, for he confused the heroes of the two epopees.

After the Red Branch tales, one discovers a distinct loss in power and eleva-

tion in the Leinster Cycle. This, however, is partly compensated for by the increased grace of the narration. But as heroes Finn mac Cumhall, Conn of the Hundred Battles, Cormac mac Art and Cairbré are not to be compared with Cuchullin, the Sons of Usnach, Ferdiad and Fergus.

The two principal stories of this cycle are the "Colloquy of the Ancients" and "Pursuit of Diarmuid and Gráinne," who elope on the eve of her marriage to Finn mac Cumhall and are pursued and destroyed by that jealous hero in a somewhat similar spirit to the story of Deirdré and Naoise. Dr. Joyce has translated it in his "Old Celtic Romances," and it is the subject of a recent cantata by the Marquis of Lorne and Mr. Mac Cunn. The story is known to have been in existence as early as the seventh century. "The Colloquy of the Ancients," in spite of its length, is preserved only in fragmentary form in the "Book of Lismore." It narrates how Ossian and the poet Caoilté—almost the last survivors of the Fenians—meet St. Patrick and the new preachers of the gospel. The saint questions them about the past history of the island; the saga contains the story of their wanderings with him, and the verses—several thousand—which they chanted for the missionaries.

These Ossianic remains make an interesting comparison with James Macpherson's classic work. They also bring the reader to a period of ascertained authorship, where the fundamental literature and communal tradition of the race begins to show a consciousness of the individuality of the poet. For even if one doubt the validity of the authorship of such poets as Ossian and Caoilté, their very position in these remains emphasizes the fact that authorship passes with them from the communal to the personal. They also mark the end of Celtic paganism and the beginning of the brilliant schools of the bardic monks, whose greatest exemplar is St. Columcille of Iona.



## EVAN ANDERSON'S POKER PARTY

By Benjamin Stevenson

"EVAN ANDERSON called you up this afternoon," said Mrs. Tom Porter, laying down the evening paper. "Is his wife still away?"

"Yes, I think she is. What did he want?"

"He did not say, but he said for you to call him as soon as you came home. I forgot to tell you." Mrs. Porter paused and fingered her paper with embarrassment. "Tom," she began again, "if it is another of those men parties he has been having since his wife has been away, I wish you wouldn't go."

"Why not, dear?"

"I don't think they are very nice. Don't they drink a good deal?"

"Some men will drink a good deal anyway—anytime, but those that don't want to do not."

"Tom, do they?"—Mrs. Porter's eyes were on the paper in her lap—"do they play—play poker?"

"Why what made you ask me that question?" Tom answered with some embarrassment.

"Mrs. Bob Miller said her husband told her they did."

"Nobody but Mrs. Miller would believe all that Bob says."

"But you know it is wicked to gamble?"

"Of course it is, to gamble for any amount, but just a little game for amusement, that's not bad."

"How much does any one win or lose?"

"Oh, just a few dollars."

"That would buy a dinner for several poor families that need it; but the worst of it is the principle; it is gambling, no matter how little is lost or won."

"But, dear, you brought home a ten-dollar plate from a card party the other afternoon."

"That is different. One is euchre, the other is poker."

"I see there is a difference; but wouldn't the plate have bought a few dinners?"

"Yes, but if I had not won it some one else would. And it was too late to spend it for charity. I don't believe it cost ten dollars anyway."

"You said then it would."

"But I have looked it over since and do not believe it is genuine. I should think any one would be *ashamed* to give an imitation," she added with something like a flash in her blue eyes.

"It was a shame," Tom admitted, "a ten-dollar strain for a two-dollar plate."

But Mrs. Porter merely raised her eyebrows at this rather mean remark.

"The Tad-Wallington dance is to-night, isn't it? Do you want to go to that?" Tom asked.

"No, I'm not going."

"If you do," Tom went on, "I will take you and cut out whatever Evan wants."

"No, I don't care to," she repeated. "You can go to the other if you want to. I am not going to say any more on the subject. I do not ask you to humor my little whims, but I wanted to say what I did before you telephoned."

Mrs. Porter looked at her husband with such a wistful, pathetic little smile that Tom came over and kissed her on the cheek.

"I'll not go," he exclaimed, "if that is what he wants. I'll stay at home with you."

"You are too good, Tom. I suspect I am silly, but it seems so wicked. Now you had better call him up."

When Tom got upstairs, he placed the receiver to his ear.

Telephone: ("Number?")

Tom: "Give me seven-eleven, please."

("Seven-double-one?")

"Yes, please." Tom whistled while he waited.

Telephone: ("Hello.")

"Is that you, Evan?"

("Yes. Hello, Tom. Say, Tom, I am going to have a little bunch around here after a bit to see if we can't make our books balance, and I want you to come. And say, bring around that forty-five you took away with you last time. We want it. We are after you. We are going to strip you. Perhaps you had better bring an extra suit in a case.")

"I am sorry, old man, but I can't come."

("Can't what?")

"Can't come."

("Y, you tight wad. You'd better come.")

"Can't do it, Andy. I'm sorry."

("Are you going to the Tad-Wallington dance?")

"No, not that. Mis'es doesn't want to go, but I simply can't come."

Sarcastically. ("I guess the Mis'es shut down on this, too.")

"No, I'm tired."

("Well, maybe we're not tired—of you taking money away from us. And now when we've all got a hunch that you are going to lose you get cold feet.")

"No, I'd like to, but I *just can't*."

("Well, admit, like a man, it's the Mis'es said no and I'll let you off.")

"Are you a mind-reader?"

("No, but I'm married.")

"You win."

("Well, I'm sorry you can't be with us. Christmas will be coming along bye and bye, and you will need the money.")

"I expect."

("Mis'es will want a present, and she ought to let you get a little more ahead.")

"That's true."

("Well, so long. Toast your feet before you go to bed. And you'd better put a cloth around your neck.")

"Here, don't rub it in. It hurts me worse than you."

("All right. I know you are as sorry as we are. I know how it is. My Mis'es will be at home next week and this will be the last one, so I wanted you to come. Good-by.")

"Good-by. Oh, say! Wait a minute. I've got an idea."

("Good; use it.")

"Wait now. Wait now, I am thinking." Tom was trying to recall if he had closed the parlor door when he came upstairs. "Yes, I think I did."

("Think you did what?")

"Nothing. I wasn't talking to you. I was thinking. Say, put your ear close to the telephone, I've got to talk low."

("Why, I have got the thing right against my ear anyway. What are you talking about?")

"Listen. This is the scheme. I'll come if I can," he whispered into the receiver. "I don't think the Mis'es wants to go to the Tad-Wallington dance, and I'll work it so that I shall go alone. If I succeed I'll be with you."

("What? What's that?")

"I say," he repeated more distinctly, "if Mrs. P. doesn't want to go to the dance I'll try to go by myself and shall be with you."

("You say that you and Mrs. P. are going to the dance.")

"Oh, you deaf fool! No! I say that if she *doesn't* go to the dance maybe I shall *—be—with—you.*"

("Oh, I understand you. Good. If you are as clever as you are at getting everyone in against a pat full-house you will succeed. Come early. Luck to you. Good-by.")

If Tom were right in thinking he had closed the parlor door he was considerably surprised and flustered to find it ajar when he came down stairs. But Mrs. Porter was still reading the evening paper and did not look as if she had been disturbed by the telephoning. There was a

slight flush on her cheeks, however, that he had not noticed before, but that may have been caused by the noble sacrifice of his own wishes for hers.

"I am glad, Tom, you told him you could not come," Mrs. Porter said, looking at him affectionately. "It is so good of you to give up to my little whims."

Tom said mentally: "I guess she did not hear it all, at least."

"I know," she went on, "that I was brought up on a narrow plane, and any sort of gambling seems wicked."

"But at first you would not play cards at all, and then you learned euchre. All games of cards look alike to me."

"I suppose they do, but euchre is a simple, interesting pastime; whist is a scientific—a—mental—exercise, developing the mind, and so forth, while poker cheats people out of their money,—at least, they lose money they ought to use other ways,—or else they win some and then have ill-gotten gains, which is worse."

"But poker is a great nerve developer," Tom protested feebly.

"But it's gambling."

"Well, how about playing euchre for a prize?"

"Oh we settled that a while ago," Mrs. Porter exclaimed. "I showed you the difference between the two, didn't I?"

"I believe you did. But don't you want to go to the Tad-Wallington dance?"

"No." Mrs. Potter said shortly.

"Did you send cards?"

"No."

"You should have done so, shouldn't you?"

"I suppose so, but I don't care."

"Why don't you want to go?"

"I don't like Mrs. Tad-Wallington. She wears her dresses too low."

"Maybe she does, but I think we should be polite to her."

"I don't care very much whether we are or not."

"I think we ought to go. Or else," he

added in an afterthought with the expression of a martyr, "or else I ought to go and take your regrets."

"Well, why don't you do that?" Mrs. Porter exclaimed brightly.

"All right, I will!" he almost shouted. "I'll do it. I think it's the decent thing to do. I'll get ready right away."

"Right now? Why, it's entirely too early. It's only half-past seven. You can stay here until ten, then go for a few minutes and be back by eleven."

"No, no, that would not be nice. That's not the way to treat people who have gone to the expense of giving a dance. Everybody should go early and stay late."

"Oh, absurd."

"No, it's decent. I think I had better go early anyway, and then I can get back earlier. I don't want to stay up too late."

"Well, if you insist, go on."

Tom went upstairs and began dressing hurriedly. He knew he would not feel safe until he was a square away from the house. If this was to be the last of these bully, bachelor, poker parties he did not want to miss it. His wife was the sweetest little woman on earth, and he delighted in being with her, and humoring her, but then a woman's view of life and things is often so different that there is a joyous relaxation in a man party. If he could dress and get away before his wife changed her mind all would be well. He put his clothes on feverishly, but before he had half finished he heard her running up the stairs, and his heart sank. She came with the step that indicated something important on her mind. He knew as well how she looked as if he could see her coming. She was humped over slightly, her head was down, both hands grasping her skirts in front, and her feet fairly glimmering at the speed she was coming.

She burst into the room. "Tom, I think I will go with you. It is mean of me to make you go alone."

"You think what? You can't, it's a men's party. Oh, you—Y, no, it's not

mean. I don't mind it a bit. I like to go alone—that is, I don't mind it, and I won't hear to your putting yourself out on my account. And then you know, Mrs. Tad-Wallington wears her dresses so disgustingly low."

"That's it, Tom. That's why I think I ought to go."

"Oh, pshaw. You know I despise her. I never dance with her. No, I can't think of letting you go on my account. And I don't want my wife even to be seen at the party of a woman who wears such dresses as she does. No! positively, I can't permit it."

"Well, it's as bad for you to go."

"But one of us has to go to be decent. It would be rude not to, and we can not afford to be rude even to the commonest people."

"I don't want you to go unless I go with you," she said pettishly.

"But I never dance with her."

"It is not that so much. I do not want us to recognize her at all."

"I am not going to even *speak* to her. I will snub her. I will walk by her and not see her. I will let her know that my little wife doesn't belong to her class. I'll show her."

"But, Tom, wouldn't that be ruder than not going at all?"

"Oh, no. I don't think so. By going and snubbing her, it shows that you are conforming to all the *laws* of politeness without conceding anything to wanton impropriety. Don't you see?"

"Hardly."

"Well, it does. And I have to go for business reasons. I have her husband's law business, and can't afford to lose it by not going."

"Wouldn't it make her husband angry for you to snub her?"

"Oh, no, it would rather please him. He is inclined to be jealous, and likes the men better who don't have anything to do with her. It would strengthen our business relations immensely."

"Maybe you are right," she added with resignation. "You lawyers have such peculiar arguments that I can't understand them."

"Yes, I know. Law is the science of reasoning—of getting at the fine, subtle points which other people can not see."

"Well, go, if you really think it is best," she said at last.

Tom tied a black bow around his collar and put on his tuxedo.

"Oh, Tom, what do you mean? You surely do not intend to wear your tuxedo and a black tie. I heard you say it was the worst of form at anything but a men's party."

"Oh, ah, did I? Well, maybe I did. I had forgotten. I became a little confused by our long argument. I am always confused after an argument. Would you believe it, the other day after an argument in court I put on the judge's overcoat when I came away and did not notice it until I got to the office? You think I had better wear a long coat and white tie?"

"Of course. I want you to be the best dressed man there. I don't want you to look as if you were at a smoker."

Tom wheeled toward his wife, but she was digging in a drawer for his white tie and may not have meant anything.

"Now don't tell me you have none. Here is one fresh and crisp. You would not disgrace us by going to a dance dressed that way?" she pleaded.

"I will do whatever you say, dear," Tom answered, with a trace of suspicion still in his eye.

He put on his long coat and the tie, and when he kissed his wife adieu she patted him affectionately on the cheek.

"It is good of you to go to this old dance and let me stay at home," she said, smiling sweetly at him. "Have as good a time as you can and be sure to see what Mrs. Harris wears."

When Tom got into the street he drew a long breath of fresh air, and then lighted a cigarette to quiet his nerves.

"I've got to go to that party for a few minutes," he said to himself, "or I may get caught when I come to take my examination to-morrow morning. I can't possibly make up a whole lot about dresses. And then some woman may tell Ruth that I was not there. Let's see," he looked at his watch, "it's nearly nine. Some people will be there. I can look them over and then take a few notes about the dressing-room as I come away."

Tom paused but a moment in the dressing-room, where a few oldish men waited for their fat, rejuvenated wives, and some young stags smoked cigarettes until the buds could get up to the hall.

The young Mrs. Tad-Wallington received him with a gracious smile and inquired for Mrs. Porter.

"A blinding headache," said Tom. "She was determined to come until the last minute, but then had to give it up."

The old Mr. Tad-Wallington took one hand from behind his back to give it to Tom, and for a moment almost lost that tired, married-to-a-young-woman look.

"How a' you, Tom?" he said. "Did you find out anything about that Barnesville business? Can you levy on Harmon's property?"

"I haven't looked any further, but I still think you can."

"Call me up as soon as you find out."

Tom was pushed away by a large wife with a little husband whom the hostess was presenting to Mr. Tad-Wallington, and this couple was followed by an extremely tall man who had apparently become stoop-shouldered talking to his very small wife. Tom sidled around where he could see the people as they came, and began making mental notes.

"Mrs. Tad-Wallington, dressed in a kind of silverish flowered—brocaded, I guess—stuff, with a bunch of white carnations—no little roses. Blond hair done up with a kind of a roach that lops over at one side of her forehead." "There are our namesakes, the John Porters. Mrs.

John has a banana colored dress with a sort of mosquito netting all over it. She's got one red rose pinned on in front."

"There are the three Long sisters, one pink, one white, and one blue. Pink and white are fluffy goods. But Ruth'll not care how girls are dressed. It's the women." "Here's a queen in black. Who is it? Oh, Lord! I am sorry I saw her face. It's Mrs. May —, the Irish washerwoman, as Ruth calls her. And who's the Cleopatra with the silver snake around her arm, and the silver do-funnies around her waist? Oh, Bess Smith!" "I am getting so many details I'll have 'em all mixed up the first thing I know. Let me see, who had on the red dress? Ding, I've forgotten. I'd better write them down."

He got a card from his pocket and began writing abbreviated descriptions on it. "Mrs. R. strp. slk." "Mrs. J. J. white; h. of a long train." "Sm. Small brt. Mrs. Jones, wid." He filled up two cards and then slipped to the dressing-room and away.

"Solomon could not beat that trick. I can tell Sweetheart more than she could have found out herself if she had come. Now for something that's a little more fun." He chuckled at his cleverness as he stepped on a car to go the faster to his more fascinating party.

And he chuckled the following morning as he dressed.

"They were going to strip me, were they," he said to himself, as he pulled a small roll of bills from the vest pocket of his dress suit. "Well, not quite. Let me see. I had nineteen dollars with me. Now I have five, ten, and ten are twenty, and five are twenty-five, twenty-six, twenty-seven, twenty-eight, and two are thirty, thirty-one. And some change. That's not stripping, anyway."

He laughed again as he pulled two cards from his pocket and saw his memoranda of dresses.

"Good thought. I'd better read them over, for the morning paper may contain



some description, and I'd like to make good. 'Mrs. Paton, wht. slk.' white silk. 'Mrs. Mull, d. t.' d. t.? What does d. t. stand for? d. t.? I can't think of anything but delirium tremens, but that's not it. D. t. Dark—dark what? Dark trous— No. Dark tresses? Not that, either. Dark—trousseau? Hardly that. She's just married, but she didn't have her whole trousseau on. Dark —? Search me, I don't know. 'Mrs. B.' Mrs. Brown, 'I. d.' Long dress? Lawn dress? No, lavender dress, I remember. This cipher is worse than the one in the 'Gold Bug.' I wish I had written it out."

Some of the things he could interpret and some he could not, but he could remember none when he took his eyes away from the card.

He found his wife waiting for him in the breakfast room, dressed in a blue tea-gown, and she looked so charming that he could not refrain from taking two kisses from her red lips. She put her arms around his neck and took one of them back again.

"How are you this morning? Did you have a good time at the dance?"

"Oh, so-so," Tom answered. "I've had better."

"Breakfast is ready. Now tell me all about it while we eat."

"Well, it was just like all others. Same people there, dressed about the same. I was in hopes you would read about it in the morning paper and let me off. That would give you a better account of it than I can."

"But I want to hear about it from your point of view. Did anything of any special importance happen? Whom did you dance with?"

There was a sharp questioning look in Mrs. Porter's eyes, that Tom, if he noticed it at all, took in a masculine way to indicate a touch of jealousy.

"No, nothing of any note. I danced with about the same people I do usually. Mrs. DeBruler, I think."

"You think? That's complimentary to her. How was she dressed?"

"Oh, ah; (mentally) 'bl. slk.' Blue silk or black silk, which was it? (Aloud) Blue silk, I think."

"Blue silk! My, she oughtn't to wear blue. What's that card you have in your hand, your program?"

"Yes, I wanted to see whom else I danced with."

"Oh, let me see," Mrs. Porter exclaimed.

"Well, it is—that is, I was just looking for my program. I can't find it. I must have lost it."

"Oh, that is too bad. I wanted to see it. Did you dance many dances?"

"No, not many. Just a few people we are under obligations to."

"How late did you stay?" Mrs. Porter asked, as she passed him his second cup of coffee.

"About midnight, I think."

"Oh, where were you after that? You didn't get home until after one."

"M'm, my, this coffee's hot! One? Did you say one? The clock must have been striking half-past eleven."

"No, I am sure it was after one, because I laid awake for a while and heard it strike two."

"May be you are right. I did not look. But lots of people were still there when I left. Do you like the two-step better than the waltz?"

"Yes, I do. But that was on Sunday—after twelve o'clock. Weren't you ashamed to dance on Sunday?"

"I think I like the waltz better. The waltz is to the two-step what the minuet is to the jig. Don't you think so now? Young Mrs. Black is a splendid waltzer. Next to you, she is about the best."

"Well, I do not care to be compared with her. And I hope you didn't dance with her. She, divorced and married again, and not twenty-four yet!"

"I don't see as much harm in a young woman being divorced as an old one."

"I do. They ought to live together long enough to know if their troubles are real."

"Hers were."

"I always thought Mr. Hughes was real nice. Did you find your program?"

"No, I must have lost it."

They rose from the breakfast table and went, arm in arm, to the sitting-room. They divided the morning paper and sat in silence for a while. Tom went over the first page, read the prospects for war between Russia and Japan, then the European despatches, and then came to the page with the city news. He glanced carelessly over it, seeing little to attract him. By and by his eyes returned to a column that he had passed because calamities did not interest him, something about an explosion. When he came to it the second time his eyes fell on one of the sub-headings and it made him catch his breath. He read the headlines from the top.

"Great Heavens!" he said to himself, and shot a glance at his wife from the corners of his eyes. "Lord, I am in for it."

The heading that he saw was:

*Terrific Explosion at a Ball.*

*Panic Barely Averted.*

*Mrs. Tad-Wallington's Dance Interrupted.*

*Fire Ensued, but no Great Damage Done.*

*Many of the Women Fainted.*

He then read the article through to see if there was any loop-hole, but found that the explosion had occurred, perhaps, before he was five squares away—about a quarter of ten, in fact. And he had admitted to his wife that he had stayed there until late at night!

"She mustn't see this page," he said to himself. "I must get it out of here and burn it."

He glanced at his wife again. She was reading her sheet interestedly. He separated the part that contained the city

news and was preparing to smuggle it from the room under his coat.

"Here is the account of the dance," she exclaimed, looking up, "and you need not tell me any more—"

"The what!"

"The dance, and I can read all—"

"Did we get two papers this morning?" Tom stammered, feeling cold about the heart.

"No, I have the society sheet, and it tells what everybody wore— Why, what is the matter with you, Tom? You look sick. You are not sick, are you, Tom?" she asked, rising and coming over to him.

"No, no, I am not sick. I am all right. Go on and read the description of the dresses; that will relieve me more than anything else. I'll not have to think it all up."

"Oh, but you look sick."

"I am not; I am—I never was so well. See how strong I am. I can crush that piece of paper up into a very small ball with my bare hands. I am awfully strong."

"Oh, don't do that. There may be something in it that I want to read."

"No, there isn't. There's nothing in it. I read it through. I have an idea. I'll tell you what let's do. Let's burn the paper and I'll tell you what the women wore. These society notes are written beforehand and are not authentic. The only way is to have it from an eye-witness. Let's do it, will you?"

"No, I would rather read it. Aren't you sick, Tom? What makes your brow so damp?"

"It's so hot, it's infernally hot in here."

"I thought it was rather cold. I saw you shiver a moment ago. Tom, you are sick. You must have eaten too much salad last night. You know you can't eat salad."

"I didn't touch any salad. I only ate a frankfurter and drank a high-ball—"

"A frankfurter and a high-ball! Why, what sort of refreshments did they have?"

"I didn't mean that. I meant a canary-bird sandwich and a glass of water."

"I know what it is then, Tom. You inhaled a lot of the smoke."

Tom took a long hard look at his wife. "What!" he almost screamed at last.

"I say you have inhaled too much smoke. You have been smoking too much."

"Oh, that. Yes, I expect I have."

She looked at him with a twinkle in her eye as she sat on the arm of his chair, holding to the back with her hands.

"Tom, I'll bet you are a great hero."

"I'll bet I'm not."

"I'll bet you are, and are too modest to admit it."

"Too modest to admit what?"

"Too modest to admit the heroic things you have done."

"I never did any."

"Yes, you did. I know you saved two or three people's lives at the risk of your own."

"I haven't any medals."

"But you must have done something brave, and that's why you didn't tell me about the explosion."

Tom did not answer. The machinery of his voice would not turn. The power ran through his throat like cog-wheels out of gear.

"My dear, sweet, brave, modest husband."

"I—I'm not all of that."

"Yes you are. You were the bravest

man there. How many fainting women did you rescue?"

"Oh, not many. I think only five or six."

"Did you inhale much of the flame and smoke?"

"Yes, I think I must have inhaled some, but I did not notice it until now."

"Was the smoke very thick?"

"Awfully thick in places."

"And you walked right into it?"

"I had to. There wasn't any way to ride?"

"Ride?"

"I mean I walked into the smoke. I don't know what I am saying. You must be right. I am sick."

"How brave my husband is. How proud I am of him. And not only brave but skilful. How did you manage to go through the smoke and flame and get no odor of smoke on your clothes, nor smut the front of your shirt?"

"I don't know, dear. I did not have time to notice. I was too busy."

"Ah, my hero! I am proud of you. Did you win or lose?"

"Did I what!"

"Did you win or lose?"

Tom took another look into her innocent blue eyes.

"Which?" she repeated.

"Ruth, what have you been doing to me?"

"Aren't you ashamed of yourself?"

"Don't I look it?"



## A SONG FROM THE PERSIAN

By THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

AH! sad are they who know not love,  
But, far from passion's tears and smiles,  
Drift down a moonless sea, beyond  
The silvery coasts of fairy isles.

AND sadder they whose longing lips  
Kiss empty air, and never touch  
The dear warm mouth of those they love—  
Waiting, wasting, suffering much.

BUT clear as amber, fine as musk,  
Is life to those who, pilgrim-wise,  
Move hand in hand from dawn to dusk,  
Each morning nearer Paradise.

OH, not for them shall angels pray!  
They stand in everlasting light,  
They walk in Allah's smile by day,  
And slumber in His heart by night.





*John Cecil Clay*  
Ponkapog, Mass.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH



## WRITERS AND READERS

### ILLUSTRATED NOTES OF AUTHORS, BOOKS AND THE DRAMA

**T**HIS is the season when Mr. W. P. Stephen's diverting book on "American Yachting" will find warm appreciation. The author has written a history of yachting in this country, particularly in its recent developments and triumphs, and given good sketches of leading yachtsmen, with their nautical ideas and prejudices. It is a straightforward record of this notable sport in our country, with observations on the design and characteristics of yachts which the professional sportsman will find instructive.

**T**HE anonymous authorship of "The Bread Winners" was recently discussed in an article in the *New York Sun*, the object of which was to permit Mr. Charles Frederick Adams to deny the authorship, which certain persons had confidently imputed to him, and which he had declined for years either to affirm or to deny "out of personal regard" for a man rash enough to make a public statement implicating him as the author! Personal friendship could perhaps, go no farther. In the same article was a discussion of the subject of anonymity in general, in which Mr. Richard Watson Gilder, editor of the *Century Magazine*, was quoted as saying in connection with the Saxe Holm stories, which antedated "The Bread Winners," that "the name of the author has never been made public, and very few people, I believe, know it. I know it, and it ought to be made public, but there is no indication that the author will consent." In his "American Anthology" Mr. Stedman cautiously attributes the authorship of the Saxe Holm stories to Helen Hunt Jackson, and other biographical references fol-

low his, with the same caution, however. When Mr. Gilder says that "there is no indication that the author will consent," he clearly intimates that the author is in a position to consent if he, or she, thought it advisable, and this would seem to dispose of the claims which have been made for "H. H." Regarding the authorship of "The Bread Winners," only two members of the Harper firm knew the identity of the author—Joseph W. Harper and J. Henry Harper. The former is dead. The latter says the firm is still paying the author royalties on "The Bread Winners," and, desiring to print a new edition, adds: "The author of 'The Bread Winners' within the past few years has attained such a prominent position before the public that his name on the title page of a book as its author would have very great commercial value. We wrote to him frankly presenting this view of the case to him, and from the circumstance that the really very attractive commercial feature of the case did not in the least appeal to him, the inference seems to be legitimate that his personal financial position is a fortunate one." Could anything point more clearly to Secretary of State Hay?

**M**R. Reginald De Koven began, some time in the eighties to write the score of light operas. He had been studying at Stuttgart, at Florence, at Paris and Vienna, and he was impregnated with the musical spirit of the time—an insouciant and delicate mood, romantic and gay. The sturdier period of the operas of Offenbach and of Sullivan was passing. French vivacity and English humor had done their utmost with the score and



REGINALD DE KOVEN

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with the libretti of light opera. It remained for the Americans to introduce a reckless, melodious, incoherent and dashing opera which was to act as a mental cocktail upon the hard-working, tense-living American.

From the outset Mr. De Koven had a keen and ingenious collaborator in Mr. Harry B. Smith, who matched his mood to De Koven's merrily, and the two made themselves celebrated in very little time. Other librettists have written with Mr. De Koven also, and Mr. Smith has given the text to Herbert and other composers; yet the names of De Koven and Smith are associated in the public mind quite indissolubly.

Mr. De Koven has written the music of "The Begum," "Don Quixote," "Robin

Hood," "The Fencing Master," "Rob Roy," "The Knickerbockers," "The Tzigane," "The Mandarin," "The Highwayman," "The Three Dragoons," "Papa's Wife," and "Foxy Quiller;" besides songs, some of which bear evidence to abilities to which his operas have not permitted full play.

He was one of the first men of the west to express himself in music of his own creation, and having as he did, the advantage of distinguished family connections, unusual educational opportunities, a charming personality and marriage with a brilliant woman, he has been a conspicuous and much admired figure. For several years he has made his home in New York, though as both he and Mrs. De Koven have the trans-Atlantic habit, they



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HARRY B. SMITH

consider themselves, no doubt, as members of that large band of luxurious gypsies, who follow amusement and good climate the world around. This gypsying does not, however, interfere with Mr. De Koven's industry. He is a hard student and an energetic worker, and his facile talent has brought him generous returns. The degree of Musical Doctor has been conferred upon him by Racine College.

**I**N that very interesting article on "The Present Vogue of Mr. Shaw," which appeared in the June number of this magazine, the author, Mr. Archibald Henderson, was made to credit Shaw's latest book, "Man and Superman," to the publishing house of H. S. Stone & Company, Chicago; when it should have

been credited to Brentano's, New York. We present our compliments to both houses and beg the American publisher of Mr. Shaw's books to accept our apologies.

**C**LEMENT Scott, who recently died in London, occupied in the English metropolis a position somewhat similar to that of William Winter in New York. In spite, however, of a long life spent in writing for the press, the production of books and in association with the cleverest and most prominent people of the stage and literature, Mr. Scott died the recipient of charity, his death occurring just after his theatrical friends had participated in a successful "benefit" performance for his relief. He was a Lon-

doner, born in 1841. His first wife was a sister of Du Maurier, the artist. In 1859 he left school and entered the War Office, from which he retired on a pension in 1877. In 1872 he became dramatic critic of the London *Telegraph*. He remained with the *Telegraph* as its critic until his death. His published books, numbering about a dozen, are not very well known in this country. His fame rested upon his dramatic criticism, which was always characterized by eminent fairness. He was widely known by stage folk and almost universally liked. His work, while not illuminating as to form, was sane, readable and impartial. He wrote some verse and a few of his lyrics set to music had great popularity. He wrote the words of De Koven's "Oh, Promise Me."

"MY Mamie Rose," Owen Kildare's story of his rise from the hoodlum life of the Bowery to the disinterested life of an unauthorized missionary among the slums of New York, has not found a publisher in England. It was held that the story was too essentially American, though it would appear to a disinterested person that the development of a soul was a subject of sufficiently universal appeal to have warranted the publication of the book in any country. It is certain that the popularity of "My Mamie Rose" continues in this country, and great interest is felt in the man whose capabilities, awakened when he reached manhood, should have flowered into such excellent bloom. The straightforward, picturesque style of the book, the tenderness and essential loveliness of the tale, the absence of affectation, the accent of truth, make it of more than ordinary charm. Those who know the author, Owen Kildare, speak of him with admiration, and say that fame and prosperity have not spoiled him in the least. His passion to be of service to the people from whom he sprung remains pure and earnest.

It may not be generally known that another writer, and a man of totally different antecedents, Arthur Ketchum, the poet, is also a laborer among the lowly. He left Williams College, from which he was graduated with honors, carrying with him prognostications of a brilliant career, to enter upon a life of obscurity and indefatigable toil in a Sailor's Rescue Home in Boston. To these rough and often formidable men, with their peculiar vices and virtues, he gives himself utterly. Only now and then poems from his pen reach the world—poems the more pregnant, perhaps, for the sorrow he sees and the sacrifices he knows. That he works beyond his strength and is in danger of shortening a career of great promise, his best friends insist. The man who could have lived a life of easy honor, of poet-delight, surrounded by the refinements of life and by the society of a choice group of friends, has preferred the loneliness and disappointment incident upon a career of modern sainthood. The white passion for immolation, that has survived the days of hermit cells upon the Celtic coast, and caves in the hills above Jerusalem, inspires the best and most richly endowed of our time to assume these uttermost social responsibilities of bearing the burdens of the forgotten—of the wan sinners of our slums—the sullen, unlettered men who toil in our subways and alleys.

Over against the bright, self-assured pagan literature of the time, against the fashionable pessimism, against the cultivated indifference of a certain type of men successful both in commerce and in letters, these men and women stand, making their sacrifice in humbleness of spirit, asking no recognition. They have "gone down the steps of honor" to help up those who may not climb alone. And though it is easy to dismiss them with a flippant epigram, and has become the fashion to do so, it may be that they will be remembered when the complaisant and the successful are well forgotten.

THERE was once a man—nay, there still is a man—who is enamored of summer. Like the cave-dweller, he is dependent upon the seasons for his happiness. He works in town eleven good months of the year, and he works where telegraph, steam, pneumatics, linotypes and presses do their utmost at once to facilitate his labor and make him their slave. But for one month of the year he is his own man. And then he goes in search of summer. One does not mean by that that he seeks out a place where the thermometer does its torrid worst. Quite the contrary.

What he does is this. He takes a train from Chicago to Milwaukee; then another train up into the wilderness—the moderately peopled, luxurious wilderness of the arboreal state of Wisconsin. He rides about a half-day's journey, and leaves the train at a town which he has forbidden his friends to mention. A wagon awaits him there, and about four of an afternoon, if all be well, this wagon comes upon a certain cold, swift, amber-colored, shallow, purling stream. The glaciers made a wild way for it in the centuries gone. It is loved of many wild creatures, fringed with tossing, plume-like brakes

and ferns, shaded with trees of giant size. At the point where the road crosses this stream, the man parts with the driver of the wagon, stores beneath the bushes his

surplus luggage, draws on rubber boots, shoulders his kit, and turns west-by-northwest up the river bed. It is the only possible pathway, for on each side the forest is dense and tangled. For three-quarters of a mile he makes his way along this chilly path, his face brushed by low branches, the water beneath his feet cascading over shoals of round black stones. And at length he enters upon a clearing. It is not a clearing made by the lumberman's ax, but by nature herself in some curious mood. The balsam and the pine range about it in a semi-circle. Lush grass grows there—grass which in "the boyhood of the year" is of all things most exquisitely verdant,



VIRGINIA KEEP  
PORTRAIT PAINTER AND ILLUSTRATOR

which in summer is gold and in autumn tawny. The ground birds make the place their haunt. The trout leap in the swift stream that rushes by, the deer come down, dainty and proud, to drink by moonlight. And here in a tent grown gray from many campings, the man lives for four weeks of summer-rich solitude. Here "peace



comes dropping slow," and the man gives himself up deliberately to that respite of madness with which the sane need, now and then, to regale themselves. He thinks his own thoughts, uninfluenced by any community. He conforms only to day and night, hunger and thirst. His pastime is to observe the stars, the linnets, the wind-shaken trees. His occupation is to provide food and fire. And, quite incidentally, he writes. But to tell what he writes might be to confide the identity of the man, who, known among his associates as a downright sensible and more or less impersonal writer, would feel great distaste at having his "hour of madness and of joy" made common property.

ONE of the truly impressive things in American literature is the industry of its humorists. What assiduity have our jesters shown, what solemn devotion to their task of enlivening the nation! One of the most dutiful humorists is John Kendrick Bangs. In season and out he has been at his post. The editorial blight has never overtaken him, though he has done quantities of editorial work. He has written at least one book, "The Houseboat on the Styx," which must always be mentioned as among the distinctive books of its period, and thirty-four or thirty-five other volumes of one sort and another, not to mention many short stories, and quantities of editorial comment. A man with a mission the humorist certainly is, and it is stimulating to find that so representative a one as Mr. Bangs, has never shirked his responsibilities.

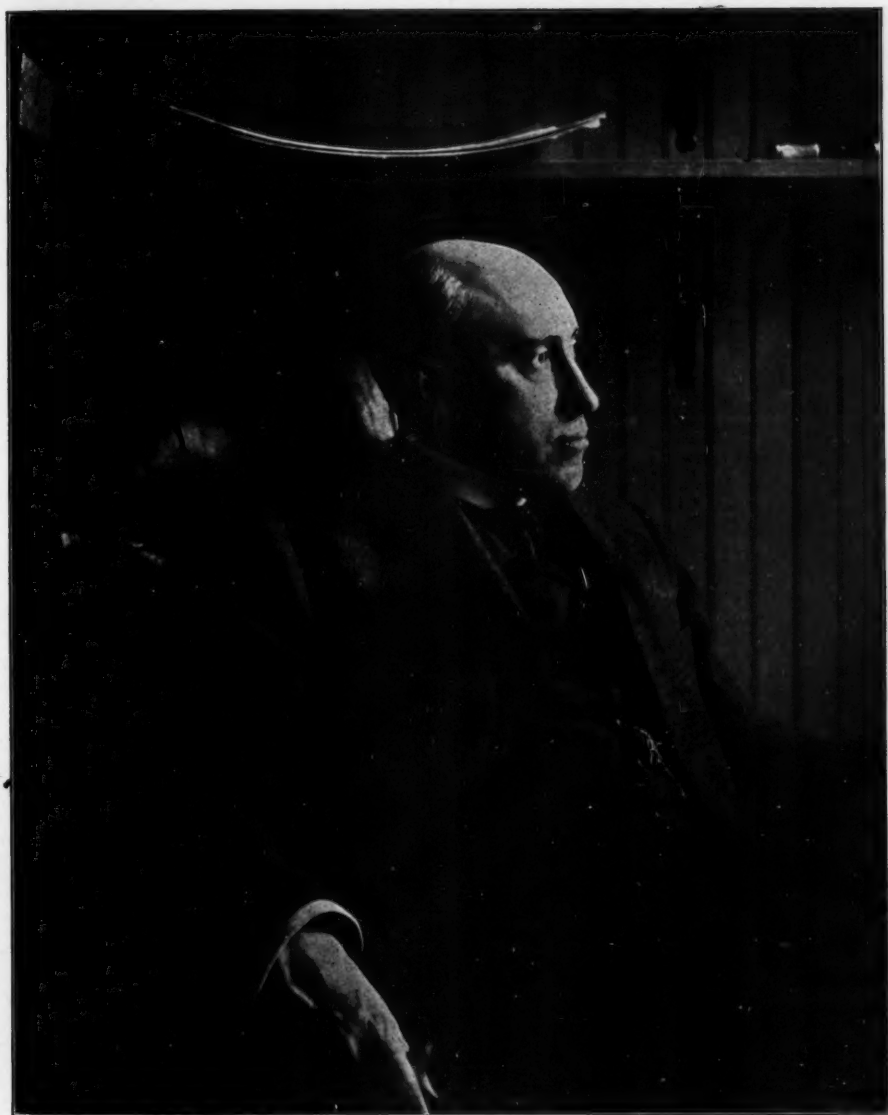
He was born in Yonkers, N. Y., and Columbia is his Alma Mater. *Life*, *Harper's Magazine*, *Harper's Weekly* and the *Metropolitan Magazine* have had his editorial assistance or supervision, and he now goes, with many honors and valuable experience to give him prestige, to take charge of *Puck*. Mr. Bangs has had his experience with politics, and even ran for the mayoralty of Yonkers, but was

defeated because he chanced that year to be with the unpopular party, and he went down with his banner. He has, however, served on the school board of his town.

He has contrived, first and last, to laugh at almost everything, from ghosts to Bonaparte, from Olympus to plum puddings, from politics to boys. The laugh is never tinged with bitterness, nor is the satire double edged. The quality of the mirth is, indeed, sometimes gentle to a degree. But it has been of a character to tickle the fancy of the American, who does not care to have his wit sharpened to too fine a point, nor yet provocative of the guffaw, but who likes to have a joke stir in his thoughts like sunshine in a forest, with illuminating but not disturbing effect. He can chuckle off and on for years over the notion of a horse hair sofa whose sorrows caused it to turn white in a single night; he is pleased to turn over in his reveries, the mildly-jocular fancy of a houseboat on the Styx, and he likes to meet ghosts that Mr. Bangs has known.

English critics have said more than once that our most distinctively American writers are our humorists. And very likely the critics are right.

MR. Josiah Strong is one of those men who have put into a theological career the energy, acumen and vitality that his business contemporaries employ in their commercial pursuits. His influence, which is widespread, does not arise from impassioned and eloquent fanaticism on his part, but from a sane, determined, persistent interest in the welfare of men. His new book, "Social Progress," is not confined to theory and dissertation, but contains compilations and classifications of statistics relating to all topics of human uplift. These are to be found nowhere else, and clergymen, settlement workers, benevolent persons both public and private, labor leaders and educators appreciate them.



Made for THE READER MAGAZINE by  
W. M. Vander Weyde

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

LAURENCE Hutton, author, artist and critic, who has passed during the last month from the scene of his extraordinary earthly activity, has been accredited with only one form of genius—the genius for friendship. Though he displayed an industry and ingenuity which made him remarkable in a literary way, yet these activities were not his main springs. He has no need to have his life measured by them. He was a fine literary workman, it is true, a persistent and inquisitive scholar, a collector of rare and interesting objects, a man of the artist's temperament. But he was, above all, a man who enjoyed life. The detached attitude of the proverbial scholar was never his. He embroidered his life with his occupations, but to enjoy human companionship, to live the part of a gentleman of hospitality and neighborliness, was, perhaps, unexpressed, his true ideal.

Mr. Hutton was born in New York, August 8, 1843, and was educated at private schools. He was not a college-bred man, but he attained to his intellectual majority in his frequent visits to the old world, and in his intimate association with great books. So much of college recognition he has as consisted of the degree of A. M. conferred upon him by Yale in 1892, and the same degree conferred by Princeton in 1897. Mr. Hutton chose, early, and after some commercial experience, a literary career. His predilection was an inheritance, unquestionably, for his father, though a merchant, was a scholar, who prized a fine old book, and who loved the acquaintance of book-writing men.

Laurence Hutton combined, from the first, the spirit of the collector with that of the writer, and his "Literary Landmarks of London" was a successful attempt to associate dead and gone writers with their houses and neighborhoods in London. It was a production involving extraordinary labor, for London has her way of obliterating landmarks, and Mr.

Hutton actually resorted, at times, to surveying the streets, obtaining measurements and thus locating to his satisfaction, the ancient homes of distinguished men.

Six other volumes of "Landmarks" followed, the last of which was his "Oxford," which irritated Englishmen not a little, revealing, as it did, a too great intimacy, as they were pleased to think, with that older Oxford, which they were inclined to take with negligence.

In his young manhood, Mr. Hutton showed his enthusiasm for the theater, and became not only a brilliant and individual critic of plays whose work found constant publication in the press, but the author of several books upon the subject, the first of which was "Plays and Players," which appeared as early as 1872. He had his editorial experiences also, and was, for years, the literary editor of *Harper's Magazine*; and, at the time of his death, was lecturer on English Literature at Princeton.

His hobbies have become famous. They were the hobbies of a man of taste—a man possessing that fine acquisitiveness seldom seen in America until lately, but common enough not only among the dilettanti but among men of affairs in Europe. Hutton loved extra-illustrating as some men love the pursuit of wealth. He could exercise both patience and pertinacity in following and securing a print, and having got it, he knew precisely what to do with it. The delicate task of inlaying books was quite to his mind. He loved these forms of superfine puttering. His individual copy of "Plays and Players" was enlarged to four substantial volumes by the portraits and letters of old actors and actresses. His "Landmarks of London" was enriched with old prints of London houses, bridges, streets and famous men. He was willing to comment upon his enthusiasm, and has written delightfully on the subject of Grangerism.

He had, however, an extraordinary en-

thusiasm for another hobby—that of death masks. He acquired it by accident. It was in the 'sixties that he ran across a number of death masks, which had been raked out of the dust bin by some prowling boy. Mr. Hutton "got his start" with them. They attracted him as something weird, unusual and significant, and he grasped at the chance to amuse himself with another hobby. He became an indefatigable seeker of death masks, and here, as in other pursuits, showed patience and scholarly curiosity in tracing some unidentified portrait in plaster to its true source and name. Mr. Hutton wrote about his masks, thus sharing them with the public, and finally presented his collection to the University of Princeton. He had also a liking for the casts of the hands of people who had worked out their celebrity or immortality.

His love for out-of-the-way things was inveterate, and showed itself in all he did. His series of essays upon the ancient origin of modern festivals, games and amusements is an excellent example of this enthusiasm. He liked to vitalize the past, to summon back pleasant old ghosts, to walk the streets of old with men toward whom he felt a neighborly interest, in spite of the accident of intervening decades or centuries. He was friendly toward dead men as toward living ones. And of the living ones he could never have enough. That affectation of exclusion which makes many a distinguished man appear ridiculous, was never among his failings. In his home at New York, and in his later home at Princeton, he welcomed a great part of the interesting literary and artistic persons of his time, beside hundreds who, not distinguished, were congenial, and could offer him, what was more to him than distinction, the cup of sweetly savored friendship.

Those who knew and loved him well, had a certain dread concerning the conduct of his funeral. They feared the dry

panegyric for a man whose outlook upon life had been simple, spontaneous, kindly and affectionate. But their fears might have been spared. Dr. Henry Van Dyke, who conducted those ceremonies, knew Mr. Hutton too intimately to make any mistakes. It was one of Mr. Hutton's peculiarities to prefer his hymns read rather than sung, and of all hymns he liked best one associated with his boyhood, and taught him by his mother: "How firm a foundation." This Dr. Van Dyke read to the end. He made but few additional remarks. He considered it superfluous to comment upon the qualities of a man who had enriched the lives of all those present with his genuine interest in them and their concerns, and who, passing away, had rejoiced to the last in the privilege of life, and had closed his eyes with the full expectation of opening them again with cognizance of the continuing city of friends known and yet to be known.

ROBERT Louis Stevenson used to sigh and say that he wished he could find a book to read like "Treasure Island." No one, it appeared, could provide just the quality of well-spiced adventure which suited Stevenson's palate. One wonders how he would incline toward "Lure o' Gold," which Mr. Bailey Millard has written. Mr. Millard has his own way of finding adventure, and has taken his hero down into a ship's shaft alley, where thirty men, gold-mad, toil to find treasure hidden there; and when they unite in attacking the hero; he is saved by a quite unheard of miracle. Miracles for heroes are common enough, but this is of a new variety, and Mr. Stevenson in his place of pleasant ghosts, Mr. Kipling in that semi-retirement which has overtaken him, and Mr. Anthony Hope in his complaisant retreat, may all accord praise to this gallant new writer of adventure and the "gamble of life."



ELLIOTT FLOWER

Mr. Flower has sprung into prominence as one of the foremost short-story writers of the day. His style is distinguished by strength and straightforwardness. He writes easily and rapidly, and his inventive faculty seems exhaustless. He has made a certain form of modern short story so definitely his own, and so popular, that the demand for his work exceeds even his remarkable productivity.



RICHARD Watson Gilder once wrote a poem beginning, "Over the tops of the houses, I hear the barking of Leo"; in summer-time, one must either listen to singing within sound of the breaking waves, or hearken to music from the tops of the houses, alias roof gardens. To be cool, thought must be light and frothy, and ocean zephyrs must be kept in motion by noiseless, invisible electric fans. Ice should tinkle in thin glasses—almost air-blown—and the faintest breeze should be increased a thousand-fold. In town, the colored bulbs are beginning to vie with the moonlight; laughter and gay strains are sifting down to the hot, soft, sticky asphalt of Broadway. It is summer, and theaters are opened to the sky.

Indoors, DeWolf Hopper is melting under his nightly mirth-making in "Wang," a mixture of music and extempore remarks. He is a large man—this Hopper—and it will take some time for him to succumb to the heat. "A Venetian Romance," cool though the rippling sound may be, is wilting; "Piff, Paff, Pouff," with its cork-exploding name, is wavering before closing its doors. Everything gives way to the open-air breeze-provokers. By day, managers are toiling and moiling over the next season's plans; by night, a pleasure-seeking public gasps "over the tops of the houses."

"THE Web of Indian Life" is the attractive title of a book dealing with the Indian folk tales, the Caste system, the life of the woman of India and "The Synthesis of Indian Thought." Miss Margaret E. Noble is the author, and her knowledge of her subject has been gained by long residence as a member of the Ramakrishna in the Hindu Quarter of Calcutta.

Folk who know have long had a suspicion that if India is to be understood by any Occidental, that one must be a woman. Something of subtlety, of illu-

sion, of detachment from practical life, is best comprehended by women or poets. Even the careful student of Oriental thought and literature may miss the curious spirit of the East—pass it by utterly in making himself acquainted with the letter of its erudition. Miss Noble, it is thought, has done well. She has been explanatory and sympathetic, and she is, what perhaps she had need to be for an understanding of mysticism so strange, a Celt.

THE devil has played a conspicuous part in literature. He has, indeed, had cause to be not a little flattered at the attention he has received at the hands of the best writers, and at the strength of character with which he has been accredited. It has remained for Bernard Shaw to introduce him in the light of an unmitigated bore, a shallow pretender, a different *manqué* of a majesty. He is prematurely bald, according to Mr. Shaw, and, in spite of an effusion of good nature and friendliness, is peevish and sensitive when his advances are not reciprocated. He does not inspire much confidence in his powers of hard work or endurance, and is, on the whole, a disagreeably self-indulgent-looking person; but he is clever and plausible, though perceptibly less well-bred than the men and women who surround him in the not too intolerable domain in which he accommodates his followers, none of whom appears to be more than half-hearted in his allegiance.

He is loquacious to a degree, and feels himself under the need of making perpetual explanations, and he appears to be conscious that he is pretty well beaten out of the best preserves of the universe. He says: "It is true that the world can not get on without me; but it never gives me credit for that; in its heart it mistrusts and hates me. Its sympathies are all with misery, with poverty, with starvation of the body and the heart." He wants "warmth of heart, true sincerity,

the bond of sympathy and love!" He complains that the clever men who were at first consigned to his kingdom moped there, not finding sufficient entertainment or food for thought, and were finally admitted to heaven on the score of their distaste for hell. And he is inclined to give man the palm for cruelty. He says that man, not finding any beast of the field, or the plague, famine, or pestilence sufficiently cruel, has exhausted his ingenuity in devising instruments of destruction. He has a very poor opinion of the implements man has invented to assist in the sustenance of his life and for his personal convenience, but a tremendously high opinion of his death devices. Man, who is forever whimpering about his sorrows, is, he thinks, the instigator of most of them—of the rack, the stake, and the gallows, and of all the chemistry and machinery which make up the arts of death—the Maxime gun, the submarine torpedo boat, the dynamite bomb, etc. It would appear that His Satanic Majesty has come, in the course of years to fear man, whom he finds so much more formidable than himself. Nor has he been able to provide Hell with sufficient attractions to hold the intellectual. They are soon wearied of a place founded on illusions, on trivial pleasures and poor values.

As the Western idea of the place of punishment for departed spirits was taken chiefly from that excellent Puritan Milton, it is, perhaps, no more than fair that its sham terrors should be dissipated by a valorous satirist, who, in making the ordinary notion of the diabolical one ridiculous, leaves the mind free to erect and furnish for itself a punitive residence according to taste.

**M**ISS Marlowe played in "Ingomar" when the thermometer was uncertain whether it would let the mercury overflow the top—yet had it been hotter still, one could have put up with the three hours, for the pure delight of watching

the poetry of this artist's work. There is beauty of ease and grace about her movements—especially noticeable in the rôle of Parthenia, where the Greek folds and draperies accentuate the rhythmic motion—there is depth and throbbing humanity in her voice that makes "two souls with but a single thought" lose its commonplaceness before her sincerity. Not often do we find the gift possessed by Miss Marlowe. The mature note, the girlishness, the petulance, the subtle feeling—she holds her art at her command. Her likeness, in many ways, to Miss Matthison is striking.

**W**ILLIAM Nicholson, the English artist, possesses, along with his talent for portraiture, that radical reticence which makes it extremely difficult to learn much about him. He has carefully suppressed all facts about himself, in which the public might be interested. He has baffled all attempts to interview him, and the date and place of his birth, the extent of his art education, the actual beginning of his public career are all shrouded in mystery.

There is a legend that he studied art in Paris, but that he failed to get on very well. He refuses to affirm even that, evading it by saying: "I was always very lazy, and one does not always care to reveal the past." When questioned as to the things that influenced him in his art, he is said to have replied: "Things get on one's nerves, and it is frequently very difficult to say definitely what does influence one's work." That's fine English frankness, isn't it? Charming lucidity!

It is known, however, that under the name of the Beggarstaff Brothers, Nicholson and a Mr. Prejde first attracted attention with a series of advertising posters. Nicholson saw that something original could be done in the same style, and he struck out for himself. The result was: "A Square Book of Animals," the verses of which were supplied by A. B. Waugh.



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W. M. Vander Weyde

WILLIAM NICHOLSON

It made an instant hit. The crude colors, the flat drawing done in a few strong strokes and plenty of background caught the public fancy, and the latent sense of humor was tickled. This was published in 1896. "An Alphabet" appeared in the following year, and in 1898 came "London Types," with verses by W. E. Henley. This may be said to have fixed Mr. Nicholson's reputation, and the portraits of Queen Victoria, Kipling, Cecil Rhodes, Bismarck, etc., had an immense popularity. The portraiture was excellent and the decorative effect of the pictures made them sought for everywhere. Most of the distinguished subjects sat for the artist. Kipling conceived a great liking for Nicholson, and he proposed to him that they do something together. The result was: "An Almanac of Twelve Spots," for which Mr. Kipling wrote the verse.

This came out in 1898 and was quite

as popular as the others. Mr. Nicholson has done a striking portrait of President Roosevelt.

THE Mississippi valley is commemorating a hundred years of progress with an exhibition of arts and industries the like of which the world has never seen. Imagination fails to realize the depth of the gulf which time has bridged, and how remote is the life of a century ago from that of to-day. In our fancy we try to picture the home life of the pioneers, but with our homes filled with pictures and books and newspapers and magazines the effort is not a very successful one. Fortunately, in one respect at least, the contrast is actual and visible.

On Independence Day, in the busy little city made famous throughout the land by the lamented Maurice Thompson's romance, "Alice of Old Vincennes," a news-

paper which had its beginnings in the wilderness celebrated the centenary of its foundation. The *Western Sun and General Advertiser* was first published at Vincennes by Elihu Stout, July 4, 1804. Subsequently the office was destroyed by fire, and, therefore, the oldest of its files that we have seen is dated in 1807. This is early enough, however, to give one a lively appreciation of the immense strides which have been made by the newspapers of this country in a century. Moral rather than physical courage was a requisite in the journalism of those days. The paper contained no local news; therefore, a chronicling of the doings of the bad man of the village not being in fashion, there was nothing to imperil the safety of the editor. Later, by a quarter of a century, we find some improvement in the newspaper. It has added a column to a page, and its stature has increased—but not to its full size. It begins to contain a local note, but nothing of importance. Its news from abroad is four or five months old; from the national capital about sixty days.

The material from which the *Western Sun* was printed was brought overland from Louisville, Ky., on the backs of pack horses. No one seems to have been curious enough to trace it back of that point, and we are left to speculate as to where it was made, and what it really consisted of. Only one outfit had preceded it across the Alleghanies, and that was used to print the *Cincinnati Gazette* in 1793. The *Western Sun* was its little sister, in the wilderness nearly a week's travel toward the setting sun. The *Western Sun* had its ups and downs, its changes of ownership, lapses in publication, perversion of purpose and name. It is not intended to chronicle them, but to pass on to a second epoch in its history wherein we may well imagine there is visible the finger of Fate. That epoch dates from the national awakening brought about by the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia, which appears par-

ticularly to have stirred the Middle West to its very bowels.

In those days daily newspapers were not generally published in small cities, owing to the great expense, but following the centennial year a newspaper in a small town near Indiana's capital began the publication of an afternoon issue with local news exclusively. The plate-makers had not yet solved the problem—Major Orlando J. Smith was still reposing peacefully on the banks of the Wabash. The spirit of progress, however, was working within the old *Western Sun*, awaiting an opening. It came in another year. A western genius discovered the practical application of plate service for daily newspapers, and in February, 1879, the *Western Sun* threw off a minor planet, daily. This assertion of the practical application of plate service is made with some mental qualifications, for this service caused a wealth of woe. The plates were sent hot from the pot, and were tacked on wood bases. This wood was frequently green—in fact it seemed seldom to be dry—and when received, some two or three of the six columns were always warped so wretchedly that it was next to impossible to lock them in the forms. The mallet and the planer were the most important tools in use in those days. Objurgations hurled at the head of the shippers brought ultimate relief, for the same genius who had evolved the plates, evolved a metal base, and a wonderfully complicated system of fastening the two together. One could fill a book with a description of the various devices invented to perfect these "telegraphic" plates, to cheapen them so that they would not be beyond the reach of the humblest publisher, and to enable them to be used with the utmost despatch, and with absolute safety. This device alone had a more far-reaching influence than it has been given credit for, for in the next decade prosperous daily newspapers sprang up by hundreds in little cities of three to five thousand in population, in all parts of the country.

## THE CRITIC'S REVENGE

"OH THAT MINE ADVERSARY HAD WRITTEN A BOOK"

*By William J. Lampton*

ONCE on a time a critic knew  
A girl he loved full well,  
And straightway he proceeded to  
His love and so forth tell.

She listened—she was most polite—  
And when his talk was done,  
She said that she was sorry, quite,  
But he was not the one.

His love forthwith was changed to wrath,  
So fiercely flared his ire,  
That he set out upon the path  
Which leads to vengeance dire.

She was a writer-girl, and when  
Betimes she wrote a book,  
He poured the vitriol on his pen,  
And chortled till he shook.

And what a "roast" he gave to it,  
What wormwood and what gall—  
And waited when he'd made his hit  
To see the structure fall.

The book caught on; it was a go;  
Two hundred thousand sold;  
The author was the season's show,  
She lined her clothes with gold.

The critic drank the bitter cup,  
His pen began to drag,  
And while she ate the pudding up,  
He had to chew the bag.



## ON WRITING FOR MAGAZINES

*By Clara E. Laughlin*

**A**BOUT once a day at the least every editor is asked by some one what the "chances" are in writing for magazines. Once upon a time the most frequent query, always plaintively delivered, was, "Is it any use for an unknown person to send manuscripts to an editor?" It is inconceivable that there can be any one nowadays who could ask that question. The frantic eagerness of editors to examine everything that is written, is or ought to be firmly impressed on the mind of every one who ever handles a pen,—or typewriter. The commoner question now is, "How can I know what kind of things to send? How can I reduce the heavy odds against my being able to guess what any editor wants?" This is a question that I would I could answer, but I can't,—I doubt if any one can. But I have a few suggestions that may go as far toward answering it as is practicable.

As an editor I ought to encourage every one to keep writing and keep sending, but as one who has now and then written and sent, and as the friend of a great many of those who contribute to magazines, I am going to commit myself to the opinion that, in general, the practice of "writing and sending" is a pretty tolerable waste of time. "In general," mind you—not necessarily, and not from any fault of the editors nor yet from any fault of the would-be contributors, but from the essential limitations of the system.

To comprehend these limitations, imagine a parallel situation in another branch of industry. Here is a young man who has heard tales of the great fortunes made by inventors. He determines to become an inventor and forthwith sits down

to invent. Let us say he achieves something in the way of a clothes-wringer. The contrivance perfected, he adopts a very primitive method of finding a market; he puts the wringer under his arm and goes from door to door seeking a purchaser. "No," says the first "lady of the house," "I have a good wringer which meets all my needs." "No," says the second lady, "I don't allow my laundress to use a wringer, it screws all the buttons off the clothes." "No," says the third lady, "I send all my washing out,"—and so he might go from door to door until weary and disheartened and return home at night, his wringer still under his arm.

Now, the situation isn't quite parallel to the writer's, because the young man with the wringer needn't do as described, but the writer must. If one has a fairly good patent he can doubtless get some one to invest a little capital in it and put it on the market for him, manufacturing in quantities and advertising it well, getting salesmen out on the road with it and inducing local dealers to keep it in stock. This is what a book publisher does for a book, he "promotes" it,—puts it where retail purchasers can find it, and tries to induce them to purchase.

But the man with a magazine manuscript to sell is in a bad situation; he is in the situation the man with the wringer would be if the conditions of commercial intercourse were what they were in the Middle Ages; if there were no such thing as advertising, no such things as jobbing houses and traveling salesmen and department stores, where, while a woman is on her way to buy a spool of thread, she may be made to pass a counter where the wringer is being glibly "demonstrated,"

with the result that she buys a wringer, too. Merchandizing used to be a house-to-house matter; a mercer or a linen-draper or an artificer in gold and jewels came to one's house and showed his goods and made a sale sometimes, and sometimes did not. Sometimes a fair lady wanted an India mull gown, but had to wait until there chanced that way a merchant who carried goods from the Orient; sometimes a merchant who carried goods from the Orient had to visit and display and talk persuasively in many a house before he found a lady who needed or wanted or could afford an India mull gown; sometimes, it is quite conceivable, the merchant who had the gown and the lady who wanted it, did not chance to meet.

Now, selling manuscripts is like house-to-house peddling. You sit at home in your literary shop and manufacture an article on, let us say, "The State of Morals in Korea." Then you tuck it under your arm, metaphorically speaking, and put on your hat, and go out to hunt for some editor who wants or can be made to want, an article on that subject.

"Why 'Korea'?" says editor number one. "Why not Timbuctoo or Rajputana, or Booriboola-Gha? Now, if there were a war in Korea, or about Korea, or Korea should get up a monster volcanic eruption like Pelée, or a decimating famine, or something of the sort, I might like this article. But as it is, I couldn't have the smallest possible use for it."

He may not tell you this, but it is what he thinks. All you get, doubtless, is his printed slip of regret that your matter is not quite available. And right here let me make your mind easy on one point. You need never write to him, on receipt of such a slip, to ask him if there is anything you can do to make the article "fit." If there is the faintest glimmer in it of anything that he wants, he will lose no time in writing to you and asking you if you would be willing to rewrite it for him, speculatively, on such and such lines.

This is done a hundred times every day in the editing business of the country,—if not more.

"No," says editor number two, to himself, as he hands over your article for return, "people seem to be tired to death of these 'travelers' impressions,' and I'm going to let up on 'em."

"No," says editor number three, "I can't use this. I've just accepted an article on Korea by our ex-minister to that country."

"No," says editor number four, "I've been using a good deal of Japanese and Chinese stuff, on account of the recent wars, and I think my readers are pretty tired of the Orient."

"No," says editor number five, "apparently, if we're to believe the article, there are not many morals in Korea. My readers would not stand for his plain-speaking."

Editor number six would take the article if there were any pictures available, but as there are not, he can not use it. And so it goes. There is nothing inherently the matter with the article; if there were to be an earthquake which should send Korea to the bottom of the sea, it might immediately become a very valuable article, and probably every editor who remembered declining it would write in haste to see if it were still obtainable.

Any editor will tell you that of the mass of stuff rejected, there is always a large proportion which must be returned not because there is any particular reason why it should *not* be printed, but because there is no particular reason why it *should*. True, as any editor will admit to you, there's many an article published concerning which one can only wonder how it strayed into print. Editors frequently have aberrations which are as strange to themselves as to any onlooker. But ordinarily an editor has some fairly definite standards, and certain conditions of timeliness and adaptability to his audience, of reference to material already published or

purchased, must actuate him in his consideration of any manuscript. He must not be blamed because it does not seem practicable to him to purchase your elaborate essay on Emerson or your carefully-compounded article on your last summer trip to Europe. Nor must you be blamed if, after a long course of writing and sending in the hit or miss fashion which is, unfortunately, the only fashion possible except one, and that not easy to follow, you grow discouraged with hawking your wares from door to door without finding the purchaser who probably exists for you somewhere on earth if you could only find him.

The poor editor who should be so fatuous as to depend for the contents of his magazine on the driftwood that came in to him, would soon be replaced, or his magazine would needs go out of business. Not only has the day gone by when editors sat in easy chairs and majestically sifted wheat from chaff in the piles of stuff sent prayerfully to them, but gone, too, is the day when an editor could sit in his office and plan a good magazine out of his inner consciousness. A good magazine to-day represents the skilful collaboration of several bright, keen men, or men and women, and its make-up is a nice medium between what the editors have reason to think their subscribers want and what they have reason to think their contributors can do best.

It is an important part of good editing nowadays to keep in as close touch as possible with the greatest possible number and variety of persons who write. It is part of an editor's business to keep well informed on all the new books and all his contemporaries among the periodicals,—to know (better, perhaps, than the man himself knows) what kind or kinds of work any given man can best do, and to have the knowledge filed away in his memory for ready reference. It is part of his business, too, to see and talk with, whenever he can, not only the persons

who are trying to write for him, but all persons whose situation in life is at all interesting in a way which might some day make them valuable to him.

He remembers a luncheon one long ago day when he talked with a man wonderfully well informed on Japanese art, and when he needs some knowledge on Japanese art he seeks out that man and gets him to furnish it, or to direct him to the best source of supply. A race war on a small scale wages in a Southern state and he wants an article about it. Then there recurs to his mind a man with whom he talked one day in a Southern city,—a man whose sagacity and fairness and intimate understanding of the race problem greatly impressed him. The result probably is that he wires that man to do the article. Perhaps the man's specialty, hitherto, has been the writing of romantic fiction, but the editor is a pretty shrewd judge of "what's what," and while it might never occur to the romantic writer to write a serious article on the race problem, the editor, having heard his sane discourse thereon, ventures to believe he can, and the chances are that his guess is a good one.

Now, the wire to the Southern man goes the very day, probably, that the papers print the news of the trouble, and in a week or so, if it's for a monthly, the desired article is likely to be in the editor's hands. About the time it is in type and ready for the press, to be run alongside an authoritative article on the latest great discovery in science and another on the voyage of exploration now engaging the world's interest, there drifts into the office among the mass of matter a casual dissertation on "The Cause of the Negro," from a professor in an Iowa college, and an article on Venice by the wife of a clergyman, and an essay on Edgar Allan Poe, by the president of a woman's literary society. What chance on earth have these, compared with the special correspondence from the seat of the present

war,—correspondence specially arranged for at pains and expense almost incalculable? And compared with the explorer's narrative of his explorations, and the scientist's account of his discovery?

A daily paper might as well depend on chance accounts of eye-witnesses for its news, as might a modern magazine depend on the chance reflections and ventures of the world at large for its more deliberative discussion of the world's work. And the magazine editor's is the more difficult task, because his writers must change as much as possible from month to month; he can not accumulate a well-trained staff and depend on them, but must strain and strain after infinite variety. The new man is always in eager demand, but he must be a new man with a particular message, and the chances are that it will require a combination of editor and writer to find out what the message is.

Then what is the prospect of success for the individual who aspires to any part of a livelihood by writing for magazines? Well, for one thing it is pretty safe to say that it is nearly useless for him to send to any magazine of good repute an article on any subject under the sun except one on which he is exceptionally informed, and even then the likelihood of its acceptance is pitifully small. It is doubtful if ten per cent. of the matter, outside of fiction, in any good magazine, is unsolicited. The main fiction is arranged for editorially, but there is always a chance and a most excellent chance for the casual comer in fiction and short poems,—but the poems must be very short, and the fiction must compete with hundreds of other offerings of like sort. It would be disheartening to any writer trying to make his way as a magazine contributor if he could have opened before him the files of the magazines he unsuccessfully attacks, and have some one who could do so explain to him how the various things printed were obtained. He

would see, then, that the man who sits in his corner and writes has the smallest possible chance, and if he could be an editor for a little while he would see that editing would be a heap easier job if an editor could tilt back in his chair and wait for the men in their corners to come forward with timely, well-chosen, well-written, and well-assorted stuff for his pages.

It isn't the editors' fault that contributing to their magazines is so uncertain a business; and it isn't really the writers' fault. It is the fault of the conditions that obtain in the traffic between them. The man with the wringer might have a good wringer, but conceive the futility of his efforts to sell it from door to door in an apartment hotel where no washing is allowed!

The only hope for the man with the wringer is in advertising, which will bring orders to him direct, and in getting his commodity skilfully "demonstrated" in some large centers of supply whither the purchasing public comes. Now, advertising in the case of the would-be writer for magazines finds its parallel in the reputation that books bring, in the advantage of acquaintance with the men who make the magazines (not that they ever favor any one on account of friendship, but that they are more apt to know what a man can do if they know the man) and in the possession of such special knowledge on any line or lines as shall make his name synonymous with authority on those subjects. If you would get orders for your wringer, you must become known as a manufacturer of wringers. If you would get orders for magazine articles you must work for some legitimate publicity which will advertise to the editorial purchasers that you are in such and such a line of supply. I have in mind any number of our best writers of the younger generation in particular who make little indeed from their carefully-wrought books, but who have gained therefrom reputations which bring them exceedingly satisfying



orders from the editorial world. It is easier for the man with the wringer to get some one to buy advertising space for him and to design him clever "ads" than it is for the man with the manuscript to go about advertising himself as a capable writer, but there is no quick route to the kind of publicity the writer must have. He must find out what he can do, and keep doing it, conscientiously and perseveringly until the worth of his work discovers him to his purchasing public. This is, now, his only possible way of "demonstrating" his abilities, but I have sometimes thought that the ever-increasing business of publishing and writing might some day see a sort of clearing-house in operation.

The house-to-house peddling that the man with the unsolicited manuscript must do is most disheartening. The modern shopper in other commodities knows where, when a want is felt, it may be satisfied. The modern manufacturer knows where, when a commodity is produced, it will meet the eyes of the largest possible number of buyers. Why shouldn't there be some highly dignified, ably-conducted central bureau where editors might "shop" and writers might sell? Not the literary agent, for he is but a pedler from door to door on another's behalf instead of on his own, but a place where the best obtainable readers might sort and docket manuscripts and display them on sale, whither a distraught editor might come and say:

"What have you on Siberia?"

"Well," says the eminently capable librarian or sales-person, "on account of this war and the 'run' on everything Rus-

sian and Japanese, our stock of articles on those lines is a little low. But the supply has been exceptional, too," he continues, on deliberation, "and I can show you some forty or fifty, ranging all the way from a moderate priced article by a Russian student in one of our big universities, to an article by George Kennan, which would cost you a pretty penny."

"Please let me look at stories for children," says a woman editor who comes next, "something not over ten dollars." And thus the purchasing procession might continue, with the best bargains going, as always, to the keenest buyers.

An author could quite as well afford to have his wares lying on sale in a bureau like this as he can afford to keep them traveling from door to door, as he so often does now, not only if he is an unknown author, but almost equally so if he is a man of good repute who is trying to find a hole for his peg instead of fitting a peg to an existing hole.

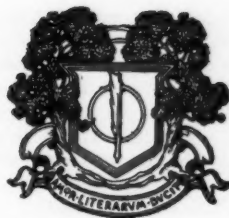
The editor, of course, would want to keep his "cinch" on certain strong writers, his ability to prevail upon whom is no small part of his equipment for his job. There could still be all the special features any editor might desire, but the bureau would give him a fine central market where he might hunt for bargains to the top of his editorial bent,—and no woman shopper, no antique-hunter, ever had such joy in digging a treasure from an unexpected place, as your editor has in discovering a new writer.

The department store has revolutionized modern trade of many sorts. Why might it not revolutionize the trade in magazine materials?





## REVIEWS



THE CROSSING. By Winston Churchill. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$1.50.

**D**URING the months that "The Crossing" has been appearing serially, the critics have kept silent, but the press notices have thickened as the day of publication drew near. Mr. Churchill owes this flattering attention partly, of course, to his talent, but largely to the high ideals that prevent haste, and strive after the best excellence. Among his merits is not usually counted that of being a juvenile writer, but if a young person reads "The Crossing," "Richard Carvel," and "The Crisis," in the order named, over a century of formative American history will be bitten into his memory, and he will be highly entertained as well. The interest thus aroused may be trusted to fill in any gaps.

David Ritchie is a canny Scotch lad, who "may be young at fifty," but who is shrewd, discreet, and far-sighted at ten. He is as skilled in wood-lore and Indian strategy as Deerslayer himself, and far better versed in state-craft. His luck will make an average boy tingle with envy. Daniel Boone teaches him how to skin a deer, and Andy Jackson, "a lanky, red-headed, bare-footed boy, with a long face under his tousled hair and a fluent use of profanity," fights him to a finish. That same summer Davy watches Moultrie defend Charlestown and helps put down a servile insurrection. Next he stays over night with Captain Jack Sevier, crosses the wilderness trail into "park-like" Kentucky, endures a year of siege at Harrodstown, and is a drummer boy when George Rogers Clark, "the servant of destiny," over-runs and annexes Illinois and Indiana. David is swept along by the rushing of great events. Once the current slackens when the phlegmatic young lawyer hangs

out his shingle in the village of Louisville. But there is no backwater for so useful a person. He is quickly caught up in the winning of the Louisiana Territory, and the tragic end of Mrs. Temple, the love-making of David and Hélène, of Nick Temple and Antoinette, the escapes and intrigues supply the essential human interest.

On the surface of serious affairs there floats the picturesque details of frontier life; the hardy pioneer babies slung to the horses' packs in hickory withes, the paper window panes smeared with bears' grease that let in a yellow light, the linen spun from nettle bark, the dresses of calamanco, the rude walnut furniture, and the rattle snakes, buffalo, paroquets, salt licks, giant bones, great falls, of the now prosaic Kentucky. At the opposite scale of existence are the Carolina manors, Louisiana plantations and town mansions inhabited by the noble French émigrés and English ducal sons, in powder, patches and velvets. Forgotten episodes like the State of Franklin, and the projected secession of Kentucky; dramatic scenes in Cahokia and Vincennes, the great council and the days of siege, march and battle; pen pictures of the infant St. Louis, and the effete New Orleans; sweeping views of virgin scenery in Tennessee and Kentucky, will reveal to many readers an abysmal ignorance of which they had not known.

"The Crossing" is a continental panorama, the game for an empire, and withal a fine tale of love and adventure. Mr. Churchill confesses, in his afterword, to a design that was too comprehensive, and to a "great sense of incompleteness." The first count may not be disputed, for the range of territory, action and type, is far too great to secure unity. He does, however, avoid confusion and maintain interest. The knowledge is encyclopedic; repletion may

be felt, but never inadequacy. The product of three years' labor is not to be dismissed in a short review, or even hastily read. "The Crossing" may fail of permanency, but it is assured of respect, and of a goodly measure of longevity. It will be a treasure-trove for the literary workman, who dislikes to do his own digging, or for the reader who wants his history illumined.

The publishers, or the author's own good taste, deserve commendation for binding these three books, "Richard Carvel," "The Crisis," and "The Crossing," alike in the plain crimson that suits equally well fiction and history. The uniformity emphasizes the idea of connection and plan, which Mr. Churchill evidently wishes to keep before his public.

A. A. S.

KINGS AND QUEENS I HAVE KNOWN. *By Helène Vacaresco. Harper & Brothers, New York. \$2.50 net.*

IT is difficult for a mere republican to do justice to this book. To such a one it seems trivial, devoid, in the main, of the quality of discernment and analysis which alone could render it a genuine contribution to literature. The interest attaching to it is chiefly fortuitous, derived from the exalted station of the personages introduced in its pages. Yet reflection demands the concession that Mlle. Vacaresco has rendered as good an accounting of her material and opportunities as we have a right to expect. In fine, the fault, we suspect, lies rather with her material than with herself. Kings and queens, as such, are not interesting, save as parts of a spectacle, and an attempt to report their sayings and doings is likely to prove a thankless one, as poor Fanny Burney learned to her cost. Further, a natural unwillingness to indulge in aught but laudation of her royal "subjects" has likely hampered Mlle. Vacaresco in the exercise of whatever critical faculty she may possess. Certainly she gives but slight proof of its possession. The list of kings and queens that she has known is a long one, ranging from Franz Josef to Alfonso XIII of Spain, but of few of these does she succeed in giving a clear-cut distinctive por-

trait. Queen Victoria and the German emperor form happy exceptions to this rule. Of the former she finds herself in a position to relate an entertaining and illuminating anecdote, while of the latter she presents an estimate whose accuracy and justice must be generally conceded. "Carmen Sylva," with whom, as lady-in-waiting at the court of Roumania, the authoress has enjoyed intimate relations, can hardly be said to have gained through the fulsome, indiscriminate praise accorded her. Miss Vacaresco's contribution on this subject is on a par with Pierre Loti's tactless panegyric of the poet-queen. In the chapters devoted to the other personages in her gallery of portraits, the authoress has had recourse to anecdotes of so banal and trivial a nature that even the most ardent disciple of the realist school of writing would hesitate to relate them of his hero or heroine. Herein, however, lies the strongest proof of the book's genuineness. Miss Vacaresco is well known as the author of the collection of Roumanian folk songs, "The Bard of the Dumbowitza," and also in connection with a romantic, partially suppressed and distorted affair at Bucharest, which at one time threatened far-reaching consequences and to which in the present volume she does not hesitate to allude.

W. W. W.

THE FOLLY OF OTHERS. *By Neith Boyce. Fox, Duffield & Company, New York. \$1.00.*

MODERN, alert, oftentimes piquant and spirited, straightforward, delicately touched with sentiment, these short stories and sketches offer interesting glimpses of romance and reality. There is the condensation, the elision of superfluous explanations, the confidence in the reader's intelligence, which characterize the best short stories. Beyond that, there is variety of type and originality.

The first and longest story, "A Provident Woman," is also the best in the collection. It is almost a little novel in form. It portrays finely the character of Cecilia Hawley—the provident woman. Cecilia is cold, yet kind,—possibly forced to stifle emotions by

long years of responsibility,—calculating, yet conscientious, and, in all moral and domestic matters, honest and womanly. She renounces love-in-a-cottage for herself because she has also to provide for her family, and she steers her pretty younger sister into a matrimonial harbor as safe and as brilliantly lighted as her own. The touch of tragedy is, of course, there; but it is one of the many tragedies hidden under gingham aprons, checked suits, and a commonplace manner.

This story is undeniably well done. It is almost French in its chastity of style and clearness of insight. At the close, the author skilfully avoids two courses equally distasteful to the critical reader: She neither teases with a lady-or-tiger puzzle to be guessed, nor bores with a grand opera wind-up in which all the characters are lined up and accounted for before the curtain falls. Her record of life leaves on the mind the same pleasant impression that is left by a visit to another town: you become acquainted with charming people, learn bits—never full histories—of their tragedies and their love-stories, and you go away with a warm interest in their several futures.

There is a notable absence of the striking, the bizarre, or the intensely dramatic, in these stories. They are neither sublimated police records, nor local-color studies of the loam-lands of Timbuctoo. They are tales that derive their interest from some emotional situation. The accidents of dialect, dress, house furniture and social customs are happily disregarded, though the seductive beauty of San Jacinto is very clearly felt in one or two of the sketches. But the material out of which the romance is made is the hope or delusion, affection, duty, obstinacy, or faith—the foibles and the graces—of the human spirit.

The author makes much more out of her women than her men. The manly, half-humorous, wholly likable character of Richard Lowell in the second story, "Constancy," is all too little seen; and there is not his like elsewhere in the book. The men are all too shadowy, too unreal, too pliable, perhaps, and too anemic. They do not complement the strength, the earnestness and vividness of her women.

The author has the literary craftsmanship, however, to create a Man, if she will but turn her penetrating attention to that object. We shall look forward to the performance with genuine interest.

M. F. B.

BRED IN THE BONE. By Thomas Nelson Page. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$1.50.

THIS book of short stories is the first that has come from the pen of Mr. Page for a long while, and one expects much from a writer of his skill. With him, Southern conditions are themselves so bred in the bone that the human nature he deals with can not help but be vivid and true. Whether it be a horse race, a lynching, or the hunting of hares—the atmosphere, as far as it goes, is perfect, because of this familiarity with environment.

Yet a story should not be the vehicle for excellent description alone; its development should be consistent, and its motive apropos. Mr. Page sees his characters distinctly; he has the execution of the born story-teller; this book, however, shows the flaw of unevenness. The stories seem to have been constructed solely for the purpose of displaying isolated phases of humanity; when this has been accomplished, the endings become abrupt, as though invention had given out.

No one, better than Mr. Page, knows how to flash portraits upon the canvas. In "Uncle Jabe's Experiments," the old darkey's matrimonial views are subtle and characteristic, and in "Mam' Lyddy's Recognition," Southern customs that are bred in the bone finally outwit Northern conditions in a most natural way. The story from which the volume takes its name is reminiscent of countless other horse stories, and is not as vivid as "How the Derby Was Won," a tale published some years ago.

Mr. Page, in "The Spectre in the Cart," has again attempted the gruesomeness of his "No Haid Pawn," with a rather futile psychology of excited imagination. "The Sheriff's Bluff" contains a flavor of the provincial south;—the enlarging of a trivial incident, yet in this story, the author has

massed his groups round the courthouse with the effect of distinctness. It is this quality that justifies one in saying, that, as a whole, the stories in "Bred in the Bone" leave one with a decided Southern atmosphere; yet, singly, their excellence lies in isolated spots, and in the phase that is dominant.

"The Long Hillside" is a good sketch, full of old Virginia life;—it could not be called a story. "The Christmas Peace" is the best example of a story in the collection. Sparks of true humor, found elsewhere in the book, are here bred in the bone, in the monumental obstinacy of an old colonel and a general. "One of them held an opinion that when one gentleman was spending the night in another gentleman's house, it was the part of the host to indicate when bedtime had arrived; whilst the other maintained with equal firmness the doctrine that no gentleman could inform his guest that he was fatigued." Thus the two would often sit far into the early morning "conversing together quite as if it were the ordinary thing to sit up and talk all night long." A romance runs through the pages—not above the ordinary—yet the fine cameo types of Southern gentlemen are drawn in Mr. Page's delightful style.

"Bred in the Bone" proves enjoyable reading; but we can not agree with the advertisement that claims "the book represents the maturity of Mr. Page's talent as a storyteller." It shows his absolute control of local color; the maturity of his views of human nature; but, as stories, the seven in the book leave much to be desired.

M. J. M.

THE JESSICA LETTERS. G. P. Putnam's Son's, New York. \$1.10 net.

PROBABLY the time is near at hand when the reader will bid a cheerful good-by to fiction which takes the form of love-letters. The fad would seem to have run its course. Perhaps the farewell will be spoken over "The Jessica Letters." If so, the reader, tired as he is of the species, may well have a note of regret for the individual. "The Jessica Letters" are entertaining reading. They represent a correspondence carried on between the editor of a New York

paper and a young woman in Georgia who writes book reviews. These people woo each other in metaphysics. They give love a long run between religion and philosophy. Their letters lack the simplicity, the silences too,—if one may be so paradoxical,—of the great passion. They are not natural but they have some of the advantages of art over nature. The expression of mental life is free, direct and earnest. The book is full of thought, sometimes thought well gowned, sometimes thought in a shabby coat, but always thought.

Philip, the editor, rides a hobby,—enmity to the humanitarianism of the day. Occasionally, the reader wishes he would change his theme, but one must admire his firm seat in the saddle and the gallant charge he makes against his goblin of the age. His protest is not rounded with a true conception of the merits of his adversary but he hits the bull's-eye in the analysis of error. "There is something deplorably new," he writes, "in these more modern books, something which makes of humanitarianism a cloak for what is most lax and materialistic in the age. I mean their false emphasis, their neglect of the individual soul's responsibility to itself, their setting up human love in a shrine where hitherto we worshiped the image of God, their limiting of morality and religion to altruism. . . . All this democratic sympathy and social hysteria is merely the rumor in the lower rooms of our existence. Still to-day, as always, in the upper chamber, looking out on the sky, dwells the solitary soul, concerned with herself and her God. She passes down now and again into the noise and constant coming and going of the lower rooms to speak a word of encouragement or admonition, but she returns soon to her own silence and her own contemplation. The heart of a St. Anthony in the desert of Egypt, the heart of many a lonely Hindu sage knows a divine joy of communication of which Hull House with its human sympathies has no conception. Morality is the soul's debt to herself."

The book contains many quotable passages,—charming bits about nature, acute reflections on books, analyses of a lover's state of mind, discriminations covering the differences between a man and a woman's



mental make-up. The alternation of the masculine and feminine quality in succeeding letters is delightfully rendered and is a story in itself; and, in spite of a wavering and slightly absurd plot, the book rises to a pretty height of intellectual passion toward the close.

Philip and his Jessica never had residence outside the covers of a book, but that is no proof that one does not find them good company where they live. One breathes in their presence a keen, pure, invigorating air. The reader is obliged to them for the loan of their thoughts. He can not, however, forgive Philip for keeping a diary, and finds it harder still to understand why the editor should translate the Latin quotations he enters there. The reader wonders for whose benefit the translations are made.

M. L. S.

**A DAUGHTER OF DALE.** By Emerson Gifford Taylor. The Century Company. New York. \$1.50.

**"A DAUGHTER OF DALE,"** which being interpreted, of course, is "A Daughter of Yale," is remarkable in at least one respect—it deals not at all with undergraduate life. In this it differs radically from most so-called college stories. There is nothing of sports, college politics, college friendships, and no touch of that apparently easy and careless life that is lived on the campus. And it must be confessed that the author gives us little of the romance of the college world. What we have is a love affair between two very pleasant people with a scholastic background. The college is portrayed as a place for work, and that of the severest kind. Old Professor Hare is an excellent type of the great scholar, a man who believes in scholarship for its own sake, and who is somewhat intolerant of those that differ with him. His granddaughter, the heroine of the story, is altogether charming. She is beautiful, as she should be, and the author succeeds in giving a strong impression of her beauty. But the interesting thing is the unpleasant sense that one gets of the effect of "Dale" scholarship. The hero of the book, who had been a great football player, comes back to take postgraduate work solely because Pro-

fessor Hare and his granddaughter Barbara wish him to do so. Finally he becomes so absorbed in his work that he is in danger of losing his life's happiness, and the young woman who had urged him to follow the life of a scholar is forced to use her influence on the other side. The savage struggle of the "other man," the poor student, is, one feels, prompted rather by a wish to win a thousand-dollar fellowship than by any love of learning. And when he loses, as he does, to the hero—"the brilliant amateur"—there is a real tragedy in the breaking down of the loser. The sordidness of the life is realistically drawn. The hardships of the graduate students are so great that one feels that, after all, they are moved by a real love of learning. Yet waiting on tables in cheap restaurants, serving fellow students in menial capacities, tending furnaces, and acting as night watchmen in factories do not serve to bring out the admirable traits of the victims of these necessities. One feels also that the stake is desperately high, and the struggle for victory is too intense. There is a good picture of a storm at sea, and generally the descriptions, whether of persons or of places, are accurate. Some of the peculiarities of Oldport, or New Haven, are given with considerable faithfulness. The style is not remarkable in any way. There is some good writing in the book, and some that can hardly be so described. The grip of the born writer and the confidence of the born story-teller are both lacking. However, the book is good, and is worth reading for it throws much light on a department of college, or rather university life, concerning which most of us know little.

L. H.

**ROBERT CAVELIER.** By Richard Dana Orcutt. A. C. McClurg & Company, Chicago. \$1.50.

**IT** is rarely that a book introduces itself in more beautiful dress than this. In typography, illustration and binding, it has a setting worthy of a great story. The theme is one of the most inspiring in all American history, and right nobly has Mr. Orcutt risen to it. The mighty purpose of Loyola breathed into the Society of Jesus, the calm, relentless pursuit of this purpose by the



masters of the order, the marvelous obedience of the Jesuit priests, the instruments of this purpose, and their personal heroism, were food enough for one great novel, but the author has added to the stirring interest the high ambition of Robert Cavalier de la Salle and the great love story that so ennobled his life. The scene shifts rapidly but easily from the dungeon of the House of Novices to the straggling village of Montreal, thence to the primeval forest and back over sea to Versailles, where Louis le Grand, his Florentine Queen and his numerous mistresses held the gayest court the world has known. Again to the forests of the St. Lawrence and even to the far wilds where rolls the Mississippi, where our hero won undying fame and claimed for king and country the virgin land that lies to-day the richest empire of the earth!

And everywhere the pursuing shadow of the Company of Jesus, grim embodiment of the spirit of Loyola, working either to thwart every aim of this noble life or claim the hero's loyalty, now through imprisonment in Paris, again through pressure upon colonial governors and again through Madame de Maintenon and Le Grand Roi himself! Never was novel blest with a more thoroughly interesting plot, and yet it is not fiction. The author very modestly disclaims even so much imagination or departure from established authorities as would make it a historical novel. Rather he claims merely to have picked out the thread of romance in La Salle's career and separated it from the rest, discarding that which was not essential to the understanding of this romance.

R. M. S.

THE OPENING OF THE MISSISSIPPI. A STRUGGLE FOR SUPREMACY IN THE AMERICAN INTERIOR. *By Frederic Austin Ogg. The Macmillan Company, New York.* \$2 net.

IN these days of the railroad one is apt to minimize the importance of our great water highways, if not actually to forget that time in the history of this continent when the nations of the old world struggled for the control of the Mississippi, and, incidentally, of its main tributaries. For it was then that navigation was the key to whatever paramountcy could be claimed in

the new world. The pioneers followed the navigable rivers, and nations which sought the rich trade of the valleys must necessarily control the waterways. This control shifted about between France, and Spain, and England; was held by force of arms in the posts established here and there. It was a great game played in the eighteenth century, and concluded in the beginning of the nineteenth, in which the cards were dealt by the missionary, the warrior, and the diplomatist.

The author disclaims intention to write a history of the Mississippi valley in all its phases, but he has necessarily reviewed these phases in his purpose to show how vital to the welfare of the proprietary nation was the absolute control of the waterways, especially the Father of Waters. That this history might have been different if the various claimants to ownership had been served by more faithful agents, we may well believe. Professor Ogg, beginning with the Spanish discovery, traces the successive steps of exploration down to the period when diplomacy found it expedient to turn control of the most fertile region in the world over to the United States, which constituted, as the author observes, "the largest transaction in real estate which the world has ever known." Apparently the author has made an exhaustive study of the subject, and it will impress the student of history as a very careful and deliberate presentation of all the known facts.

H. S. R.

BY THE GOOD SAINTE ANNE. *By Anne Chapin Ray. Little, Brown & Company, Boston.* \$1.25.

NOT a few beloved heroines have traveled in Canada, but they have taken Cook's tickets and gone on trunk lines. Nancy Howard has the distinction of not being personally conducted. She early discovers that Quebec must be "inhaled, not analyzed." Accordingly she "buries the guidebooks in her trunk," prowls where the whim takes her and shows the untraveled reader odd corners, bits of color and landscape glimpses that have eluded other guides. The Maple Leaf pension, "just across the Place d'Armes," seems foreign even for French Canadian existence, but, since Dickens was once its guest, the quaint description may be accepted bodily.

Nancy has red hair, independence, a nimble wit and charming frocks galore. Her father chaperones his pretty daughter after an agreeable, intermittent fashion. At home, in New York, he is a great surgeon; in fact, Nancy rather insists upon his reputation. Here in Canada he is writing a monograph on the miracles of Sainte Anne de Beauprè, which absorbs his attention. Only twice does he rouse into activity, and both times to succor Nancy's shattered lovers. Her vigor and vivacity are so abundant that to question her American origin requires courage. Yet Nancy has a French predecessor in character and situation. In other words, the theme has been played before with different variations. French students read "*La Neuvaïne de Colette*" for its modern idioms; lazier people demand the English translation because of the charming love story. Colette, dull and lonely in her French chateau, makes a novena to St. Joseph for a lover; Nancy, at Beauprè, offers a gift to Sainte Anne for somebody to break the monotony. The two saints are propitious, an accident promptly hurls a disabled, eligible young man into each scene, and both girls play nurse with the conventional happy ending.

The American, however, has the advantage of choice. Four attractive youths, an English younger son, a French student, a Canadian business man, an American cousin, offer a range of personality and race, and keep the reader until the end in pleasing doubt as to the bestowal of Nancy's affections.

The Britisher has the egotism, density and dumbness of his race, but his middle height and spare figure, his excellent taste in socks and neckties, his real anxiety to understand, differentiate him from the English hero of commerce.

The suspended interest, the lively talk and happy verbal terms, the pathos of an untimely death, and the extremely pleasant people, provide piquant entertainment. Conversely the artistic, dainty travel descriptions, the pilgrimages of Beauprè, the half student, half ecclesiastical, wholly mediæval setting of Quebec, are good enough to stand alone.

The story belongs to the order of the ephemera, the genus gauzy, the feminine

sex, both in impress and appeal; but as against a porch novel, these objections may be ruled out.

A. A. S.

THE FAITH OF MEN. By Jack London.  
Macmillan & Company, New York.  
\$1.50.

JACK London sprang to literary fame with a rattling good dog story, "*The Call of the Wild*," which immediately took rank as one of the best of the nature stories that has appeared. After reading these short stories dealing with men, one can not repress the hope that the gifted young writer will return to his original field and tell us more about dogs and wolves.

The tales are all gathered from the gold fields of the frozen Northland, the Klondyke and the Yukon country. To be entirely frank, they were not worth the original printing in the magazines, much less being gathered into book form. There is a rather clever abruptness in the diction and some audacity in the use of slang and swear-words, but these are of doubtful attractiveness when there is nothing worth while behind them. The story from which the book takes its title tells of two highly successful miners who had been society men at home. They throw dice to see which shall have a vacation back to the States, and the younger wins. He is to bring back with him his partner's sweetheart, daughter of a judge in San Francisco. He meets the girl, writes in praise of her and lingers there instead of going east to his own people. Finally the partner left in Dawson reads in newspapers from San Francisco, Seattle and Portland, of their marriage. He breaks a faro bank, marries a squaw with the church ceremony and goes about his business. He happens to meet his younger partner on the return, accompanied by two young women. He had married the younger sister, not mentioned until that moment, a San Francisco paper had got the names mixed and the other papers had copied the error. There is no scene, nor even much explanation, and the elder partner goes on his way with his squaw, leaving a bad taste in the mouth of everybody, including the reader.

Yet this appears to be the best story in the lot!

R. M. S.

THE WOOD-CARVER OF 'LYMPUS. By Mary E. Waller. Little, Brown & Company. \$1.50.

THE scene of this story is laid in a mountain district of Vermont. The characters are about equally divided between the rustic type and dwellers in cities, the former struck off with some accuracy and a certain force, the latter impossible from the standpoint of literature or of life. The central figure is a young son of the mountains, bed-ridden through an appalling accident and hopeless, to whom comes hope and an opening into life and its joys through a knowledge of wood carving, and through acquaintance with some of the more rugged masters in literature and art,—Browning, Carlyle, Michael Angelo and Emerson.

The admirable motive of the book,—that of showing the superiority of mind and soul over the body's misfortunes,—is but partly realized, because it is linked with mistaken conceptions of life, because the

author lacks a sense of literary form. Some power of introspection is shown in the book, but almost no sense of the external movement and logic of life. The mode of expression is often stiff and pedantic, making impossible the passage of feeling through the ugly exterior of style.

Doubtless people will be found who, with the most laudatory intentions, will apply to the book that term of reproach, "a strong story." This will be due to its purpose, which is fine, rather than to its accomplishment, which falls short. To the critical mind the book is an irritant, like that of the visit of a disagreeable family friend to whom one must be considerate, with whom one longs to have a temper-to-temper talk. One's good behavior, under the circumstances, is a matter of principle, not of interest. It is with the book as it is with the family friend. In both, one is conscious of a grain of good not to be despised and which yet causes an unpleasant sense of restraint. The last word is that both are "worthy." M. L. S.

## THEIR WORKS LIVE AFTER THEM

*A Chronological List of Literary Men and Women Who Have Died During the Last Month  
Compiled by Howard S. Ruddy*

SARGENT, MRS. MARY E., at New York, May 31, aged seventy-seven. Originator of the Radical Club in Boston to which Holmes, Whittier, Emerson, Longfellow and Sumner belonged. Author: Sketches and Reminiscences of the Radical Club, of Chestnut street, Boston.

LORENZ, OTTO KAR, at Jena, about June 1, aged seventy-two. Professor of History in the University of Jena. Author: The Consular Tribunal (1855); German History in the 13th and 14th Centuries (1863); Sources of Mediæval German History (1870); History of Alsace (1871); History and Politics (1876); Genealogical Manual of the History of European States (1895).

McLACHLAN, ROBERT, F. R. S., at Lewisham, Eng., June —, aged sixty-seven. Au-

thor: A Monographic Revision and Synopsis of the Trichoptera of the European Fauna, and Supplement (1874-84); also 150 papers on entomological subjects.

KEEP, DR. ROBERT PORTER, at Farmington, Conn., June 3, aged sixty. Author: Homeric Dictionary; Stories from Herodotus and Book Seventh of the History; Essential Uses of the Moods in Greek and Latin; Books I-VI of the Iliad; Greek Lessons.

CARTER, WALTER STEUBEN, at Brooklyn, N. Y., June 3, aged seventy-one. Compiler of the Wisconsin Code of Procedure.

RICHMOND, GEORGE, at New York, June 4, aged fifty-four. Author and translator of technical books on engineering.

HUTTON, LAURENCE, at Princeton, N. J., June 10, aged sixty-one. Author, editor and compiler: *Artists of the Nineteenth Century*, in collaboration with Clara Eskine Clement; *Plays and Players* (1875); *Literary Landmarks of London* (1885); *Curiosities of the American Stage* (1891); *Literary Landmarks of Edinburgh* (1891); *From the Books of Laurence Hutton* (1892); *Edwin Booth* (1893); *Portraits in Plaster* (1894); *Literary Landmarks of Jerusalem* (1895); *Other Times and Other Seasons* (1895); *Literary Landmarks of Venice* (1896); *Literary Landmarks of Rome* (1897); *Literary Landmarks of Florence* (1897); *A Boy I Knew and Four Dogs* (1898); *Literary Landmarks of Oxford* (1901). Also several books on the American stage. *Literary Landmarks of the Scottish Universities* will be published in the fall.

JOVANEVITCH, JOVAN, at Belgrade, Serbia, June 14. Serbia's greatest poet.

DAVIS, DR. NATHAN SMITH, at Chicago, June 16, aged eighty-seven. Once editor of the *Journal of the American Medical Association*. Author: *Principles and Practice of Medicine*; *Medical Education and Reform*; *Verdict of Science Concerning the Effects of Alcohol on Man*; *History of Medicine*.

KING, MAJOR EDWARD, SR., at Petersburg, Va., June 17, aged eighty-three. Author: *Naval Songs of the South*.

CONNELLY, CELIA LOGAN, at New York, June 18, aged sixty-seven. Author and playwright. Author: *Her Strange Fate* (1891); *Sarz—a Story of the Stage* (1891)—novels; *Rose*; *The Odd Trick*; *An American Marriage*; *Gaston Cadol*—dramas.

KNIGHT, EDWARD FREDERIC, near Wang-fang-Tien, China, about June 19, killed during an engagement between Russians and Japanese, in his fifty-third year. English war correspondent. Author: *Albania and Montenegro*; *The Cruise of the Falcon*; *The Threatening Eye*; *Sailing*; *The Falcon on the Baltic*; *The Cruise of the Alerte*; *Save Me From My Friends*; *Where Three Empires Meet*; *Madagascar in War Time*; *Rhodesia of To-day*; *Letters from the Su-*

*dan*; *A Desperate Voyage*; *Small Boat Sailing*; *With the Royal Tour*.

ROLLET, HERMANN, at Baden, near Vienna, Austria, about June 20, in his eighty-fifth year. State archivist, poet, novelist, and dramatist. In 1845 was exiled for ten years for publishing *Frühlingsboten*, a volume of political poems.

SEISS, REV. DR. JOSEPH AUGUSTUS, at Philadelphia, June 21, aged eighty-one. Famous Lutheran clergyman and once editor of *The Lutheran* and of *The Prophetic Times*. First book (published in 1846) was *Popular Lectures on the Epistle to the Hebrews*, and last (published 1902) was *The Christ and His Church*. Between these two dates Dr. Seiss wrote and published seventy-six volumes of sermons and theology.

LINDENKOHLE, ADOLPH, at Washington, D. C., June 22, in his seventy-seventh year. Connected with U. S. Coast and Geodetic Survey since 1854, and author of papers on geographical exploration.

GILBERT, REV. HENRY LEE, Ph. D., at Lake George, N. Y., June 23, aged thirty-seven. Author: *A Study in Old Testament Names*.

SCOTT, CLEMENT, at London, Eng., June 25, in his sixty-third year. Famous dramatic critic. Author: *Round About the Islands*; *Lays and Lyrics*; *The Land of Flowers*; *Blossom Land*; *Thirty Years at the Play*; *Among the Apple Orchards*; *Pictures of the World*; *Poppy Land*; *From the Bells to King Arthur*; *Sisters by the Sea*; *The Wheel of Life*; *Madonna Mia*; *The Drama of Yesterday and To-Day*; *Some Notable Hamlets*.

JORDAN, WILHELM, at Frankfurt, Germany, June 25, aged eighty-five. Epic poet and dramatist. Author: *Demiurgos* (1852-54); *Die Nibelungen* (1868-74), both epics; *Durchs Ohr* (1870), a drama; *Die Sebalds* (1885), a novel.

SMITH, ELDRIDGE J., at Washington, D. C., June 25, in his sixty-first year. Poet, painter, and inventor.

EMMETT, DANIEL DECATUR, at Mt. Vernon, Ohio, June 28, in his eighty-seventh year. Author and composer of "Dixie."



## INCRECULOUS

*By W. L. W.*

**T**HE Moving Finger writes, and, having writ,  
Moves on. Despite Experience and Wit  
The Truth each Man must find out for himself,  
For none can take Another's word for it.



